Collier's

NOVEMBER 8, 1947

TEN CENTS

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GERMANY'S UNDERGROUND WANTS WAR

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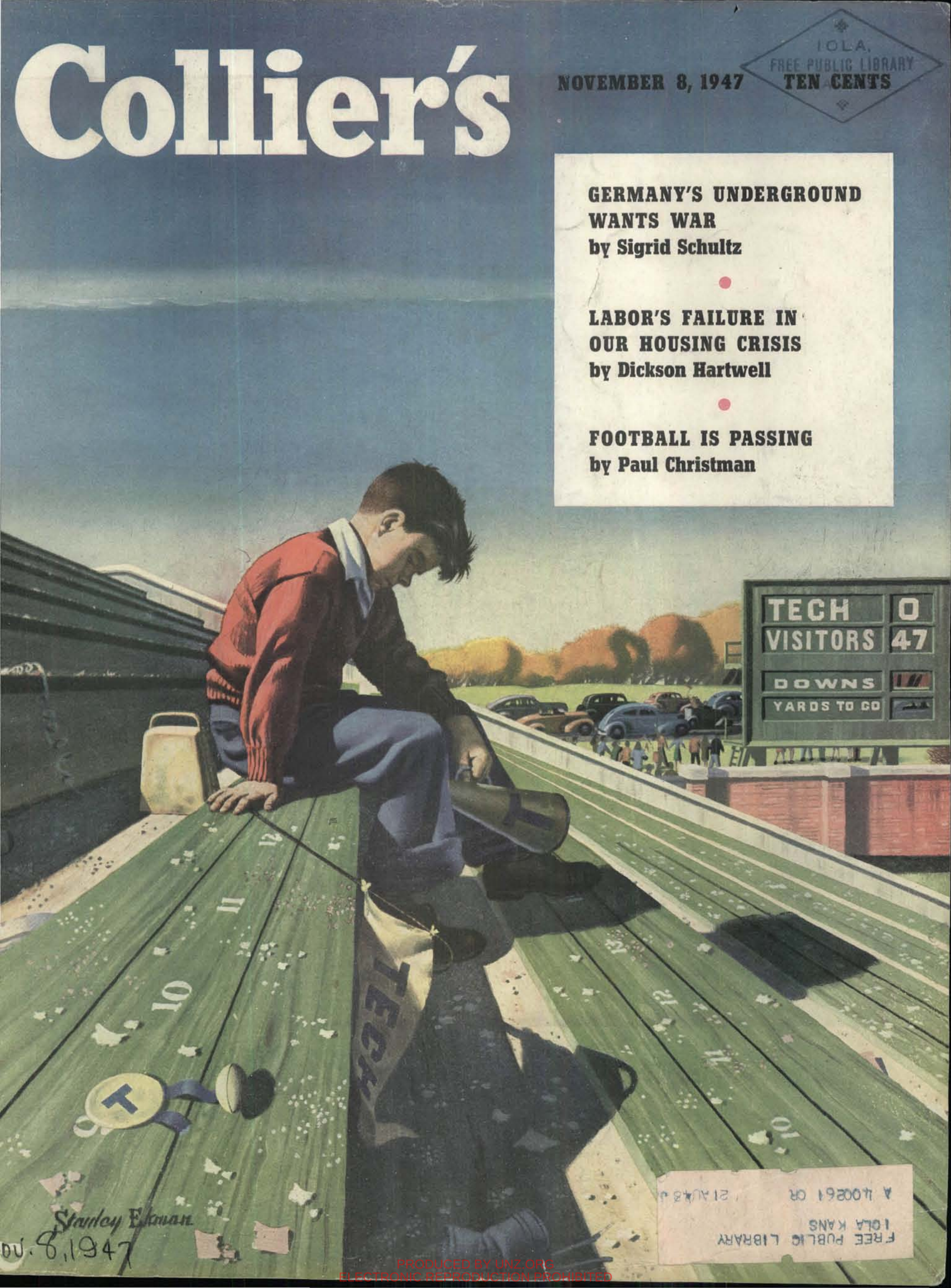
LABOR'S FAILURE IN OUR HOUSING CRISIS

by Dickson Hartwell

FOOTBALL IS PASSING

by Paul Christman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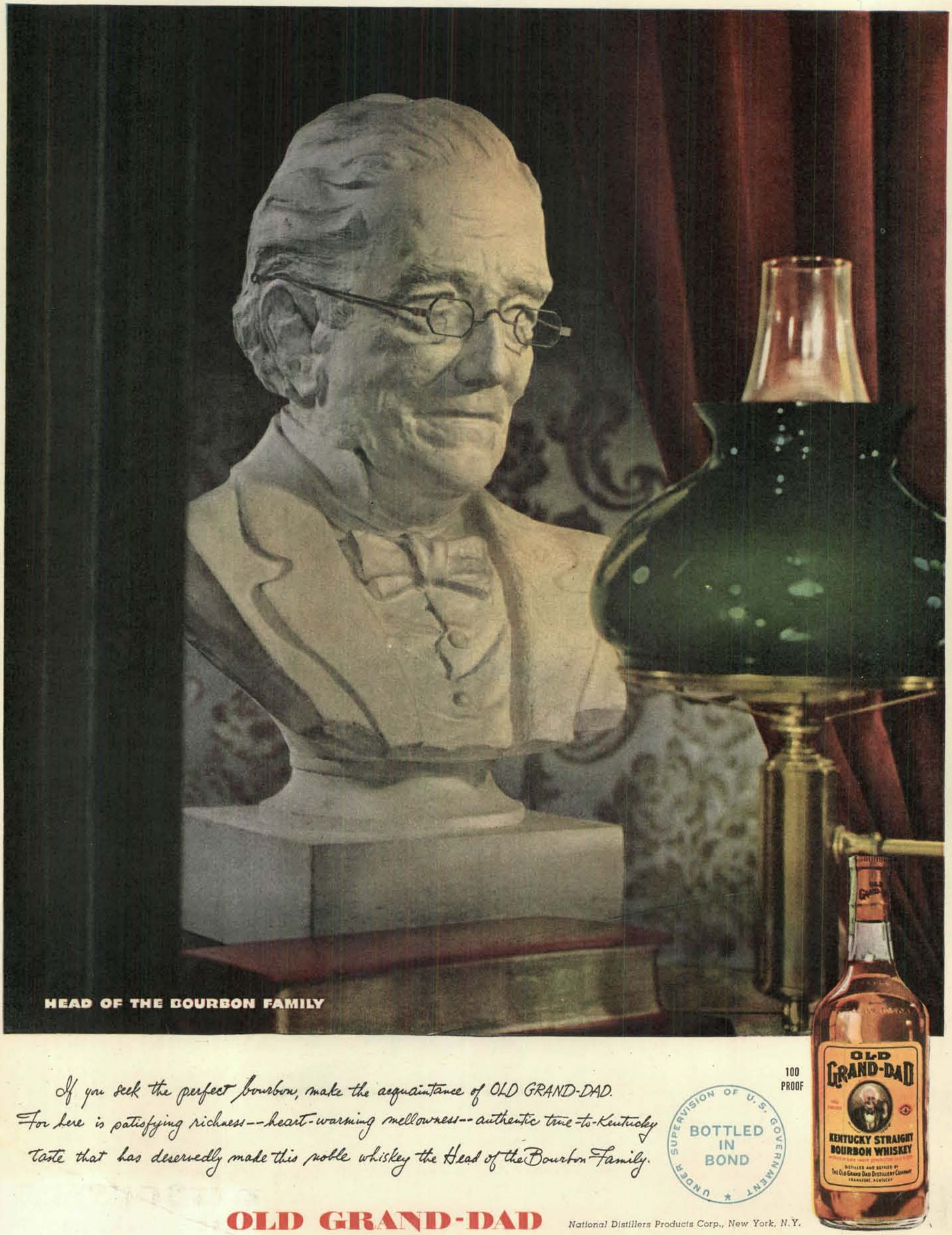
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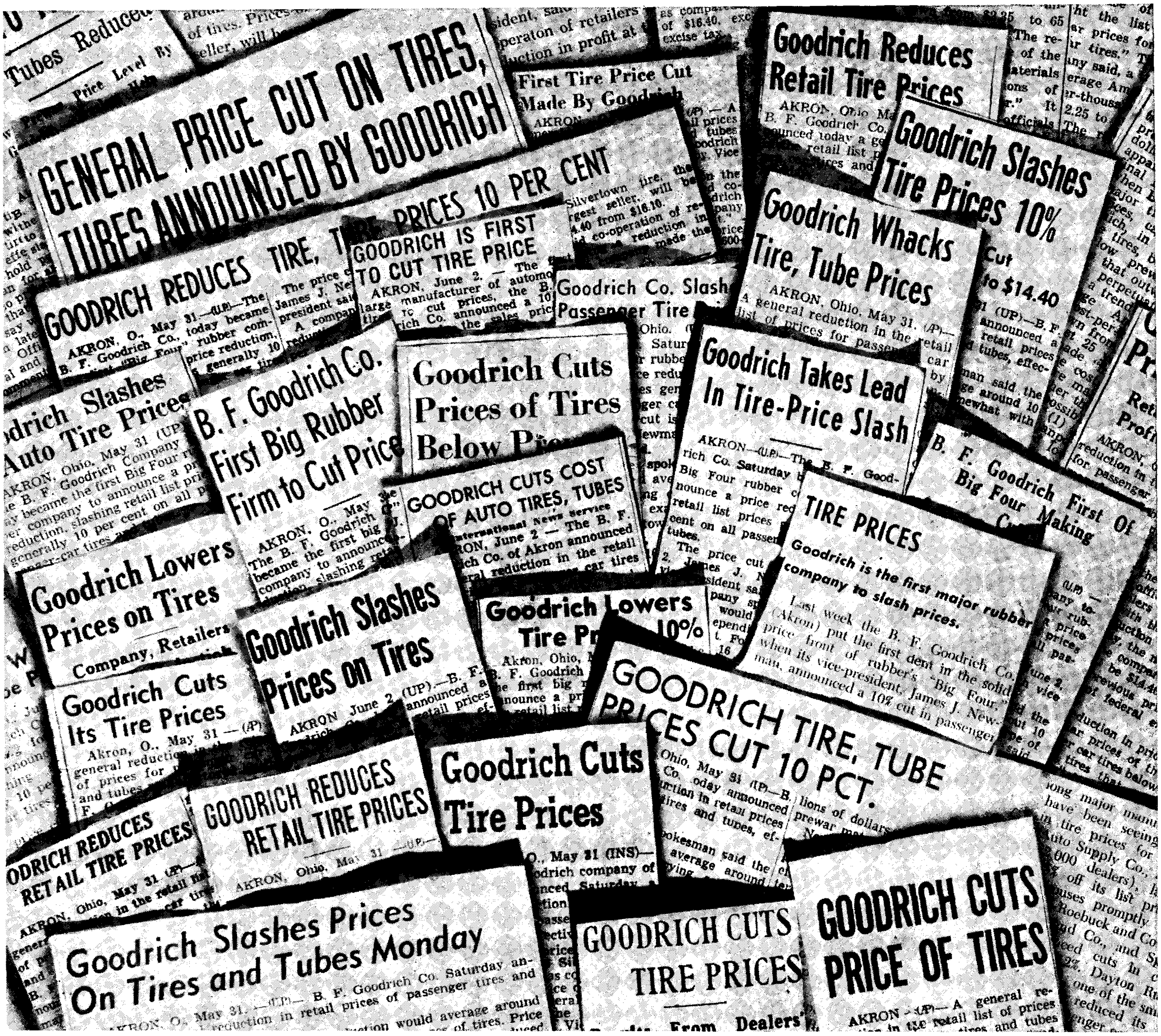
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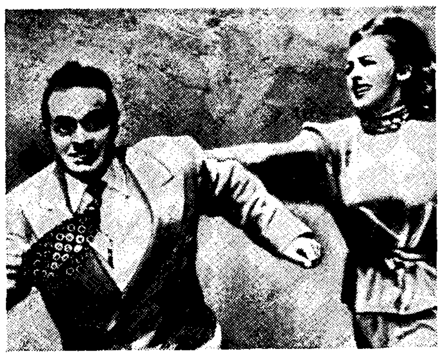

Who are after more than his Jack
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How You'll Howl with
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SIGNE HASSO
WILLIAM BENDIX
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Screen Play by Allen Boretz and Melville Shavelson
Based on a story by Melville Shavelson

COLLIER'S

November 8, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

BAR RELIEF

TO THE EDITOR: After reading Fifty-Mile Bleachers (Sept. 27th), about television in bars, my uncle went down to his neighborhood tavern to see the fights by television. Arriving early, he took the best seat in the house. Pretty soon, the bartender started making sarcastic remarks about guys that look and don't buy, so my uncle bought a drink. He'd had it for half an hour when the bartender suggested that maybe he'd like a medicine dropper, so he could drink it slower. My uncle took the hint, drank up and had another. The bartender kept needling him, so my uncle kept drinking. Finally, the fights came on, and my uncle edged up closer to the screen. Just then, the bartender tapped him on the shoulder. "Okay, I'll buy another drink," my uncle agreed. "Not here," said the bartender. "You've had too many already. Come on, you'll have to get out."

BILL GOODWIN, Los Angeles, Cal.

SPIRIT

SIRS: I have just read John Kord Lagemann's article Out of This World (Sept. 27th) and my feelings are of nausea and disgust.

The only good thing I can say about his writing is that his title Out of This World was truly fitting. For when you visit Lily Dale you leave behind the confused material world and enter a realm where Spirit—the Spirit of Love—predominates. The people who go there are not seeking fame or publicity but a clearer consciousness of God and His invisible world.

Mr. Lagemann's approach is as false as the world he comes from and his superior attitude could only stem from ignorance.

GRACIE SHOUP, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

. . .When great minds of the world are still debating and investigating the natural laws of psychic science, how can *one* man be so egotistical as to believe *he* has the right to attack a religion which, seemingly, he knows little or nothing about? It is very evident to us that the original purpose and intent of this article was merely to make sensational copy through the condemnation of spiritualism.

B. J. CUMMINGS, JANET O. CARLILL,
PAUL F. JOHNSON, Dunkirk, N. Y.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

DEAR WALTER DAVENPORT: There was a very serious error in the article (Punch Lines by Sullens, Sept. 13th) concerning myself: "They (meaning the Daily News) now own what, for many years, was their only opposition, the Clarion-Ledger—"

(Continued on page 83)

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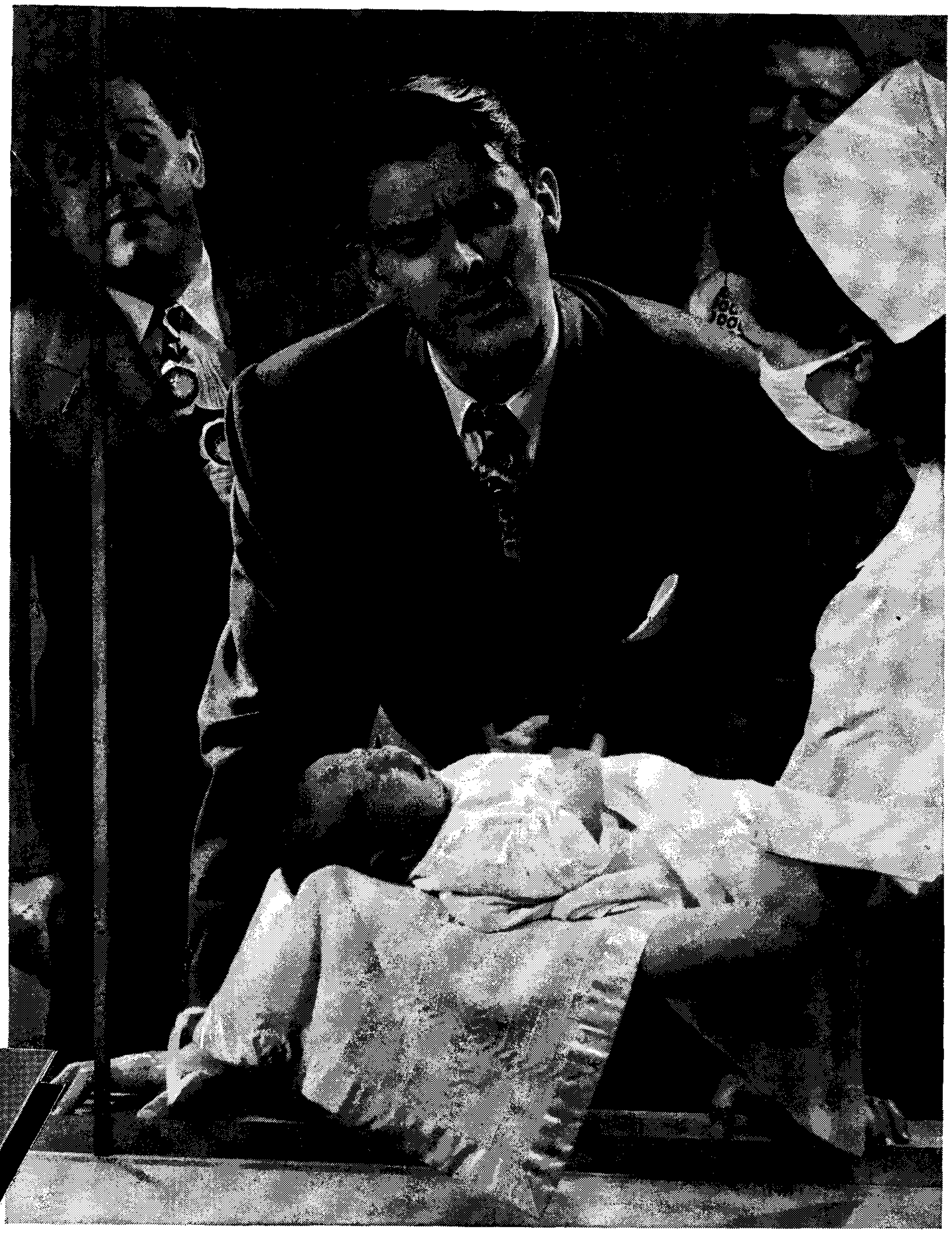
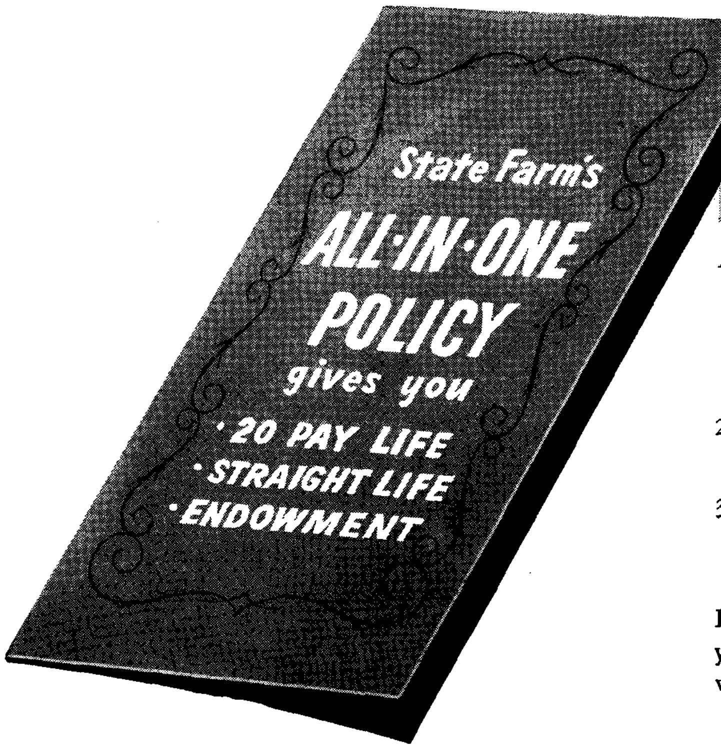


New child—new responsibilities. One of life's *__many__* *changes this policy will help you meet.*



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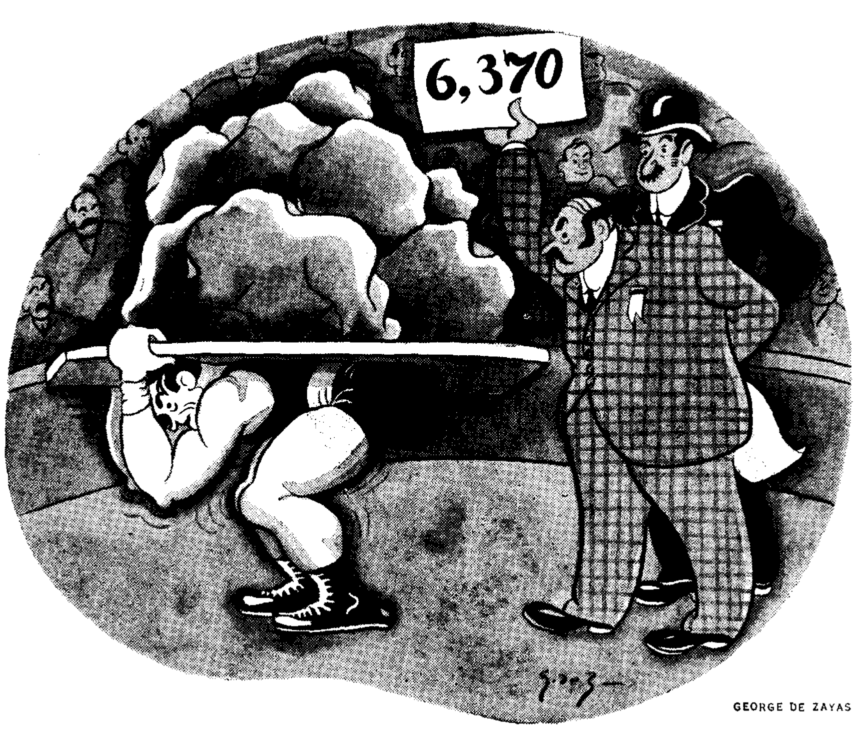


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

No weight lifter has ever approached the record made by P. J. McCarthy of St. Louis in 1898. Using his arms, legs and back, he raised a platform holding a load of stone which weighed 6,370 pounds—equivalent to the combined weight of 42 average-sized men.—*By Charles J. Murphy, Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.*

Not so long ago, some used-car dealers resorted to one-cent sales to stimulate their business. For example, in 1938 in Portland, Oregon, Wolfard's Bargain Lot allowed the purchaser of a car to buy a second one for an additional penny.—*By Pyke Johnson, Washington, D. C.*

An age-old belief of the Mohammedans is that meteors, or shooting stars, are firebrands hurled by angels at evil spirits when they go too near the gates of Heaven.—*By Henry Zirkel, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.*

Under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, any person in this country who gives or sells restricted data on atomic energy to a foreign nation is liable to a fine of $20,000, or imprisonment for 20 years, or both. If it is proved that the person committed the crime "with intent to injure the United States," the maximum punishment is life imprisonment or death.

One of the oddest criminal trials of recent times was that of 15 wooden Buddhist statues in Foochow, China, in 1900. Because one of these idols had fallen off a temple shelf and killed a man, his influential family had it and the 14 other statues on the same shelf tried for murder. Found guilty, they were sentenced to die and later beheaded in a public execution.

Many of the highest-class people in England attend royal receptions, society weddings and other exclusive functions wearing clothes rented for the occasion from Moss Brothers of London. Even peers have been known to rent their robes of ermine and velvet from this establishment to wear at royal ceremonies.

Few alcoholic drinks take as long to prepare—15 to 20 minutes—as a pousse-café whose contents, several liqueurs of different colors and specific gravities, must be floated carefully in equal layers so they will not run together. Most popular American recipe calls for, from the bottom of the glass up: grenadine (red), crème de cacao (black), maraschino cordial (white), curaçao (orange), crème Yvette (violet) and brandy (amber).

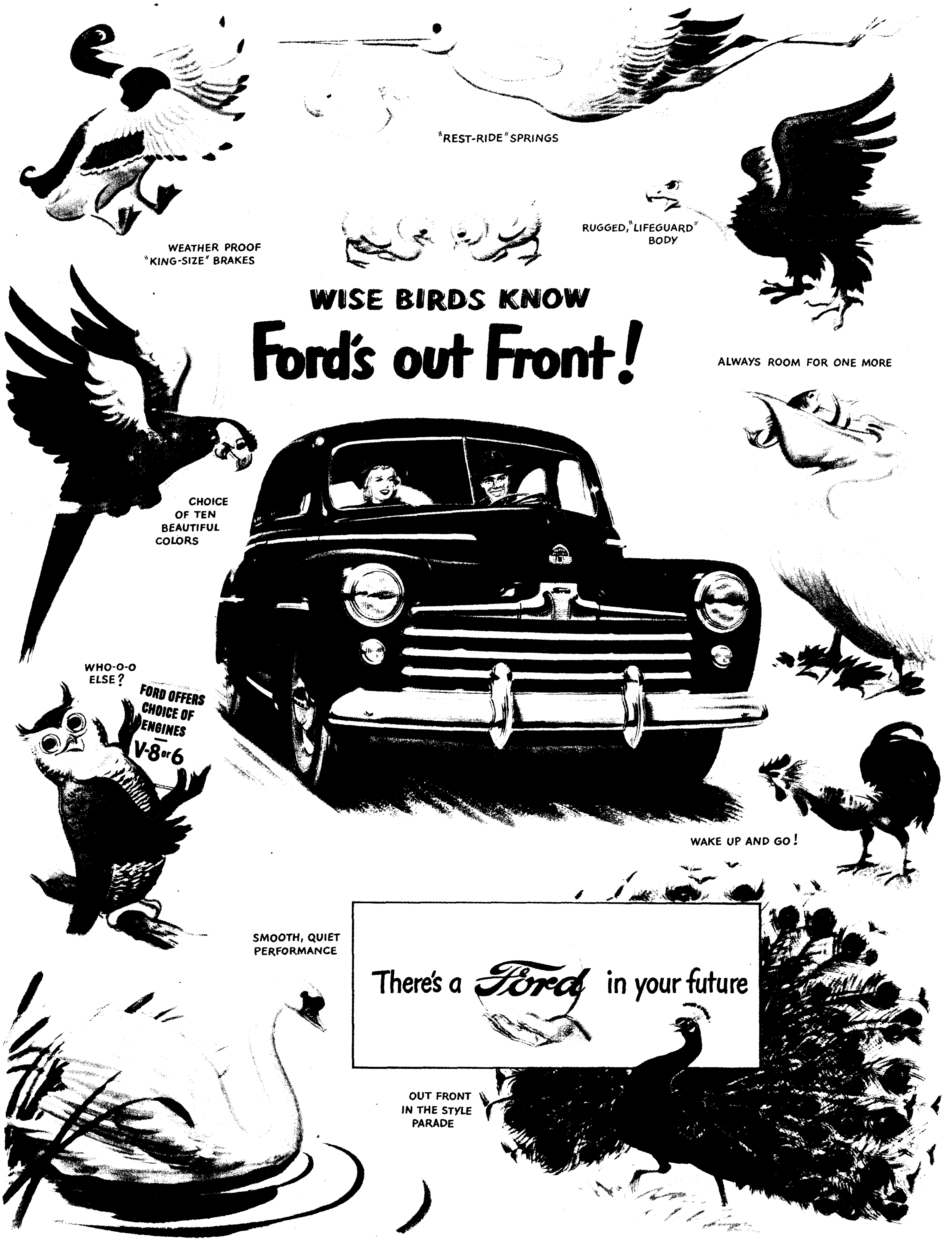
Between 1830 and 1840 in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, a Joseph Palmer was the target of the strangest persecution in American history. Because he wore a beard against the protestations of the townsfolk, he was snubbed by his friends, sneered at by the tradespeople, stoned repeatedly by small boys and finally attacked by four men who attempted to cut off his whiskers by force. Escaping unharmed, Palmer was arrested for fighting and, as he refused to pay the fine, he was sent to jail for more than a year.

Inaudible sound waves are now used to open garage doors. Actuated by a button on the dashboard, a device in the car emits a "silent whistle" that sets in motion a device in the garage that opens the door and turns on the lights.

During the 1,400 years in which the New Testament was copied by hand, so many changes were made by the copyists in order, for instance, to soften harsh sayings and to strengthen indecisive statements that there are at least 150,000 variations in the existing manuscripts of this part of the Bible.

A new recording machine makes its grooves so fine and close together that a 4.5-inch disk will take a 15-minute transcription which heretofore has required a record 14 times as large.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission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WEATHER PROOF "KING-SIZE" BRAKES
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ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE
CHOICE OF TEN BEAUTIFUL COLORS
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South Wind

90- [illegible]

A luxury [illegible] ready for [illegible] fresh [illegible]

THE WEEK'S WORK

Sigrid Schultz, alongside Russian Ambassador Krestinski, listens to Foreign Minister Stresemann at banquet in Berlin in days of German Republic. At right is present Pope, then nuncio in Berlin

PROBABLY "that Schultz woman" (whose Germany's Underground Wants War begins its prophetic course on p. 11) is the best-equipped American foreign correspondent to discuss this melancholy matter. Born in Chicago, she grammar-schooled in the U.S., high-schooled and Sorbonned in France. Her father had a portrait-painting studio in Berlin when World War I started.

The illness of Sigrid's mother forced the family to remain there for the duration, finally as enemy aliens asked to report twice daily to the police. They learned to eat crow pie, and Sigrid went to work with the late Richard Henry Little of the Chicago Tribune dodging bullets and mobs when Little got there in '18.

Thereafter for 22 years Miss Schultz, from her writing and broadcasting headquarters in Berlin, watched the Allies lose the peace.

In the thirties she invited Goering to her celebrity-laden parties because he had fairly passable table manners and also to learn what kind of man he was. Goering explained over her food the "only way to treat a woman was to beat her" and "the greatest thrill comes to a man when he kills another." When Hitler in '31 told her she could never understand the Nazi movement because she "thought with her head and not with her heart," her voice echoed in the wilderness.

Wounded in the knee by a bit of shrapnel during the first British air raid over Berlin, Sigrid felt heroic broadcasting to America over a "dead" mike. The Germans were taking no chances with adverse publicity.

Grounded while on leave in '41, with a case of spotted war typhus, Miss Schultz waited until she could join the boys in Berlin and be her helpful, linguistic German-wise self, moving in with the first American detail. She was the first woman to broadcast from German territory, while the war was being waged, covered the war criminal trials, and has joined the "wilderness voices" again in her book Germany Will Try It Again!

MILTON LEHMAN, who waters the mouth with his Gourmet's Paradise on p. 84, is a Pittsburgh boy who started as a litter bearer with the U.S. Army, and progressed to letters by becoming a T sergeant on the Mediterranean edition of the Stars and Stripes. Lehman started on the desk as managing editor of the sheet at Algiers, then jeeped and legged it on the battlefield up through Sicily, Italy and France (remember?), covering Anzio, and getting out a Rome edition with four assistants before most of the troops marched into town. Sent home on leave before the war's end, he's gone domestic and free-lances.

WILLARD TEMPLE tells the inside story on his hilarious story, Baby in the Backfield, p. 12. "Being somewhat of a rabid football fan, I got the urge this summer to do a football story. I began the customary grim procedure of dredging up a plot, and before long hit on the unusual situation in college today with many of the students being married and coming home from class to walk their offspring. Once I was this far, the story about a football player torn between his duty as a papa and loyalty to his alma mammy was a natural.

"I myself went out once for football as a youth, and in an effort to impress upon my competitors that I was a rugged character I took a chaw of tobacco with me. Stationed at halfback, I carried the ball on one play. Result—a four-yard loss, and I swallowed the tobacco. Since then I have become a grandstand quarterback."

Willard Temple

This week's cover: Life Can Be Bitter: Artist Stan Ekman pours out his soul: "The stadium is no particular place . . . the model is Bob Baver, at present a high-school student in Chicago . . . the scene a bitter memory of my boyhood at Lane Tech in Chicago.

"I was a freshman—came early, loaded with cannon, but stayed late, long after the stadium emptied, still loaded with cannon, unused because my heroes kept running the wrong way. . . ."

TED SHANE

There's magic in the Weather Eye!

This is you driving a Nash—in *zero weather!*

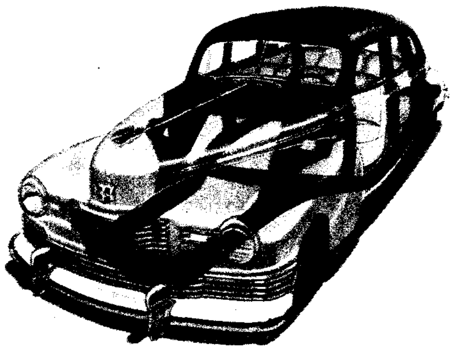
No coats, no gloves. Yet you are as cozy as though you were sitting at home.

Windows are closed to the top. Yet the air you enjoy is sparkling fresh and clean—changed every second without a whisper of a draft. The smoke of your cigar mysteriously disappears. No stuffy air, no foggy windshield, no danger of monoxide fumes! And no matter how cold it gets, the temperature inside a Nash remains the same—*automatically.*

In blizzards, in rain-storms, in dust-storms, in *all* weather—the Nash Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System guards your comfort and health. It was invented by Nash, perfected by Nash—and you won't find it in any other car at any price.

And it is only one of the amazing, incredible engineering features that you find in a Nash "600." More than 25 miles on a gallon of gas, at average highway speed! Larger interiors . . . single unit body and frame, welded rattle-proof construction . . . the cradled ride of coil springs on all four wheels!

In any type of driving, in any kind of weather, you'll see the difference in a Nash. There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today. There's where you'll find the great new Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador.



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To you, who each day
Take on anew your tasks
Along the lines that speech will go
Through city streets or far out
Upon some mountainside where you have blazed a trail
And kept it clear;
To you there comes from all who use the wires
A tribute for a job well done.

For these are not just still and idle strands
That stretch across a country vast and wide
But bearers
Of life's friendly words
And messages of high import
To people everywhere.

Not spectacular, your usual day,
Nor in the headlines
Except they be of fire, or storm, or flood.
Then a grateful nation
Knows the full measure of your skill and worth.
And the fine spirit of service
Which puts truth and purpose in this honored creed—
"The message must go through."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

GERMANY'S UNDERGROUND WANTS WAR

BY SIGRID SCHULTZ

Germany is full of people who see a war between the U.S. and Russia as the best answer to their hopes. These include ex-Nazis who still retain amazing power, fanatical anti-Communists and a mess of royalists, Junkers, and political hacks

EIGHT thousand kids squealed with joy as fifty motorcyclists in bright red pants careened over the green fields of the Polo Grounds at Berlin's Olympic Stadium with one foot on the saddle and the other stuck out in the air. The squeals turned into shouts of delight as a clown came weaving on a tiny, twisted bicycle, tumbling about, vainly trying to emulate the performance of the crack motorcade. From the top rows of the galleries came the loud guffaws of young fellows in British khaki.

In the tense, bitter atmosphere of Berlin, this joint laughter of children under fourteen and young English soldiers seemed the first genuine peace demonstration since the end of World War II. Though the children's elders fiercely resented the show staged by the British, the youngsters forgot their teachings of hatred at the first opportunity.

But will the warmongers of today, in Germany and in other countries, give these kids a chance to grow up in a peaceful world?

As I watched them, I kept remembering an incident in a villa in Lichterfelde, a suburb in the American sector of the German capital. A group of successful Berlin businessmen were being entertained there, when their host startled them by saying, "The broadcasts of the corpse of Hitler are more interesting than anything you can hear nowadays."

Conversation had been dull up to that moment. But the minute the host trotted out the ghost of Adolf Hitler the atmosphere changed. Those who had never heard of the clandestine broadcasts of a man who claimed to be the "living corpse" of Hitler clamored for information.

At that time, little was known about him. It turned out later that he was a young Socialist, whose main purpose in taking to the air was to trade invective with Communists. Their sport has since been stopped.

With zest the dozen Germans present launched into discussions about secret broadcasts. Thus, two years after the end of the war, these university-trained, well-to-do non-Nazi Germans still indulged in whispering campaigns reminiscent of the Hitler era. Nobody talked of the vital news of the day that had appeared in the papers. Why?

An embarrassed silence greeted my question.

The meek-seeming little man whom I had known as a brave anti-Nazi during the war spoke up. "We were fed so many lies by *(Continued on page 74)*

PIX

BABY IN THE

—Or how to be a father though a fullbacl

IN COLLEGE these days if you meet a pretty coed on the campus you don't dare to smile at her in too friendly a manner because there is an off chance that she is married and has from one kid up, and her husband may pop out of a physics building and clip you one.

But even with all the changes I was still astonished when I met Bert Tuller pushing a baby carriage across the quadrangle. Bert is six two, as rugged a fullback as ever cracked a line, but it was hard to realize this because of the way he was talking. It cannot be exactly reproduced but it went something like this:

"Coo," said Bert. "Smile for Dada. Ickle bickle pickle."

He stopped beside me and I looked in the carriage and there under a blue bonnet was a small image of my fullback. Bert, while being all man, is no collar ad, having somewhat uneven features, and obviously the baby had taken after his father. In fact, it was the homeliest baby I have ever seen. But, of course, I did not mention this.

"I'm sorry I missed practice today, Coach," Bert said, "but I had to walk the baby."

"Missing one practice session is all right," I told him. "Just so you're in shape for Saturday's game with Updyke Teachers. Incidentally, the train leaves at nine on Thursday night. Be at the station twenty minutes early."

Bert shuffled his big feet and looked uncomfortable. "Coach," he blurted, "I'm not making the trip."

"Not going!" I screamed. I couldn't believe it. Bert was the entire Spooner attack, and the Updyke game was Home-coming for them. They were our biggest rival, and we hadn't beaten them since 1941. If we didn't take them this year, Spooner alumni would be rising up all over the country and demanding that something be done about Coach Bucky Kane.

In case you haven't guessed it my name is Kane.

"You can't do this to the team, Bert."

Bert shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "but you know I married a girl from England when I was in service. She has a sister arriving in this country and she went to New York to meet the boat. I've got to take care of the baby over the week end."

"You can get a sitter," I said. "There are hundreds of coeds who would be glad to take care of Junior."

"I'm sorry," Bert said. "My wife would leave me if she came back and found I had deserted Junior to play football. She would go home to Mother, and her mother lives in Kensington, England. And she would take Junior with her."

"Look, man," I said, "explain to your wife that this is the *big* game. We've—"

Bert shook his head. "You can't explain that to my wife," he said. "I have tried. And being British, she cannot understand how Americans feel about football. In fact, I have been having a thin time as it is. I gave some coed my autograph the day we beat State. The girl kissed me before I could get my guard up and when I reached home there was lipstick on my chin. It took me two days, and an orchid to get over that. I'm sorry, Coach, but nothing can be done."

I GAVE him approach B-7. I drew myself up and glared at him. "So," I said, "you are going to let your alma mater down. You are going to be a traitor and throw the game to Updyke. In years to come, the alumni are going to speak of Benedict Arnold Tuller, who lost the big game for Spooner."

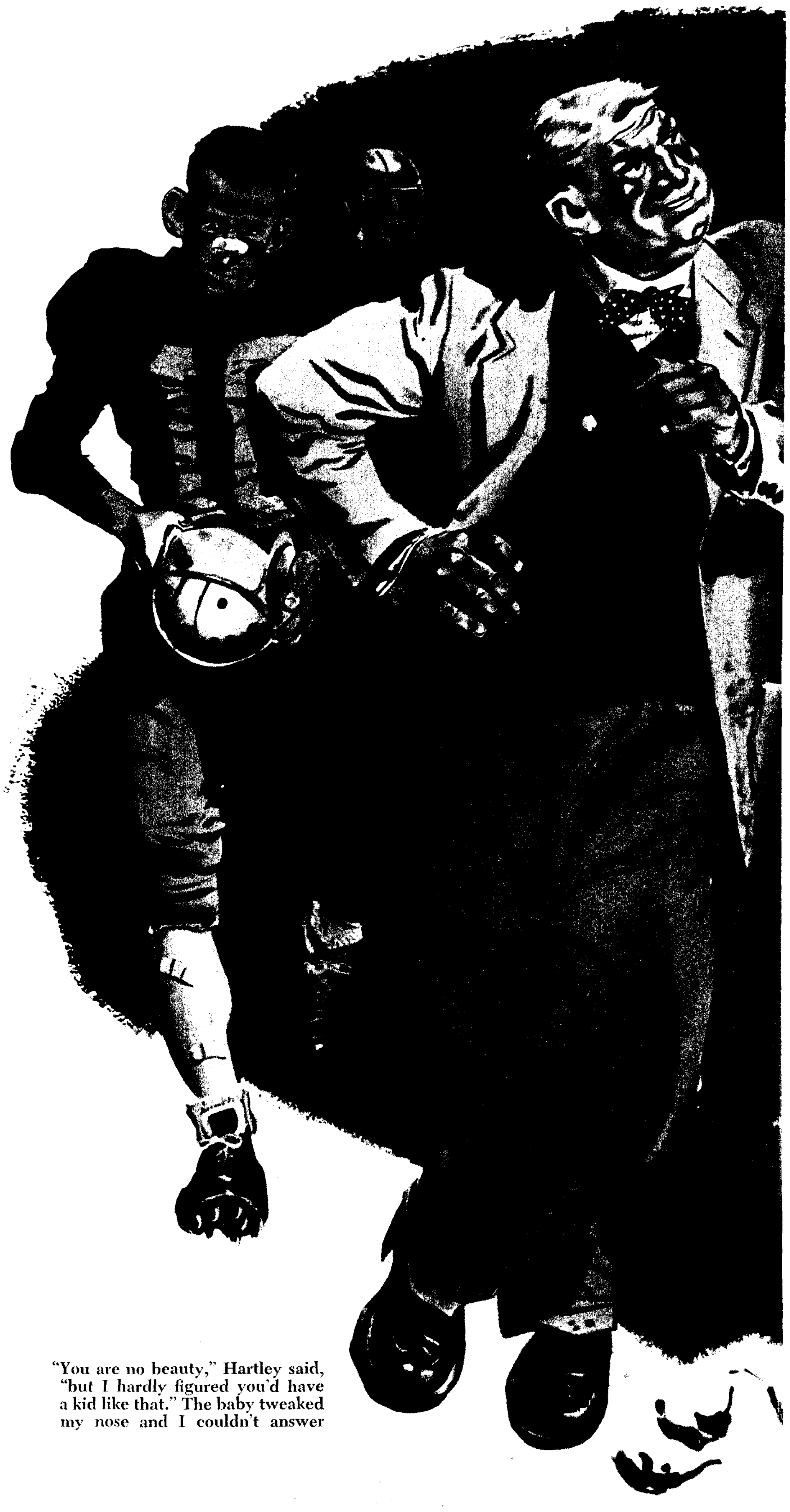
"Coach," he said, "that line won't work these days. I am not a rah-rah boy. I am making up for the war years and hitting the books hard and I am a married man with responsibilities. I would love to help beat Updyke Teachers but when it comes to a question of football or family, the family comes first."

Thinking fast, I turned to the baby. "Someday," I said, "you will want to tell your little boy how you beat Updyke Teachers. You will pick him up like this—" I reached down and grabbed the baby and he let out a howl.

"Here," said Bert, and he snatched the kid away from me. "What do you want to go scaring him for? Don't you know better than to grab him like he was a box of groceries?"

And he put the baby back and pushed the carriage down the walk and talked baby talk. My fullback!

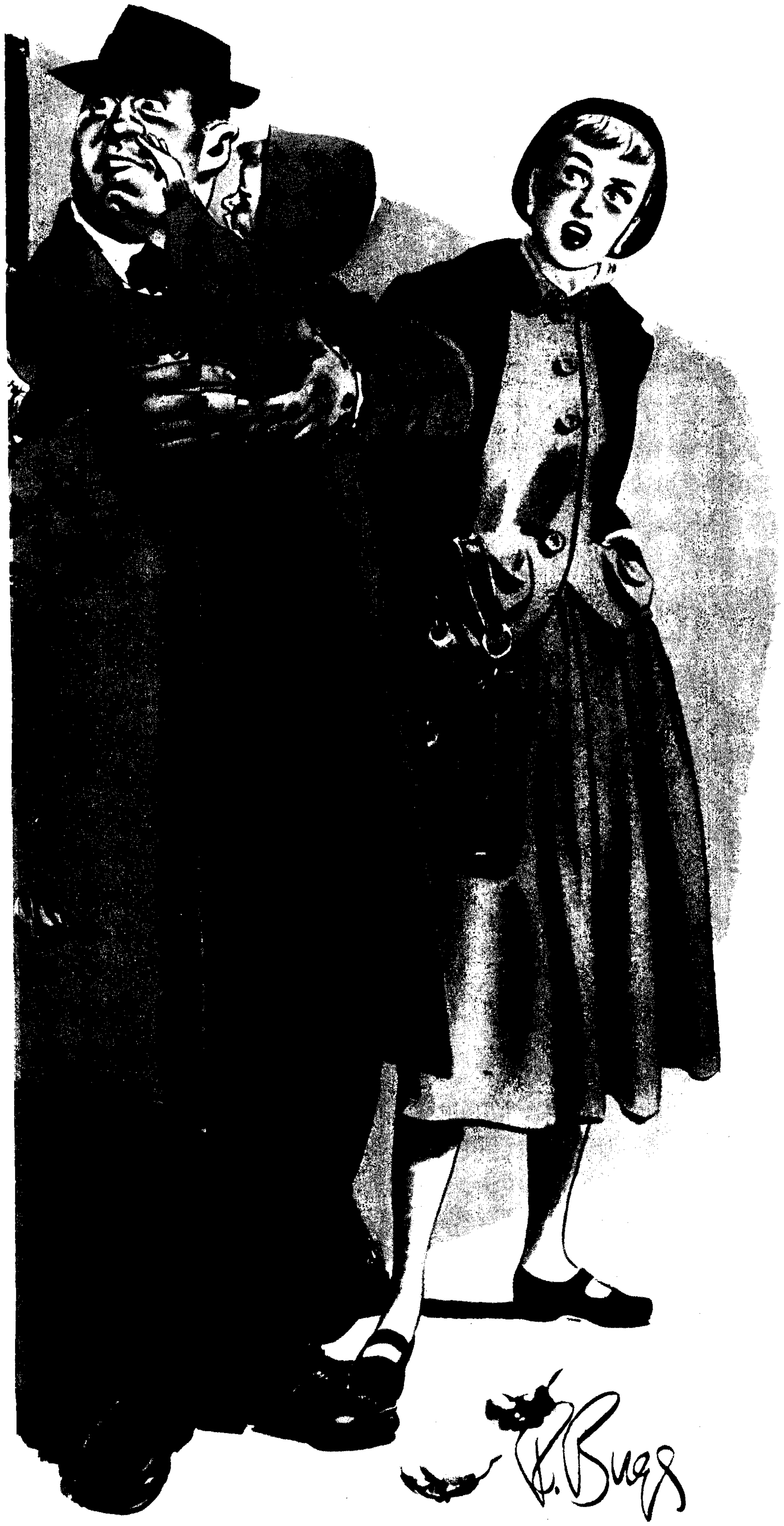
I went over to the Sigma house and told the bad



"You are no beauty," Hartley said, "but I hardly figured you'd have a kid like that." The baby tweaked my nose and I couldn't answer

BACKFIELD

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE



news to Tommy Rankin, quarterback and captain of the varsity.

"We will put the heat on him," Tommy said. "We will go over tonight and give him a fight talk."

We went over that evening, the whole first team and myself. We started in and Bert sat there shaking his head, but finally a glow came into his eyes.

Tommy Rankin said, "I can see the picture now. We're behind by three points. There's a minute to go. It's up to you, Bert, you're our only hope."

"Yeah," said Bert. "Yeah." His eyes got bright; his chest heaved.

" 'Give me the ball,' you say."

Bert is breathing hard.

"Everyone's shouting your name," Tommy said. "You're running for a touchdown."

Bert sat there hating Updyke like poison. We had him where he wanted him, and then suddenly that big stupid tackle, Bennie Molinsky, lost his head. He jumped off the davenport and yelled, "Yeah, team," at the top of his lungs.

And when he finished, the baby woke up bawling.

"Get out of here," Bert said. "Look what you did. Beat it. I can't make the trip."

THE next day, it was all over the campus. Sixty-three coeds volunteered to look after the baby. They all wound up at Bert's apartment and when he came out with the baby to give him an airing someone from the Spooner Herald snapped a picture of Bert surrounded by coeds.

Bert groaned and dashed back inside and I went in after him. He was joggling the baby up and down and mumbling.

"I am going to be a dead pigeon when the wife gets back," he said. "Dames, dames, dames. I get mash notes. Women call me up on the telephone. My wife thinks I'm a billy goat. I tell her it's just because I may make All-America and she can't understand it. Things like this don't happen in Kensington, England."

"Bert," I said, "you and I must have a serious talk."

"Can't. I got to feed the baby. I got to look at the schedule Connie left. I think he gets chopped egg tonight."

I sat in a corner and watched and it was revolting. Eighty per cent of the stuff got in the kid's hair and ears. Bert sat there with a baby spoon in his big fist and made faces at the kid.

All the time I talked about the game. Finally Bert said, "Coach, I don't mean to hurt your feelings but I think you're upsetting Junior. I'll have to ask you to leave."

"You want to play Saturday," I said. "But you have to take care of the baby. All right, you can do both. You can take the baby with you."

"Take Junior on the train? Not a chance."

"Why, I'm surprised at you," I said. "Don't you want the kid to broaden his mind? Do you want him to spend his life like an oyster?"

"Listen," Bert said, "this kid is only six months old. You insinuating he's narrow-minded—"

"We're staying at the best hotel in town," I went on. "We'll order a crib. We'll get a high chair. The kid will live off the fat of the land. We'll take a jug of our own water. During the game he can sleep in his carriage right near the bench. I'll watch him myself. He'll sleep like a baby."

"He is a baby," said Bert. "I don't think the wife would like it."

"Listen," I said, "Spooner is giving you an education."

"The government pays the freight," he said. "They give me an allowance—"

"What are you studying to be?" I shouted. "A lawyer? Shut up a minute. Spooner is paying your expenses on this trip. Spooner is paying the baby's expenses. It's about time you and Junior did something for Spooner."

Bert looked at me and I could see he was weakening.

"And in years to come," I said, "you can tell Junior how he helped score the winning touchdown against Updyke Teachers."

Bert sighed. I knew I had him. "All right," he said, "but I don't think the wife will like it." . . .

It was all settled. We left on schedule. We got a compartment for Bert and Junior. I crawled into a lower berth and was dropping off to sleep when I heard a *wah wah wah* and big feet clumping down the aisle. I looked out and there was Bert bouncing Junior up and down.

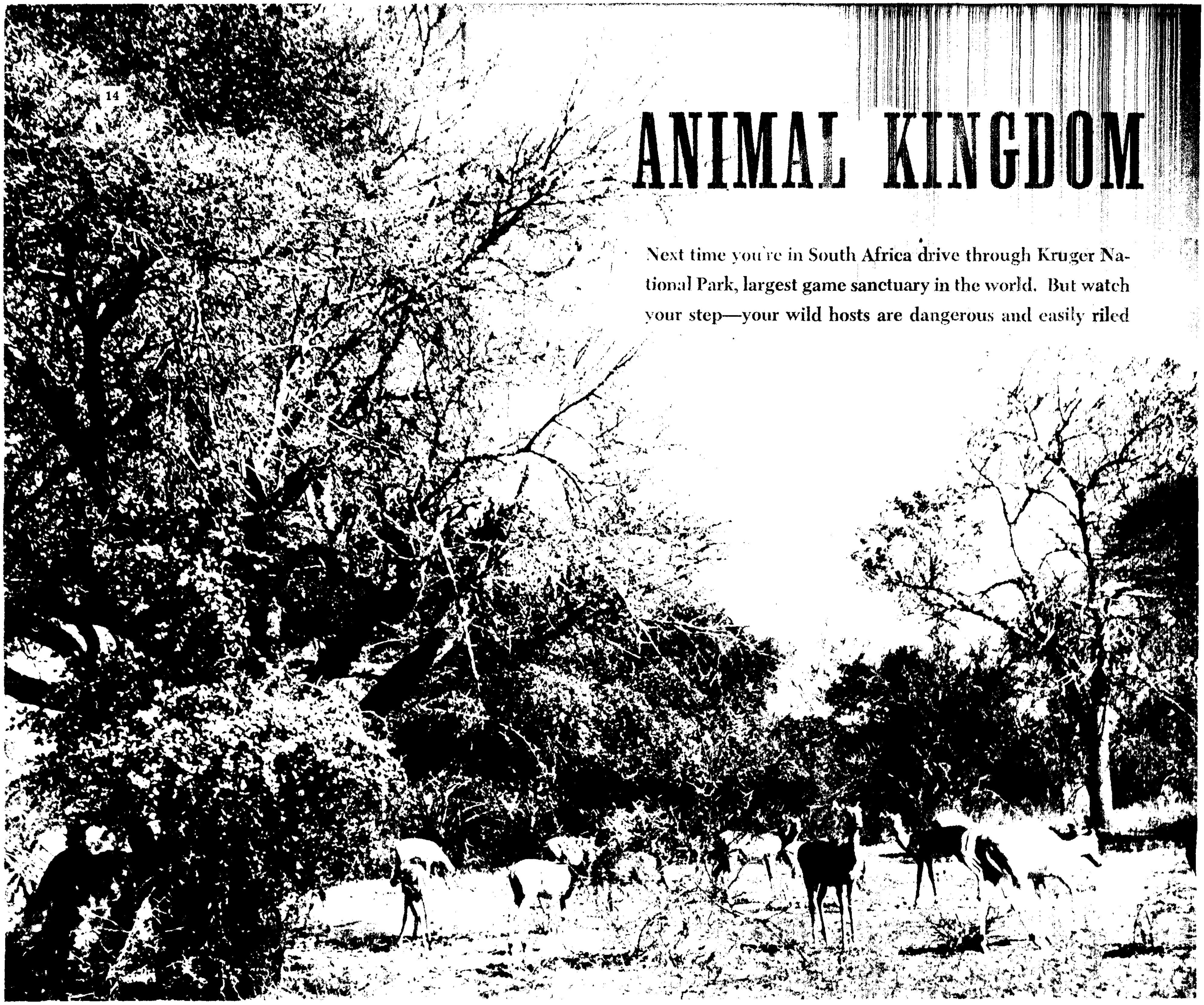
"The slob of a conductor

(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

ANIMAL KINGDOM

Next time you're in South Africa drive through Kruger National Park, largest game sanctuary in the world. But watch your step—your wild hosts are dangerous and easily riled



A herd of impalas, large African antelope, grazing in the 8,000-square-mile tract inhabited by approximately 400,000 game animals. Three fourths of these are impalas, gazelles, wildebeests, kudus and other members of the antelope family. Every type of African animal seen in circus or zoo lives in the sanctuary

Tourists watching a bull hippopotamus take a dip in the Sabi River. The park, closed to visitors during the war, now attracts thousands annually

Lions sunning themselves on a road in Kruger National Park will not molest passing motorists if the latter respect the animals' rights and keep their distance

The park's first ranger, H. C. Wolhuter, with the skin of a lion he killed with a small sheath knife

An old baboon dog, one of the tamest animals in the park, and always popular with the tourists

Giraffes are found in the middle area of the park where the acacia tree, their favorite food, abounds

BY VICTOR AND BETTY JORGENSEN

THE automobile, a small English car with a "sunshine roof," was speeding because it was sundown and the driver was anxious to reach his rest camp before dark. He rounded a sharp bend in the red dirt road, and ahead of him loomed the gigantic bulk of a long-legged animal which stood spraddle-legged in the middle of the road, chewing ruminatively and looking off into the bush. The car skidded to a stop, and the driver looked upward through the glass panel in the roof at the underside of a full-grown giraffe.

Obviously bewildered, the giraffe looked down for a moment at the obnoxious, evil-smelling insect squatted under his belly. Then he smashed the hood and radiator of the car with two blows of his powerful forefeet, stepped gingerly over the machine, and lumbered off the road in the characteristic giraffe gait, which looks like an exercise in slow motion but is really very fast. Luckily the engine of the car was not damaged, and the driver managed to reach his destination, where he described what had happened. Everyone believed him, for things just as unusual occur in those parts every day.

There is only one place where a motorist might have an adventure of this sort—the 8,000-square-mile Kruger National Park, in the Transvaal Province of the Union of South Africa. This enormous tract of land, the largest game sanctuary in the world, averages about 40 miles in width, and stretches for some 200 miles from the Limpopo River in the north to the Crocodile River in the south. It is inhabited by approximately 400,000 game animals, of which about three fourths are gazelles, impalas, wildebeests, kudus and other members of the antelope family.

Among the other denizens of the sanctuary are lions, apes, baboons, monkeys, wild dogs, buffaloes, leopards, cheetah, wart hogs, elephants, zebras, hyenas, giraffes—every kind of African animal you've ever seen in the circus or the zoo, and many others besides. There are reptiles and birds by the thousands, and crocodiles and hippopotamuses in the pools and rivers.

All the animals are wild, and most of them, potentially at least, are dangerous; even a timid antelope, if cornered or frightened, may kick a man to death. They have become accustomed to automobiles and to men on horseback, although there have been a few instances of elephants trampling small cars, and a buffalo may charge a horseman if the latter comes upon the beast when he happens to be irritated. But a man on foot, unless he is well armed and capable of taking care of himself, is in considerable peril, especially in the lion country.

In one park area where lions abound, an average of about one a month is killed because it develops man-eating tendencies. In all the history of the sanctuary, however, only one elephant has turned rogue and had to be killed.

The park is open to the public again—most of it was closed during the war—but visitors are required to observe strict rules. All must be in one or another of the nine rest camps by dark, and during the night they are not permitted to leave the camps for any reason. Only the park rangers may travel the sanctuary's 2,000 miles of dirt roads after dark, and they do so only on important errands.

There are signs everywhere, warning visitors not to leave their cars, to keep on the roads, to watch out for elephants on the road, to beware of lions. Visitors may approach the rivers and pools on foot to see the crocodiles and hippopotamuses, but only when escorted by rangers. All communication within the park is by radio; the telephone was tried and found to be impracticable because the elephants unrooted the poles.

Nine white and 125 native rangers patrol the park and try to make the thousands of visitors observe the rules; stiff fines are imposed upon those who do not and are caught. But there are always smarties who do not believe in signs. Not long ago a man with two children came upon a lioness frolicking with two cubs in the grass alongside the road.

"Oh, Daddy!" cried one of the children. "Look at the pretty kitties!"

The man stopped his car, and they watched the animals for some time. There was no danger in this, for the lioness ignored them so long as they remained in the machine. But that wasn't enough. One of the children wanted to play with the "kitties," so the foolish father got out of the car, took a child by each hand, and started toward the lioness.

"Come on," he said. "I'll show you the kitties."

Luckily a ranger happened along just as the lioness was about to spring and frightened the animal away with a shot over her head. Had he appeared a few minutes later, the man and the children probably would have been killed, and the rangers would have had to kill another man-eating lion. The man was fined heavily.

A few days afterward, on another road, a visitor stopped his car to watch a beautiful pride (group) of lions lying in the grass a few yards off the highway. When he started to drive on he found he had a flat tire. Instead of waiting for a ranger to come along, and working under the protection of the ranger's gun, he climbed out and went around to the back to get his jack and tools. He had just thrown out a bedding roll which was on top of the spare tire, when a ranger pulled up alongside and shouted:

"Get back in your car, quick! There's a bloody lion beside you!"

The tourist leaped into the car, barely in time. A lioness, which had crept unobserved through the tall grass, sprang across the spot where he had been standing. Apparently the lioness had had her eye on the bedding roll, which she carried off and destroyed, but if the man hadn't been warned he also would have been torn to pieces.

Oom Paul Suggested Preserving Wildlife

The history of the Kruger National Park goes back to 1884, when Paul Kruger, then President of the Transvaal Republic, suggested that something should be done about preserving the fast-vanishing wildlife of southern Africa. However, it was not until 1902 that the Sabi Game Reserve, about 1,800 square miles between the Sabi and Crocodile rivers, was set aside as a refuge for wild animals.

A resident staff to protect the game was appointed, with Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton as the first warden. For twenty-four years Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton tried to have the area designated a national park, but this was not done until 1926, when the Union of South Africa passed the National Parks Act, and changed the name of the Sabi Game Reserve to Kruger National Park. Through government grants and private gifts of land, the park has since been increased to 8,000 square miles. Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton retired in April of 1946, and was succeeded by Colonel J. A. B. Sandenbergh, the present warden.

A month after the Sabi River district was set aside as a game reserve, H. C. Wolhuter, an Afrikander of long experience, became the first ranger.

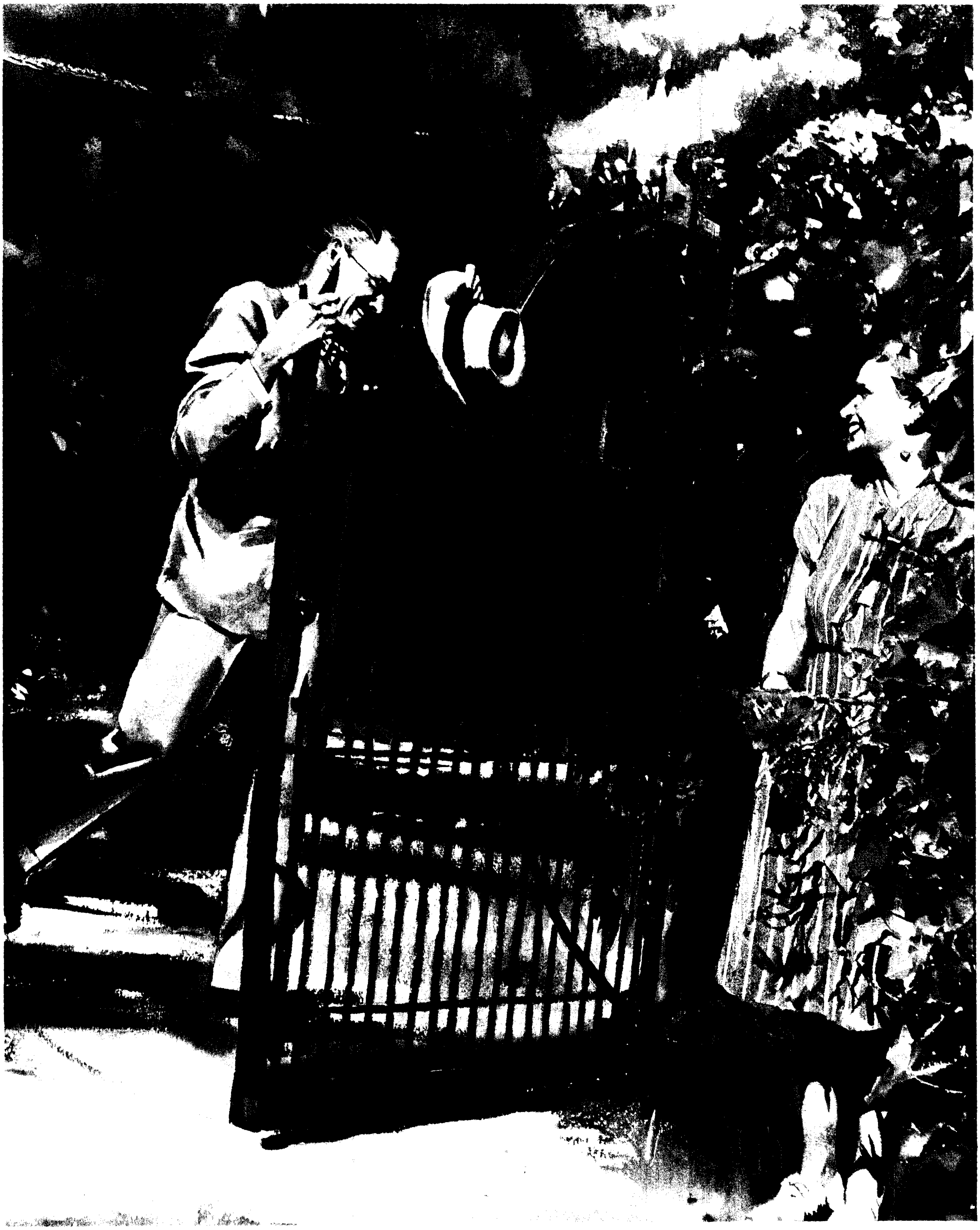
In those days the chief duty of the rangers was to protect the game from both whites and blacks, who for years had hunted this part of the Transvaal Republic. A ranger out on patrol might be gone from his base for several weeks, and it was a dangerous business. He was always accompanied by mounted natives, who handled the pack donkeys, loaded with supplies. One night, riding ahead of his native assistants, Wolhuter was attacked by two lions. Before he could spur his horse, he was knocked out of the saddle by one of the beasts, and seized by the other almost before he hit the ground.

The lion dragged the ranger into the bush, about a hundred yards off the trail. Finally, although he was in agony from the wounds inflicted by the teeth and claws of the beasts, Wolhuter managed to draw a small knife from a sheath attached to his belt. He stabbed at the lion, and by good luck plunged the knife into the beast's heart. Pulling himself from the relaxed jaws, Wolhuter climbed into a spindly thorn tree, where he clung to the puny branches and hoped that his natives would come to his rescue.

Meanwhile, the other lion, after chasing Wolhuter's horse for a little distance, returned, and paced growling beneath the thorn tree. Suddenly, with a roar, the lion ran into the bush, frightened away by the approach of the two natives and the pack donkeys. Wolhuter was loaded aboard a donkey and taken to a hospital.

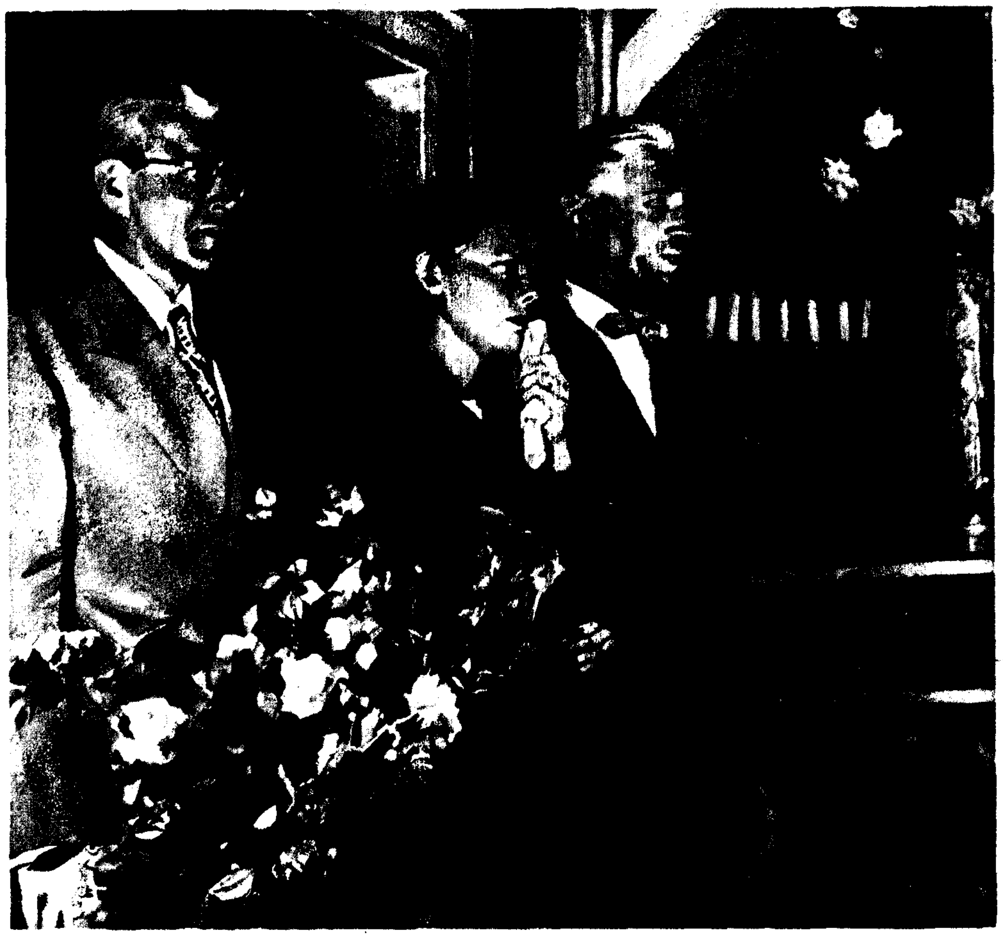
Today, seventy years old and retired, Wolhuter lives quietly at Pretoriuskop, in the southwestern part of the park. The sheath knife and the lion's skin hang over his fireplace, and a commemorative plaque marks the site of the struggle. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR JORGENSEN



Once Agnes found him at the gate, trying to swing on it, pushing vainly with one foot on the ground. He looked absurd. "Too heavy," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Agnes tried to listen to the eulogy, but she was thinking of what Henry's friends had said

THE HOME-COMING OF HENRY

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

After it was too late she discovered what she had lost

IT DID not seem possible to Agnes that Henry could be dead. Even as she dressed for his funeral, she found her mind running on with thoughts that began, *I must tell Henry to*—or *I'll have to remind Henry*—. It was quite dreadful to be shocked back each time into the realization that she would never again be able to tell Henry to do anything or remind him of anything.

Her friends would not understand her grief, or appreciate the vacuum Henry had left. They had never understood her attachment to him, never ceased to wonder why she had married him, when with her looks and charm she could have had almost anyone. Henry, after all, was not their kind—not her kind, really, when it came to it. But she nevertheless had been deeply fond of him, and they had been very happy together.

Agnes blinked back the tears and sat down to pull on her black stockings. She still had good legs, a good figure, though somewhat more ample than was the style now. For a woman well along in middle age she was very handsome, with firm skin and dark, bright eyes and thick hair that had grayed attractively. She had looked ten years younger than Henry instead of two, even before he was ill.

Sometimes, when her friends hinted at the question or asked it bluntly outright, she had tried to remember exactly what it was that had made her marry Henry in the first place. But she never could remember—it had all been so long ago. She knew he had never been much to look at, just a pleasant-faced, rather small man, with mild gray eyes and a gentle smile, and he had always been quiet, never really entered into things when he was young, any more than he did later on.

When she thought of him, she saw him standing in a doorway or sitting in an uncomfortable chair that nobody else wanted, smoking his pipe and looking on.

Agnes had certainly always tried to make him a part of the life in which she was such a leader—tried to make him at home with her friends. But he had never responded very well. It had been hard for him, of course. Everyone she knew was—well, somebody. Either successful in business or important in the government, or in one of the arts. Agnes had a way of gathering such people around her, guiding them into sparkling talk. Someone had told her once that she should have lived in the days of salons.

Henry could not enter into this kind of talk. He was out of his class. If anyone asked him what he did, he always just answered, "Hardware," and smiled. Because what, after all, could he say about being the manager of a store's hardware department? That he had started in the stock room, gone on into sales and ended up as manager? It was hardly exciting, hardly the picture of a successful man. His yearly salary was exactly equal to Agnes' income for two months from her father's estate. She had often told him that it was foolish for him to keep the job at all, but this was one of the few things he had ever been adamant about. Some kind of pride, she supposed.

Margaret Sellers arrived just as Agnes finished dressing. Margaret was Agnes' oldest friend, almost like a sister. In fact, they looked something alike, though Margaret was larger and not nearly so attractive. She had never married, though she certainly had had chances. Agnes thought it was because she had kept looking for someone whose background and abilities were equal to her own, and after all . . . Margaret's father had been a very wealthy and brilliant diplomat, her mother had been a successful concert singer, and Margaret herself was always publishing little books of verse that got good reviews.

Agnes had often thought that Margaret might better have been satisfied with some ordinary man, the way she herself had been, instead of waiting for the impossible.

"You've been crying!" Margaret said at once, in such an astonished tone that Agnes was annoyed.

"Well really, Margaret, after all," she said. "My husband is dead."

It occurred to her that this was the first time in years she had referred to him as "my husband." She always spoke of him to everybody as Henry, except of course to tradespeople or servants, to whom she said Mr. Murray. *My husband,* she thought, and for some reason the words caused the tears to come again.

(*Continued on page 91*)

FOOTBALL IS PASSING

BY PAUL CHRISTMAN

It's passing that puts the thrills into a grid game. But it's the receiver, not the passer, who deserves most credit for the sensational play. A famous All-America, now a pro star passer, tells why

IN FOOTBALL, it isn't the passer — it's the receiver. Is that heresy? Maybe so. Undoubtedly an unsound financial statement for a guy like myself who earns a living throwing a football around. But it's true.

Passing, I'll agree, has done more to swing football into the spectators' delight than any other factor. Still, few of the folks who are turning this fall's football into a mass sellout are giving those receivers more than passing fancy when they're actually responsible for fancy passing.

Let's take our own Chicago Cardinals. Our fortunes really rest in the adhesive-fingered hands of such adroit pass receivers as Mal Kutner and Billy Dewell.

They're ends—and you can tell it the minute you look at them. A passer can run the scale in appearance from a skinny bag of bones like Sam Baugh or a half-pint like Dave O'Brien up to a paunchy guy with piano legs like me. But you can't miss on an end. If you see a big ape standing out there with his hands hanging down to his knees, he's an end.

It's this physical requirement that leads to every pass receiver's greatest asset—an ability to maneuver.

Let's put it this way: If I'm running forward and you're running backward, and I know which way I'm going and you don't, I hold quite an advantage over you. Still, only the good receivers learn to apply this.

For the sake of our lesson in pass receiving, let's break the receiver's basic maneuvers down into three categories: running at you and then breaking to either side; running at you and then breaking back toward the passer; running out, stopping, and then breaking loose again.

Acting plays a mighty big part. Let's take the case of Kutner. He came up last year after Pittsburgh had drafted him before the war. He had been a sprinter and All-America end at Texas.

For the major part of last season, Kutner tried to run past every defensive back. Mal's a great guy, and we all hounded him to death to maneuver, for we knew what he could do.

It took us eight games to convince him, and eventually at Green Bay he started faking. When he caught two successive pitches that carried us from 20-yard line to 20-yard line, we knew he had gained the knack.

Finally, came that all-important season's windup with the Bears. You know we'd rather beat the Bears than pick up a bonus. Mal was doing more than his bit. On one play, he slipped down about 10 yards till the defensive back started to backpedal. The lean Texan stopped dead, took a step back toward me and speared the ball.

Then instead of trying to drive straight for the goal, he spun around the halfback and dashed for a touchdown.

With less than a minute left in the game, the score stood 28-28. I called a long pass, which required Mal to cut down the field and then fan out toward the side line. He had only the halfback to beat. Kutner held his course down the middle until the halfback started to move in. Then he broke to the outside, gathered in the ball and finally was knocked out of bounds on the four-yard line.

Jim Conzelman, our coach, came puffing down the side line swinging his leg so violently to indicate a place kick that I was afraid he would suffer a Charley horse. Pat Harder already had kicked four straight extra points.

Not feeling this was the time or place for an argument, I smiled cordially to Jim, nodded that I understood, stepped back into the huddle and called a pass.

Here was my trend of reasoning as I shuffled into the huddle:

If we run, all the time is gone. Few teams can run two plays in the 15 seconds that remained. My problem is how to work in another play before giving up with a final effort at a field goal. There's a tough cross wind such as only Lake Michigan can drive across Wrigley Field.

I decide I can fool 'em with a short pass. If the guy is covered, I'll throw it away. (Pro passers learn very quickly how to throw a ball away convincingly by sailing it barely over the defenders' heads.)

Most important of all, I know that if I have to throw it away, the play will require no more than a few seconds and I still will have time to attempt the field goal.

So I called the same play for Kutner again—on a four-yard scale. Mal shot out of the line straight at his defensive halfback. The halfback took a step backward to keep up with him, and at that moment Mal cut to the outside. My oldest boy could have passed to him with the three-yard lead he maneuvered.

Lou Little's Columbia varsity demonstrates how a pass is completed. Quarterback Rossides fakes a hand-off to Full*back Yablonski (33), who apparently is going through the guard slot.* Center *Shekitka (51) double-teams with* Left Guard Karas (60) on the defensive right guard for further deception. This is drawing in the two backers-up and bringing in the safety man to cover. Ends Gehrke (83) and Rakowski (84) are getting into position for the pass. Halfbacks Kusserow (41) and Olson (14) are moving out to wall out the ends, who will come in to rush the passer

The two ends are in position. The right end has drawn in the safety man to cover him, and the fullback (33) has brought in the left backer-up and kept the other backer-up in position. The left end has faked a turn to the inside, then turned to the outside and is about to receive the pass from Rossides (21), who is being rushed by a defensive tackle

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY DAVID PESKIN

You know the answer. He scored the touchdown, and we won the game.

My first season as a pro in 1945, I went to Green Bay and watched Don Hutson playing in his last year. He scored twice on the same play. He simply ran a little bit to the outside, turned downfield at full speed and ran fast enough so that the defensive player was forced to turn his back on the passer to keep up with the fleet Hutson.

A Bit of Perfect Teamwork

The moment Irv Comp saw that defensive player turn his back, he merely threw the ball farther to the right, and Hutson just curved and ran under the ball.

Learning how to cover these tricky receivers has caused many a fine college prospect to flunk his pro test. For instance, we were playing at Boston last season. Boley Dancewicz, the former Notre Dame quarterback who was performing at right half, was considered an outstanding college defensive back.

Dewell swept down on him, starting to the outside and then breaking back toward the middle. Dancewicz, thinking he was one step ahead, started slanting toward the middle on the theory that Dewell had made his fake and then was on the way to his destination.

However, Dewell cut back outside again, and they parted company with Dewell ending up in the end zone alone. Dancewicz is a good defensive man, too, but Billy Dewell has been a pro six years, Boley, one.

The average football fan spends so many years watching the passer that he seldom stops to view and appreciate the receivers. Still, we've seen movies of Jim Benton of Los Angeles, football's leading receiver since Hutson, in which he has executed as many as four fakes before catching the ball.

And there's an old gag of Hutson's in which he would race past the goal posts, hook one arm around the nearest post and, as he swung back into the field, Cecil Isbell would hit him with a pass. Dewell and I tried that a couple of times, too, but the second time I threw to the wrong goal post.

These pro ends are full of savvy. In the 1946 Cardinal game in Detroit, Dewell came back and said, quietly, "This DeCorrevont is getting mighty anxious." We had hit Dewell a couple of times with a maneuver where he went straight down and then cut out sharply.

This time, DeCorrevont figured he had the answer and would sweep down and pick the pass off for a fancy interception and probably a touchdown. Dewell started down the field and cut out in the previous pattern. DeCorrevont moved in for the kill, barreling at top speed. However, this time Dewell swung back downfield again. They passed going in opposite directions, and there was the answer to a passer's prayer—a 15-yard lead that was good for a touchdown.

Actually, Dewell is not naturally fast. Yet he led the league in touchdown passes and average yardage per reception just ahead of Kutner. Maneuverability is the answer.

Best Catcher of Hook Passes

You won't see the name of Frank Ivy very high on the receivers' list, but he rates as one of the best of all hook-pass receivers. He's not fast enough—or quick enough to handle the long passes with the quick break, but for a short pass there's none better.

He's a dead pan with no expression either on his face or in his action, and you can't tell how far he is going.

The average man in the stands may never have had the theory of the hook pass explained, although he sees the play unfold any afternoon he walks into a football stadium.

A receiver runs downfield. Sooner or later the defensive player must give ground. When the defender takes that first step backward, the receiver stops and takes a step in the opposite direction, back toward the passer. By the time the defensive player can bridge the distance, the pass is completed, as simple as that.

A lot of teams use this means to get a good breakaway back across the line of scrimmage and into the open quickly. Sammy Baugh used to throw hook passes by the dozen to Steve Bagarus when they were a Redskin combination, and the latter turned them into long yardage.

The answer to stopping this pass means just staying so close to the receiver that he doesn't have room to hook.

But there's a joker to that too. We call it the old six-pointer—or the stop and go.

For instance, we were playing at

(Continued on page 93)

The completion of the pass as seen from the other side. Gehrke has caught the ball. The safety man (22) has run up in a futile attempt to block it but is too late as he has been drawn out of position by the right end. The defensive halfback has also been faked out of position, by the left end's feint to the inside, and is too late to knock down or intercept the pass

LOW-DOWN ON

When a union plasterer works four hours and is paid for a full day, when a bricklayer lays 500 bricks a day instead of 1,000, when a house painter limits the size of his brush to 4½ inches—the cost of building a house rises accordingly. These and other restrictive practices in the building trades are costing the American people an estimated 220,000 urgently needed homes a year

Contractors dare not make open charges lest they incur union ire and go broke

EARLY this year Mr. Harry Bates, president of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International Union and chairman of the American Federation of Labor Committee on Housing, was asked how many houses labor could produce in 1947.

Said Mr. Bates, "It should be possible to build 1,500,000; perhaps even as many as 1,700,000 units."

It is now obvious that what Mr. Bates estimated as possible will miss the call by almost 1,000,000 units. Perhaps less obvious is the fact that his statement should have considered the extent to which labor was willing and able "really to get in and work."

For despite wage increases up to 50 per cent or more—in New York one trade started 1947 at $2 an hour, is now getting $3—the failure of labor to produce is one of a number of basic causes for our building muddle. No one actually knows how many homes the slowdown of workmen in the building trades and restrictive practices of the unions are costing us this year. But on the basis of reports from builders throughout the country, I estimate that we will lose, conservatively, 220,000 homes.

In any event, labor, with the full sanction of most building-trades union officials and sometimes on their orders, has muffed its role in a grave domestic problem which, along with contractors, the building supply industry and government, labor was morally committed to solve.

Reporters attempting for months to get the facts have run into a stone wall. Labor leaders deny everything and builders are afraid to talk for fear of drastic reprisals which may bankrupt them.

But this slowdown, the often unwritten rules restricting labor output, and the feather-bedding practices in the building trades, as well as other factors in the industry which have caused the failure of our housing program, are now under investigation by two committees of Congress. These are the Joint Committee on Housing under Wisconsin Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and the House subcommittee on labor under New York Congressman Ralph W. Gwinn. If these committees have the courage thoroughly to investigate and report on union labor, the public is due for a shock.

For in addition to the homes we haven't built, a few moments' simple arithmetic demonstrates that restrictive practices and slowdown will cost U.S. home builders upward of $300,000,000 this year. One third of our 1947 four-billion-dollar housing bill goes for on-the-site labor. If the slowdown were only 25 per cent—the smallest figure any builder mentions—the cost would be $330,000,000. Unless there is a reversal of fundamental conditions, the cost next year may be twice as much. Such a reversal will result only from public revolt against a condition which is sentencing hundreds of thousands of families to a lifetime existence in slums.

These conditions won't be corrected by the Taft-Hartley Act. According to Senator Taft, almost all housing and home building is intrastate commerce and therefore outside the act's jurisdiction, and it should be emphasized that labor is not alone to blame. Far from it. Cost-plus, money-no-object contractors have bid up black-market wages to fantastic heights—$28 a day is not uncommon. Building-material producers, suppliers and equipment manufacturers participate (often by collusive arrangements) in conspiracy which could operate only in such an industry.

A. F. of L. Denies Charges

Labor bears only part of the guilt, but it is a major factor, despite fast-talking spokesmen for the American Federation of Labor who "categorically" deny all charges. One of them recently challenged a reporter "to show a single example of a building-trades union restricting the output of its members."

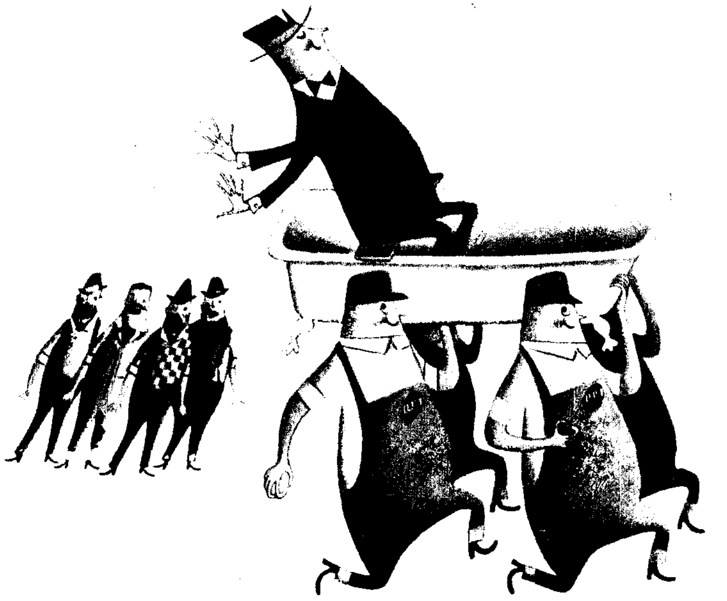
The facts are often obscured, but they're there. Off-the-record, back-of-the-barn talks with builders who operate throughout the country, with local housing contractors and individual workingmen, reveal enough examples of feather-bedding, hair-splitting definitions of work allocation and cost-raising production slowdown so that the miracle is we've built any homes at all.

Here are examples cited to me by builders, housing-project directors, and laborers. On a housing project in the East, all the carpenters quit because a laborer picked up a hammer. In California, a top state housing official estimates the efficiency of building workers is 55 per cent lower than it was in 1940. On a large housing project, a worker operating an electrical floor-scraper must have an electrician—at full union rates—plug the cord into the light socket and detach it as the scraper is moved from room to room.

In Newark, a veterans' housing project was delayed for months while carpenters and laborers disputed as to which should carry lumber from the delivery trucks to the job. Union plasterers throughout the country are estimated by an outstanding builder to be turning out in a day just half the prewar work standard.

In Springfield, Illinois, electricians connecting a thermostat control, which takes two hours, get a full day's pay for their work. On Long Island, lathers who formerly put up 60 bundles of wood lath in an average workday now knock off when they have completed 35, though it may be only 1:30 P.M. But they get paid for a full day. In St. Louis, when a standard make of elevator was delivered to a new apartment house, local electricians ripped out all the complicated wiring installed in the factory and then put the wiring back in. Even the number of outlets an electrician may install in a day has been limited. In Detroit it is 60 per cent of prewar.

In Virginia, bricklayers secretly told contractors that they would be dropped from the union if they laid more than 400 bricks in a day



Common laborers are not allowed by the union to unload and carry a bathtub onto a job. Four highly paid journeymen plumbers must do the carrying

THE SLOWDOWN

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

In Chicago, the plasterers' union prohibits the use of fast, efficient "dry wall plaster," the huge sheets of wallboard which provide a durable base for paint or paper.

In Washington, no laborer may lift or move a radiator, at $1.25 an hour. Only a steam fitter is qualified—at $2.35 an hour.

Similar examples affect almost every aspect of building. Union rules require that expensive bricklayers must wash down their own walls, and that only skilled journeymen painters may scrape paint spots off windows. When a carpenter sets an iron beam, a union ironworker must be called to stand by—and draw pay. In Houston, when structural steel is delivered, the truck driver stops at the gate, and ironworkers drive the truck in and unload it.

In New York, plumbers refuse to install 25 items of equipment unless purchased of a local master plumber. In several cities, operating engineers and truck drivers have nullified the efficiency of transit-mix concrete. Truck drivers of the teamsters' union refuse to allow the mixer to operate while the truck is moving. When the truck is driven to the site, an operating engineer steps up and pushes the button that starts the mixer.

Of this, one international union official said, "Oh, we just did that to get around the wage-stabilization regulations during the war. We don't expect to keep that up indefinitely."

To understand how such practices continue requires some appreciation of how craft unionism applies to housebuilding. There are 19 major A.F. of L. unions in the construction industry, all involved in housing. None is subject to any central authority, and each has its own not too sharply defined field. The national unions—or "internationals" as they usually prefer to be called—themselves have little authority except to help present a united front to outsiders. In closed-shop areas, union locals have a monopoly on the labor supply. They can make their demands stick.

Here is one simple and typical example, cited by a contractor, of how this system works: On a steel frame building, carpenters lay the wood sills and stand aside while waiting ironworkers put down the steel joint. Then the ironworkers stand by while the carpenters put in a wood floor. Next the ironworkers put in the steel frame before joining the carpenters for a smoke, while asbestos workers apply insulation.

Then sheet-metal workers do the exterior metal finish, and finally the carpenters finish off the interior walls.

Full Pay for Half-Time Work

The result, says an important builder, is that none of these men works more than half the time, but they get paid for full time. Unfettered by regulations of competing unions, competent carpenters could do the entire job.

Such dividing up the work affects cost. A builder erecting Quonset huts in one nonunion area told me he was able to use only carpenters. The cost was $1,600 per hut. On a similar job, done in another area, by the same builder, but where unions required strict division of labor, the cost jumped to $3,200.

Another estimate of the cost of restrictive practices to the home builder is given by Gale Bradford, 38-year-old builder of Bradford Homes, Incorporated, of Evansville, Indiana. Working on a 261-house project, Bradford signed up with the C.I.O. United Construction Workers. But the C.I.O. union was not interested in preserving the craft practices so jealously guarded by the A.F. of L. They permitted power equipment, spray painting and the erection of a wood mill and a cement-mixing plant. All wood parts were precut in the mill, and any prefab savings by the builder were encouraged.

The houses went up at the rate of two a day. A 4½-room house sold at $7,300 or $46 a month with all charges. With wholehearted labor support and the use of streamlined methods Bradford effected a savings of 14 per cent, in comparison with a similar conventionally built house. To the buyer of a minimum-size house this saving amounts to $1,022.

No effective action has been taken heretofore to curb cost-hiking labor practices, because few contractors have the courage to make open charges and back them up. To incur the displeasure of a building-trades union in most cities is to invite bankruptcy.

When Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt tried to get the facts in voluntary open hearings in several cities, contractors shut up like clams, mumbling, "I don't know anything about it."

Builders still flatly refuse to discuss their labor relations with reporters without first extracting a promise not to reveal the source of the information. Even the Department of Labor, which is supposed to provide accurate, impartial labor information, approaches the subject the way a rabbit approaches a wildcat.

By throwing the fear of reprisal into those qualified to talk, labor has dispersed its critics and reduced their strictures to vague generalizations which labor leaders say are "without foundation." But this is nonsense, as anyone who digs deeply enough can discover.

For example, to reduce to precise figures the vague charges of slowdown then circulating, The Plumbing and Heating Business, largest circulation trade paper in its field, last spring published the results of an extensive survey covering plumbers' efficiency in 64 cities in 28 states. Here are the figures on some of the simpler home-building operations:

Hours to Install:	*1940*	*1946*	*Per cent Slowdown*
Toilet	2.2	3.6	38.9
Lavatory	2.6	3.9	33.6
Built-in tub and shower	6.1	9.0	32.2
Automatic water heater	3.8	5.7	33.3

The average number of radiators connected in a day dropped from 6.9 to 4.6, off 33.3 per cent. The over-all loss in plumbers' efficiency, the survey showed, was 32.4 per cent.

Here, too, is a quick look at a few typical practices current in various cities.

Cleveland building trades have been closed shop for many years. Where prewar bricklayers in some other sections of the country laid 1,000 bricks a day, 750 were considered a day's work in Cleveland. Today a contractor is lucky if he gets 500. The slowdown affects practically every operation in home building. In an average home it takes eight days to do plumbing work which should be done in five. No Cleveland contractor would be naïve enough to order factory-made windows with the glass installed. If he did so, Cleveland glaziers would solemnly and methodically remove the panes of glass and then put them back in again. Window sash for Cleveland homes is shipped without glass, and the cost to the home owner is therefore 200 per cent greater.

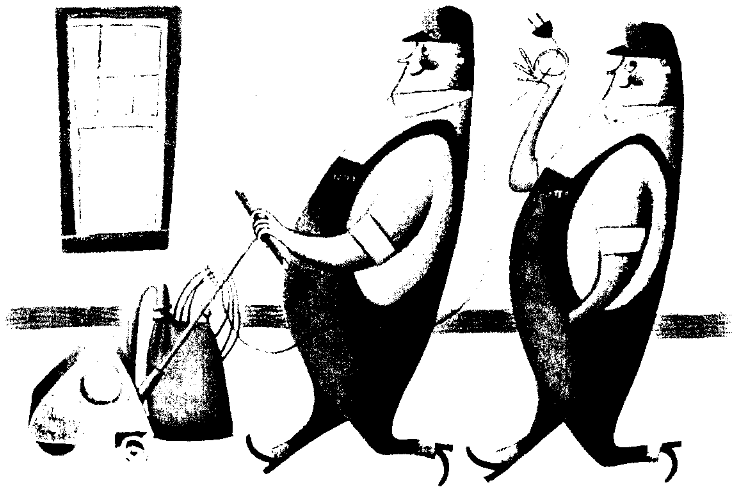
One outstanding Cleveland home builder told me in September, "Carpenter work on one of my typical small houses cost $600 before the war. Wage increases of 45 per cent since then put that figure up to $870. But actually carpenter work on such a house costs me $1,200 today. The difference is the slowdown."

The difference is 40 per cent. Cleveland plasterers are off 50 per cent. But one conservative estimate of the slowdown for all building trades in that city is 25-30 per cent.

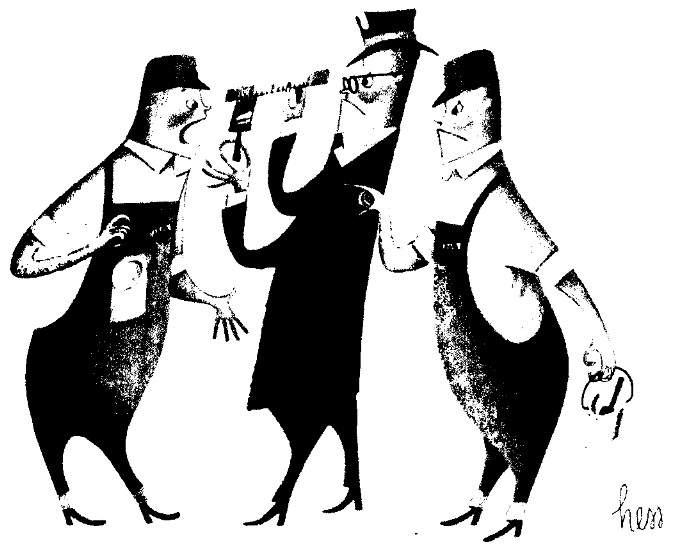
In Detroit, says a leading builder, union lathers put up no more than 35 bundles of lath a day. Before the war, an excellent lather could complete all the work on a small house in a single day's work. Now, he says, it requires two men a day and a half. The union says there is no limitation on the amount of work a lather may do; 35 bundles is, the union says, merely a fair standard.

Detroit plasterers have a pleasant

(Continued on page 70)



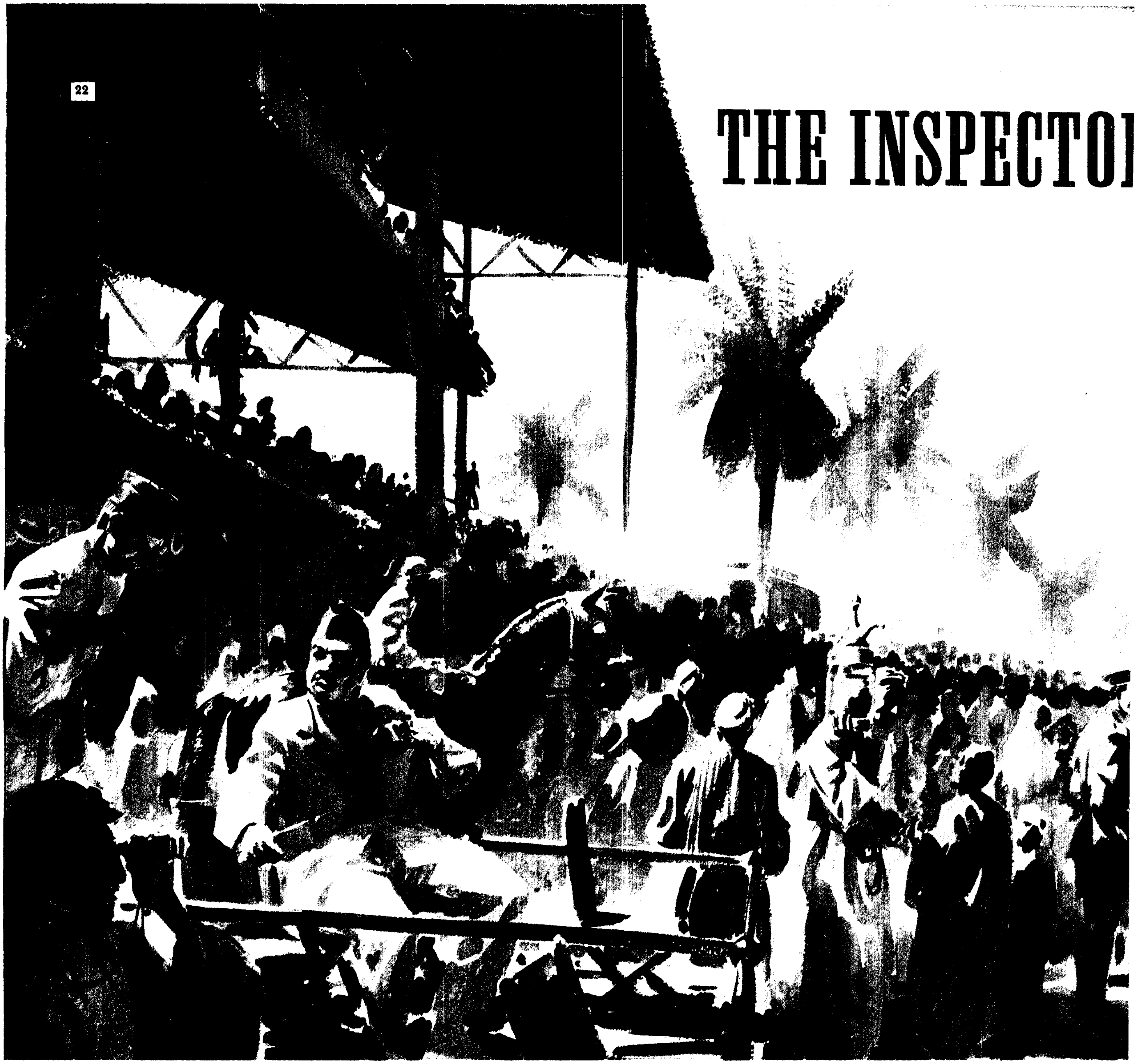
On one housing project a worker operating an electric floor-scraper must be accompanied by a union electrician to plug in and detach the cord



In St. Paul painters stopped work on a veterans' housing project when a union member found they were using a brush one-half inch too wide

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

THE INSPECTO



WHEN the telephone bell roused Inspector Chafik of the Baghdad police from a refreshing sleep, he lifted his sleek head from the pillow and remarked to Leila, his wife, "I sometimes wonder if the devil, not Graham Bell, was responsible for this invention." Propping himself on one elbow he daintily held the instrument between finger and thumb and said briskly, "Chafik J. Chafik, C.I.D." He added after a pause, "I come," and sighed as he slipped from the bed and began to dress. "It is, of course, a body," the little man said as he carefully knotted his tie.

Leila said reproachfully, "Must you look at bodies at this hour of the night?"

He answered, "My joy, the climate of Iraq does not encourage bodies to keep. Furthermore, the dead man is Hamud, a jockey who was to ride the favorite in the Abbasid Cup at tomorrow's races, and I have noticed that crimes concerning horses and women are always woven in an interesting pattern." Chafik studied his neat reflection in the mirror behind the door, tidily adjusted the angle of his *sidarah*, sprayed himself with orange water from his wife's toilet table, and then snapped out the light and left the house.

The telephone call, relayed through headquarters from a police post on the outskirts of Baghdad, had come from Inspector Chafik's assistant, Sergeant Abdullah, an experienced officer who would not have disturbed his superior unless the case presented some unusual features.

As Chafik drove through the empty streets of the dun-colored city, he reached into the card index of his mind and recited parrot-fashion, "Hamud. Born Mosul in 1924. Registered as an apprentice jockey in 1938. Runner-up for the championship in 1943. Reasonably honest, but involved in a race-course scandal in 1945 and suspended for the season. Expensive tastes include several mistresses—" Suddenly aware of his voice, he said with faint annoyance, "I really must break myself of this habit of thinking aloud." He slowed the car to light a cigarette and in the brief flame of the match his thin face with its high cheekbones floated as detached as his thoughts.

THE fine houses and gardens of the Saa'dun Quarter changed to a wilderness of gravel and dust. The headlights of several stationary cars guided the Inspector, and when he stopped near a ruined shrine, known as the Tomb of the Mongul, a tall, gaunt man rose like a jinni from the ground and saluted.

"May I be forgiven for disturbing you, sir?" said Sergeant Abdullah.

Chafik answered graciously, "I am sure you had good reason." His smile faded as a middle-aged civilian of prosperous appearance pushed the sergeant aside and began shouting, "It is high time you came. I wish to complain. I did my duty when I discovered the body, but—"

Abdullah said, "Sir, this is Mr. Yusif Biedawi, the owner of the mare Hamud was to ride. He discovered the body when driving to his stables. I asked him to await your arrival."

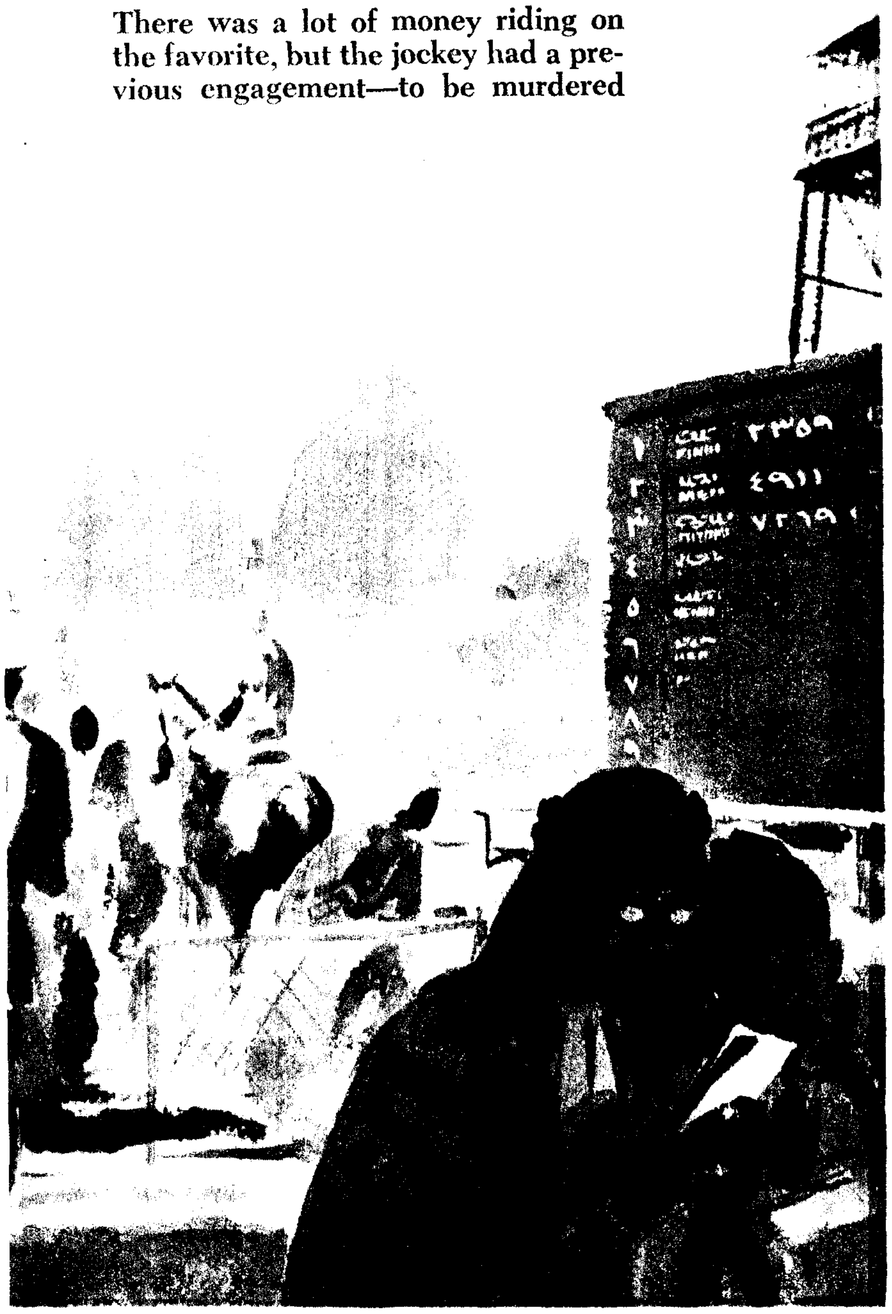
The Inspector raised the curved fingers of his right hand to his *sidarah* in a salaam. He said, "Mr. Biedawi, I see that you, too, were disturbed by an urgent call. I am sure a prominent citizen of Baghdad would not otherwise be wearing a nightshirt tucked into his trousers!"

"It was a very urgent call. That is

ICKS THE WINNER

BY CHARLES B. CHILD

There was a lot of money riding on the favorite, but the jockey had a previous engagement—to be murdered



"I apologize, Mr. Abid! I am Chafik J. Chafik, of the C.I.D. We did not meet on the occasion when certain investigations I directed sent you to jail . . ."

the reason for my complaint. The watchman at the stables telephoned that Zoraya was savaging the groom. Race horses are temperamental creatures, but the groom is an old man who raised the mare from a foal. She is devoted to him and he to her. Obviously something unusual has happened, and I insist—"

"I understand your anxiety, Mr. Biedawi, but something unusual has also happened here." Chafik gestured toward an open car parked near the shrine and guarded by two police troopers. A shadowy thing huddled behind the wheel and the night air was befouled by the sickly odor of blood. "How did you discover the body?" the Inspector asked.

"The road is bad and I was driving slowly. My headlights picked up the other car and I recognized it as belonging to Hamud, the jockey I had retained to ride Zoraya. I thought he was entertaining a woman and I was angry because the hour was late; I feared that without rest he would ride poorly. I shouted, and then went to investigate." The race-horse owner shuddered. "Horrible!" he said.

"You touched the body?"

"Yes. There was warmth. I thought the killer might be lurking in the shrine so I ran to my car and drove to the police post. That is all I know, and I must request you to let me go to my stables."

Chafik said, "Give me a few moments to view this thing that is labeled 'Hamud,' and I will come with you. The weaving begins and every incident is a thread in the pattern." He nodded to Sergeant Abdullah and they went to look at the body.

The jockey had been beaten to death by blows of some heavy object directed at his head and shoulders while sitting in the car. His left arm was crooked around his head as a shield, but the fury of the attack had flung him sideways and the unprotected right side of the skull was crushed by the blows. Blood was splattered over the upholstery and on the ground.

SEVERAL dinar bills were scattered on the seat and floor of the car, and the stiffening fingers of the corpse held a thick wad of the money. Sergeant Abdullah said, "There are one hundred dinars, sir. He also wears a good watch and a valuable ring. Robbery was not the motive."

"A man does not come to the Tomb of the Mongul to count his money," Chafik said. "We may call it a fact that he kept an appointment here and was given the money. One can also theorize that the money was a bribe from a person interested in the defeat of the mare—"

"The anger of Mr. Biedawi if he witnessed the meeting," interrupted Abdullah, "might explain the beating."

Chafik said severely, "One does not begin to weave a carpet by tying the final knot. Until we collect the facts, the part played by Mr. Biedawi in this crime is known only to God." He stood midway between the car and the shrine, and the beam of his flash ranged the wall. There were pear-shaped drops of congealing blood on the roughcast plaster six feet from the ground, and the Inspector said, "The blood was thrown there by the backlash of the weapon. The arc of the swing between those marks and Hamud's head should be measured, but I judge the killer was of medium height. His weapon was a staff."

Abdullah made a gesture of disappointment. "A staff is commonly carried by watchmen, desert dwellers and footpads. It would appear that Hamud was set upon by a thief who fled when he saw the lights of Mr. Biedawi's car."

"There would have been time to snatch the money. And why such a savage beating? There is rage in this thing. . . ."

He entered the shrine by the gaping doorway. The domed roof had fallen and the floor was covered with rubble, but it was a likely place for a man to wait in ambush. Inspector Chafik swung the beam of his flash while his assistant searched for footprints.

"The ground is too hard," Abdullah presently said. "But there may be fingerprints on the doorposts."

"I leave you to find them—but have you noticed a peculiar smell?"

"Sir, there are many odors here. Some of them are disgusting."

"This one," Chafik said, "is not unpleasant. It is the ghost of a smell held in the air like the essence of perfume. It is the cleanliness of disinfectant mingled with the sweetness of sun-dried grass, and blended with it there is something animal. It is perhaps more important as a clue than the prints of fingers and feet. But I leave it to you to investigate. Mr. Biedawi is rightly impatient and I cannot delay him longer. And obviously I must check his story about being called to the stables."

As he left the shrine he glanced back. Sergeant Abdullah stood on the rubble of the fallen roof sniffing the air first in one direction and then in another. His forehead was corrugated and he looked like a worried bloodhound. . . .

Yusif Biedawi's stables were about a mile away, near the high wall of yellow brick which enclosed the main buildings of the race course. The stables were temporary quarters for horses brought up from the owner's estate down the river a few days before a race.

The big doors of the yard were opened by a chokidar armed with a rifle. The man wore a dirty cotton gown and a ragged turban cloth, which was wrapped around his head and looped under his chin. His face was puffy with drink and sleep. He said, "Sahib, I telephoned you again but you had left. All is now well, praise God! But when I heard the mare scream and saw Talah fly from her box as if the devil had him by the hair, I was much afraid." The guard stopped and tried to stand to attention, but he swayed and hiccuped as he added in a whining voice, "It was my duty to telephone you. I am always alert in your service."

"You are drunk," his master said. "If your news was not good I would beat you."

AN OLD man carrying a lantern came across the yard. The years had bowed his shoulders, but he had a thin wiry body and moved briskly. He was dressed, in contrast to the guard, in a clean gown still creased by the launderer's folds. His head was covered by a kaffiyeh held in place by a coiled rope of goat's hair, and he smelled of strong yellow soap.

Biedawi turned to Chafik. "This is Talah, my syce." To the groom he said, "Then there is nothing wrong with the mare?"

Talah answered in a gentle voice, "Sahib, if my darling were ill, would I not also sicken? She rests peacefully. Perhaps she dreams of the gazelles, her brothers, or of the wind that sired her. Perhaps of tomorrow's victory."

"Yacub the guard says she savaged you."

"Does a daughter turn on her father? Yacub is foolish. He drank *arak* and slept and saw demons."

"He says he saw you run from the stable."

"Sahib, it is true I ran but it was to get water for my dove. Some evil jinn disturbed her and she knocked over the bucket."

The old man raised his hand to smooth his white mustaches, and the loose sleeve of his gown fell back. There were dark blue marks above his elbow, bruises which might have been made by the clamp of a vise. Inspector Chafik, who noticed everything, thought: Some of the demons that disturbed the chokidar's sleep had strong teeth. . . . But he said nothing and followed the owner and the groom to Zoraya's stall.

The mare was the perfection of Arab breeding. She stood a little over sixteen hands. Her head was small and carried by a gracefully arched neck. In the light of the lantern she was a shining statue cast from silver. Hoofs and fetlocks were dyed with henna and the tail, also dyed, was waved like a woman's hair.

Chafik said, "She is beautiful," and went into the box. He retreated hurriedly when Zoraya, with the beginning of a scream, flattened her ears

(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Young Christine Costello steals the spotlight from her famous father while sisters Patricia (left) and Carol Lou look on. Mrs. Costello holds the baby

GOLD-PLATED CORN

BY STANLEY FRANK

Out in Hollywood, Abbott and Costello are reaping a rich harvest from the oldest crop in the world

A scene from the famous "Hole-in-the-Wall" skit. Abbott is about to make Costello surrender to the police. The boys can rattle these off without a pause

IN 1946, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, a pair of low comics who literally had been dumped out of burlesque by the earthy competition of strip-teasers, earned $687,332.54 in the movies and radio. The material they used to convulse their countrymen was exactly the same, slightly laundered, for which the team was paid $140 a week, tops, in burlesque. This is a great little country you've got here in America.

Professional funnymen who knock holes in their ulcers and their writers' heads searching for fresh gags must be restrained from approaching open windows when Abbott and Costello are mentioned. The latter barely have begun to exploit the most profitable cornfield in the history of the world with their backlog of 2,000 stock situations which were old when their fathers were born. It is not clear whether the whole thing is an indictment of the public's intelligence or a tribute to the team's artistry, but this much is certain: Abbott and Costello were an instantaneous success as soon as they were turned loose upon the mass audience, and their popularity shows no signs of diminishing.

Most movie stars are restricted to one picture a year lest they strain the devotion of their fans. Abbott and Costello's forthcoming opus, The Noose Hangs High, is their twenty-first film in the last six years. They were voted the box-office champions of 1942 after they had been seen in only seven movies—a phenomenon without a remote parallel in Hollywood—and they again were acclaimed the Number One attraction in the industry by theater managers the following year.

Little Costello, the laugh-getter, is supposed to be strictly visual in appeal with his mugging and prat falls, but the team's radio show recently was selected by the ABC network to employ a scheme of co-operative sponsorship which may revolutionize the broadcasting business. The boys made a personal appearance at the Roxy Theatre in New York last summer at the height of a brutal heat wave and played to $397,637.66 worth of admissions in three weeks. Bosley Crowther, the scholarly critic of the New York Times, fractured tradition by leading off his movie review with the stage presentation rather than the picture.

"With Bud Abbott and Lou Costello as the stars of its stage show," Crowther wrote in the Times of July 24, 1947, "the Roxy Theatre could be flashing the telephone directory on its screen and still draw the clamoring customers."

Although the equivalent of a good year's pay for a banker is tied up in production costs every time the boys curl a lip at a camera or microphone, they rattle off scenes as spontaneously as though they were still doing six shows a day in converted stables on the burlesque circuit. They never rehearse—but never. They rarely look at a script. All they have to know is how long the director wants a sketch to run and they'll break it off on the button.

"You get too mechanical if you rehearse," Costello says. "That's what killed vaudeville, guys never changing their timing. After all these years, I can tell by the gleam in Abbott's eye when he's going to throw me a line and I have to hit that dumb kisser of mine."

The team's refusal to have any truck with rehearsals frequently leaves directors and other members of the cast dangling frantically in midair, but watchdogs of the budget look upon such highly irregular methods with great favor. The average A picture requires from 12 to 16 weeks of actual shooting. Abbott and Costello

Bud Abbott takes his wife and Bud, Jr., for a spin in an old-time jalopy. He has been in show business all his life and thinks his present luck can't last

Mustard is another old stand-by that has made the team famous. When Costello objects to mustard on his hot dog, Abbott bullies him into eating it anyway

consistently complete full-length features in four to six weeks. Since their first crack at a scene invariably is their best, no time is wasted on retakes.

Every A. & C. picture automatically ranks with the most profitable products turned out by the Hollywood film factories. Their first starring vehicle, Buck Privates, probably holds the all-time record for proportionate return on investment. It was made for $200,000 and to date has grossed more than $4,000,000.

What really keeps the Abbott-Costello corn mill grinding steadily, however, is the proprietors' utter disregard of, or need for, a story. They want nothing more than a feeble framework to set off their sketches, and a wise guy who tries to palm off an original or subtle twist in the story line stands a splendid chance of winding up with a fat lip. As a consequence, creating a screen play for the masters consumes the elapsed time of three hours, including time outs for gin rummy, telephone calls to the bookmaker and draughts of strong coffee to settle sensitive stomachs.

The synopsis, if such be the word, of any Abbott-Costello opus can be told in three sentences. Witness their latest, The Noose Hangs High: The boys, cast as window washers, are hired in a highly improbable manner by a bunch of gangsters to collect a debt of $20,000. They get the money but mail it by mistake to a girl, who proceeds to spend the windfall. Our heroes have 24 hours to find the girl, get back the twenty grand and square themselves with the mob. Curtain.

No riots will ensue when this cold dish of potatoes is foisted upon the public, because Abbott and Costello have had the presence of mind to throw in a half-dozen skits that shortly will be prostrating adoring audiences. They addressed themselves to this detail as an afterthought on the crowded morning of August 18th.

They launched their careers as independent producers that day by visiting for the first time the Eagle-Lion lot, where The Noose was made. They leered pleasantly at the female help, demonstrated a loud-speaker gadget for conducting multiple conversations over a telephone, then went into a meeting with the big bosses to discuss the 75 per cent tax on American movies in England, where they are enormously popular. They emerged five minutes later for a huddle with Charles Barton, the director, to review their special material in the picture. Costello announced he had to get out of there fast to see his third daughter, born two days before.

"You boys got any bright ideas?" Barton inquired. This is the same as asking an ex-G.I. whether he has any gripes against the Army.

Hot Dog Without Mustard

"We've never done 'Mustard' in a movie," Abbott said.

Barton's raised eyebrows were the go-ahead signal. They raced through a telescoped version of the sketch, pitching cues with triphammer rapidity. (Abbott buys two hot dogs but Costello objects to the mustard on his. Says it always makes him sick. Abbott, roundly denouncing his miserable partner, assures him such selfishness will result in unemployment for thousands of mustard workers and send their children to orphan asylums. At the blackout, Costello eats the hot dog, with mustard, as he turns a delicate shade of green.)

"Sounds good," Barton commented. "We can work in a scene at a hot-dog stand while you're chasing the dame. What else?"

"We killed 'em at the Roxy with 'Hole-in-the-Wall,' " Costello said.

Like a trained bear hearing his music, Abbott went into the act. "Isn't this a magnificent building?"

Costello (reverently): "It sure is. Wouldn't I be a dirty, despicable man if I made a hole in that beautiful wall?"

Abbott (sternly): "Why did you do it?"

Costello (blankly): "Do what? I was just saying . . ."

Abbott (severely): "You just admitted you made a hole in the wall."

This piles up until Abbott has Costello ready to surrender to the police for vandalism.

Without drawing a deep breath, they plunged into "Burned Toast." (Costello, a bashful oaf, is introduced to a beautiful girl in a restaurant. In the confusion, he stuffs a piece of bread he is eating into his pocket. The girl kisses him with such ardor that the bread turns to toast.) Abbott brought out a bill and they were off and running in "Ten-Dollars-You're-Not-Here," another old chestnut from burlesque. (Abbott bets Costello ten bucks he can prove the other fellow is not where he thinks he is. Through circumlocution too devious to relate, Abbott wins the ten. A stranger approaches. Costello, falling all over himself with anticipation, tries to pull the same dodge on him. The fall guy gives the wrong answers and picks up the marbles, leaving Costello covered with frustration.) The four sketches took six minutes, by the clock.

"We can do the 'Telegram Elimination' gag," Abbott proposed.

Barton threw up his hands. "Let me kick these around for a while." Costello left for the hospital to see his wife and baby, and Abbott departed to sample the waters served in the bar he owns in the San Fernando Valley.

"They can toss those old routines at you all day long," Barton said, "and come up with stuff adaptable to any situation. You've got to hang the gags on the thread of the story, or the picture will become a series of vaudeville acts."

It will come as a great surprise to the boys to learn that the rigid pattern of their comedy, as formal as a Chinese drama, is older than recorded history. The fundamental appeal of Abbott and Costello, if you care to get profound about it, goes back to the murky dawn of the day Man first attempted to assert his imperishable individuality and was conked with a stone club by Authority.

Lean, sardonic Abbott is the austere Voice of Authority and fat, little Costello is the incarnation of the poor *schmoe* or sucker who, throughout the ages, has struggled against the confusions, contradictions and complexities abroad in a harsh world. All sympathy is focused upon Costello because everyone in the audience sees some self-identification in him. Costello seldom wins—that's life, brother—and when he does succeed in outwitting his persecutor, you know his triumph is purely temporary as he struts off stage. Abbott has put a banana peel in the wings and is grinning at the catastrophe about to befall the pompous, pathetic buffoon.

Everything in the team's extensive repertory conforms to this timeworn formula. Their most popular gambit is a gimmick they call the word mix-up. Costello makes a perfectly innocuous remark which Abbott distorts until the little guy believes he has committed a heinous offense against society. A switch on this device is to have Abbott talk Costello into doing a dirty job—breaking a wild horse, getting shot to the moon in a rocket, taking a poke at a sinister character—for which he (Abbott) already has collected $100. Maybe it's not high art, but its appeal is universal.

The war, coinciding with their sudden rise, cut down the foreign export

(Continued on page 88)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

THE TIE THAT BINDS

BY ROBERT ZACKS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

LISTEN—" said Larry to Joe, firmly. "I'm married longer than you. I'm experienced." Joe stared at the counter of the luncheonette where they always had an after-breakfast cup of coffee before going in to work. He didn't answer, but turned over his grievance.

"It's the test," Larry continued, bitter memories tinging his voice. "You'll see. It's the battle for mastery."

"It's just a little thing," growled Joe uneasily. "You're trying to make a big thing out of it."

Larry drew back, offended. "Okay," he said briskly, spreading his hands in dismissal. "It's a little thing, let's forget it. Let's say no more about it." He devoted himself to his cup of coffee, but his eyes were pitying, like the general who watches the private who has decided to take the machine-gun nest barehanded.

"What do you mean—battle for mastery?"

"Forget it," said Larry in a friendly tone. "Just forget I said anything. It's none of my business anyway."

Joe looked at him hard, then said bitterly, "That's right, it isn't."

They went to work with Larry smiling a distant smile as if he saw something Joe didn't. It worried Joe. After a while he went over to Larry's desk.

"What do you mean battle for mastery?" he growled again.

"It's just the beginning, that's what I mean," said Larry. "She's breaking you in on little things. She's molding your habits. They break a guy's spirit slowly."

"Just because she got me ties I didn't need—" began Joe.

"Didn't you tell her you liked to buy your own ties?"

"Yeah, but—"

"And didn't she go right ahead and buy you ties?"

"Yeah," said Joe, thinking of the too-brilliant summer neckties Ann had walked in with yesterday, "but—"

"And," persisted Larry triumphantly, "didn't she promise before this that she wouldn't do it again and didn't she just go and do it again?"

"Well, I told you what she said," said Joe glumly. "She can't resist a colorful tie. And she likes to get me things."

"But always ties," sneered Larry. "Which you definitely told her you like to pick yourself. Wait and see. The one little right you keep to yourself—buying your own ties—she attacks. Soon she'll be telling you what to eat, where to sit, what movie to see."

Joe turned and went back to his desk and tried to work. It was very hard to concentrate. He kept seeing the ties Ann had brought him the last two times. The lavender- and orange-striped job. The purple and yellow polka dot.

WHEN he went home, Ann wasn't back. A wave of righteous indignation flooded him. When a man came home from a hard day's work he deserved a hot meal and—

Then the delightful odor of his favorite dish, broiled salmon steak, floated to his nostrils and Joe traced it down to a completely prepared hot supper waiting in the oven.

"See?" he muttered to himself as he ate. "Don't go off half-cocked. Suppose you'd gotten all excited and accusing about supper and started a fight? You'd be sorry now, wouldn't you?"

Then Ann came in, flushed and lovely, her blond hair in disarray, her eyes bright.

"Honey," said Joe, his heart sinking as he kissed her. "What's in those packages?"

He was staring at one package in particular. A long narrow package.

Ann said, fearfully, "Please don't be mad, Joe. I just couldn't resist them. They were so—"

"Ties?" yelled Joe suddenly. "Did you go and get me more ties?"

Ann shrank back, appalled. She nodded dumbly.

"Didn't you promise me *twice* that you'd stop buying my ties?" yelled Joe. He was wild. He waved his hands in her face indignantly.

Ann's lip trembled. Her eyes filled with tears. Joe's anger evaporated like mist before a strong sun. He looked at her in dismay.

"I'm sorry," said Ann. "I know I promised. But they were so lovely. And you don't have one for your gray suit—"

Joe shouted again. "I don't want any more ties. You broke your promise—"

Ann was hastily opening the package. Joe stopped and gasped. There was a gray one with blotches that looked like purple inkstains. There was a gray one with a soup-stain design; already it looked old. Joe opened his mouth to moan, then saw Ann's face. She was looking at the ties lovingly. "I'll take them back, Joe."

A wave of helplessness swept over him. "Oh, hell," he sighed. "They aren't bad; let's keep them."

Ann's face lighted up. "I broke my promise," she said, "didn't I?"

Joe nodded moodily. He tried to be distant, but Ann came over and kissed him and before he knew it he had forgotten all about promises and neckties.

THE next day when he met Larry for coffee, Joe tried to avoid Larry's eyes. "Any more neckties?" asked Larry cheerfully.

Joe grunted.

"Beg pardon," said Larry. "Didn't hear you."

Joe glared at him. "I said, yes."

Larry gave Joe a slow smile and then didn't say another word about it that morning. But Joe brooded about it all day. Maybe he'd better clear this misunderstanding up *now*, before it grew too big, before he was beaten.

On the way home he found himself passing a hat store and the great idea struck him. He went inside.

"I want," he said to the startled salesgirl, "a lady's hat that's so horrible that no woman could possibly want it."

He got it. A green monstrosity with enormous roses and fussy ribbon streamers. He had it gift-wrapped and went home.

At home Ann kissed him and looked at the package with shining eyes. "A present for you," said Joe, softly, grimly.

Ann let out a cry of joy and kissed him fiercely. She opened the package eagerly and took out the hat.

The smile in her eyes died as she looked at it. Her lip quivered. Suddenly a sick feeling came to Joe's stomach. The grin faded from his face as he saw the pain in her eyes. She hated that hat.

Then Ann turned, a muscle moving in her cheek. She smiled bravely at Joe. "I love it, Joe," she said quietly, giving him a look of pure love. "Thank you."

Joe couldn't stand it as she started to put it on. Unable to watch he turned and stared out the window. There was a moment of silence during which Joe wished he were dead.

"Joe," said Ann softly, hesitantly. "I hope you don't mind. I—"

Joe turned and stopped, stunned, at the miracle that had taken place. Deftly Ann had stripped the fussy ribbon streamers and excess roses from the hat, had repinned the last rose saucily over her ear, had tilted the hat rakishly over one eye. Now it was a thing of beauty.

"Do you mind, Joe?" Ann asked anxiously. "I changed—"

"No," said Joe, humbly, swallowing the lump in his throat. "I don't mind. I don't know much about hats. Gosh, you sure look beautiful in it. We'll have to celebrate it. We'll go out tonight. Just wait a minute, till I change my necktie."

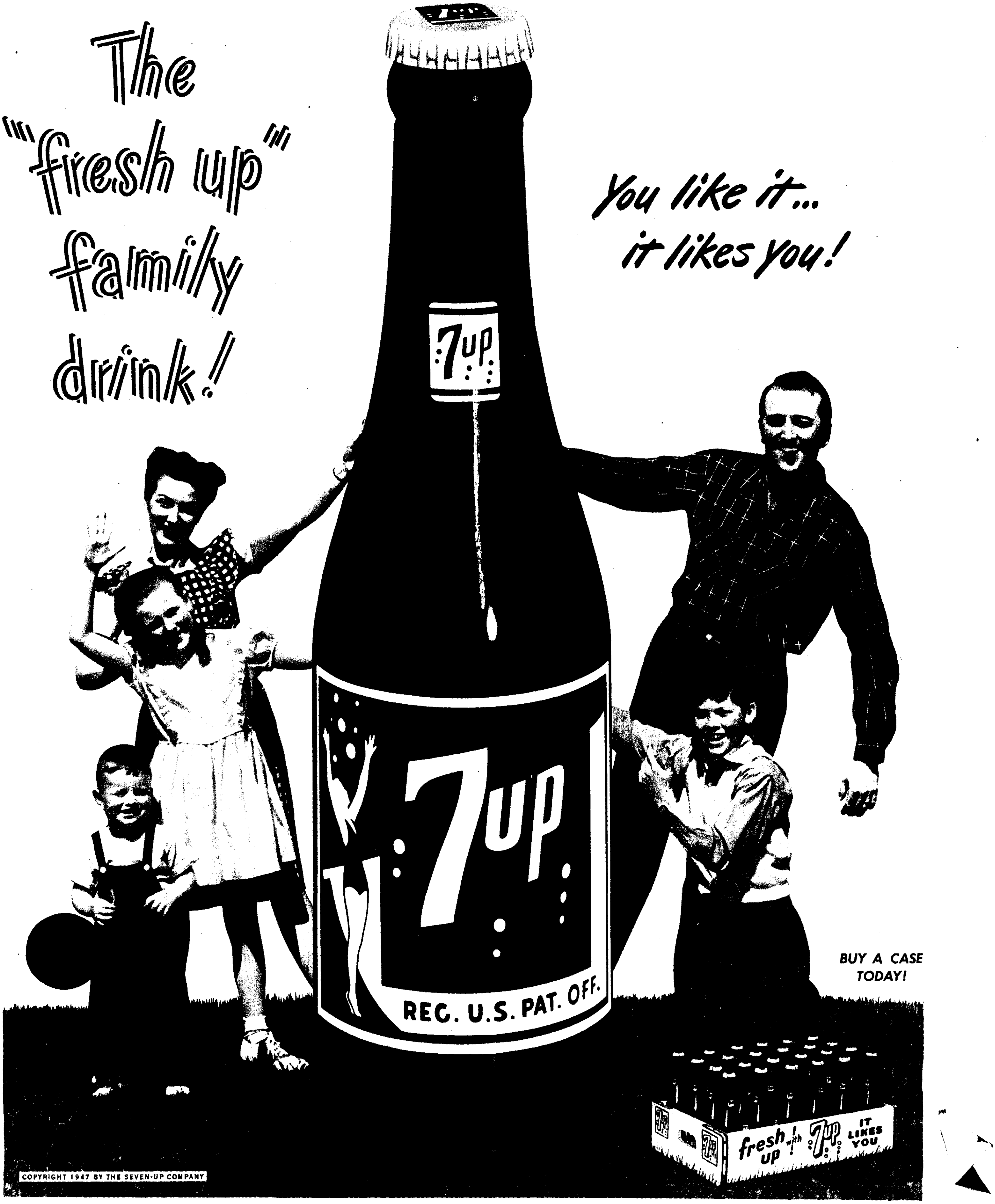
AT THE luncheonette next morning, Larry looked at the tie Joe was wearing, the same purple and gray tie he'd put on the night before.

Larry grinned. "Your wife buy that?" he asked.

Joe moved his nose up to Larry's, very close. "Yeah," he growled. "Why?"

Larry's grin faded. He paled.

"Nice tie," he gulped. "On you it looks good!"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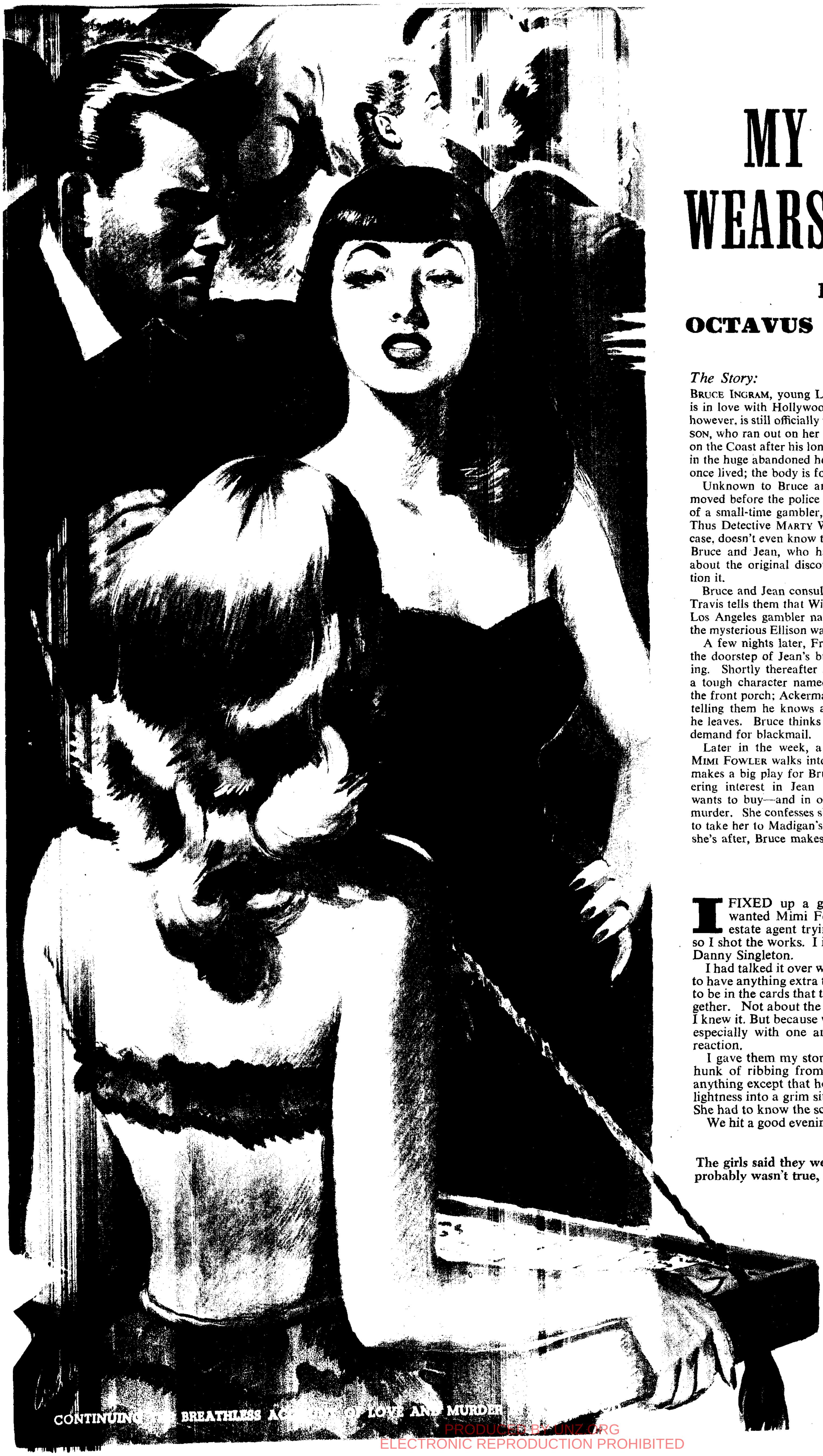


CONTINUING THE BREATHLESS ACCOUNT OF LOVE AND MURDER

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

BY

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story:

BRUCE INGRAM, young Los Angeles real-estate broker, is in love with Hollywood Star JEAN RUTLEDGE. Jean, however, is still officially married to gambler FRED WILSON, who ran out on her four years ago. Secretly back on the Coast after his long absence, Wilson is murdered in the huge abandoned house in which he and Jean had once lived; the body is found by Jean and Bruce.

Unknown to Bruce and Jean, Wilson's body is removed before the police get to the scene, and the body of a small-time gambler, BERT ELLISON, is substituted. Thus Detective MARTY WALSH, who is working on the case, doesn't even know that Fred has been killed—and Bruce and Jean, who have not told the whole truth about the original discovery of the body, don't mention it.

Bruce and Jean consult her lawyer, ARNOLD TRAVIS. Travis tells them that Wilson owed a lot of money to a Los Angeles gambler named RICK MADIGAN, and that the mysterious Ellison was also in bad with Madigan.

A few nights later, Fred Wilson's suitcase is left on the doorstep of Jean's bungalow, evidently as a warning. Shortly thereafter Jean and Bruce arrive to find a tough character named GUS ACKERMAN waiting on the front porch; Ackerman throws a scare into them by telling them he knows all about Fred Wilson. Then he leaves. Bruce thinks Ackerman is working up to a demand for blackmail.

Later in the week, a hip-swaying brunette named MIMI FOWLER walks into Bruce's real-estate office and makes a big play for Bruce. She evinces an overpowering interest in Jean Rutledge's house—which she wants to buy—and in other matters pertaining to the murder. She confesses she is lonely and she asks Bruce to take her to Madigan's club. Wanting to know what she's after, Bruce makes a date with her.

III

I FIXED up a good party at El Cielito. I wanted Mimi Fowler to think I was a real-estate agent trying to put across a nice deal, so I shot the works. I invited Jean and my partner, Danny Singleton.

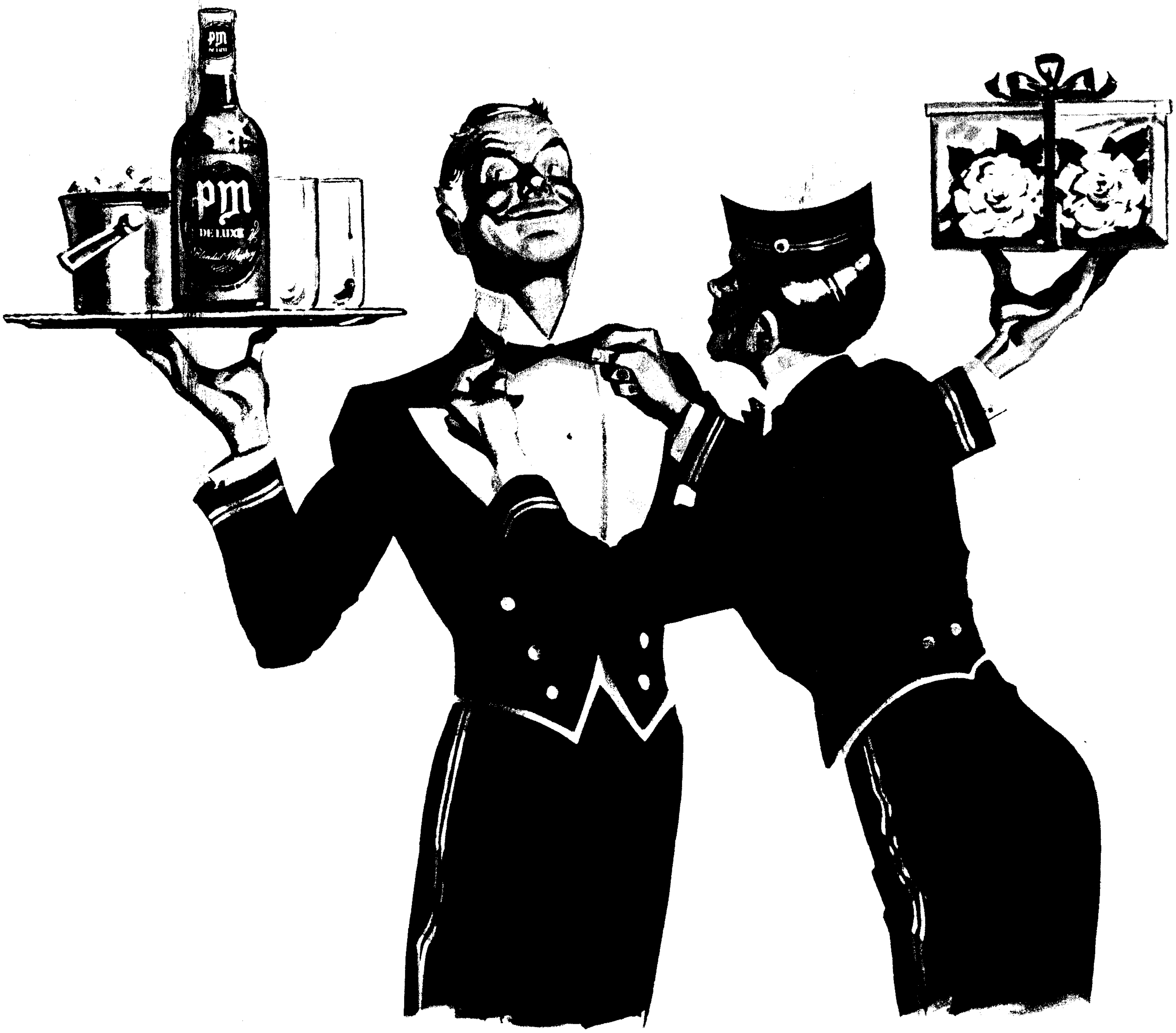
I had talked it over with them. I didn't want Jean to have anything extra to worry about, but it seemed to be in the cards that the two women should get together. Not about the house. That was a stall, and I knew it. But because women *do* have a sixth sense, especially with one another, and I wanted Jean's reaction.

I gave them my story in capsule form. I took a hunk of ribbing from Danny, but it didn't mean anything except that he was trying to inject a bit of lightness into a grim situation. Jean was in danger. She had to know the score.

We hit a good evening at the club. You can't ever

The girls said they were delighted to meet, which probably wasn't true, but it didn't matter, anyway

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL CORDREY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be sure it'll be crowded except on Friday and Saturday nights. This was a break, because not only was it pretty well filled, but a lot of celebrities were there. Names you had seen in newspapers and on billboards all over the country: important stars, producers and writers who went out of their way to take a brief ride on the band wagon by being cordial to Jean. What they said about her after being cordial, I wouldn't be knowing, Hollywood being what it is. But that didn't matter. On the surface everything was milk and honey.

Mimi had done herself up proud, almost too proud. In a roomful of people who all wanted to be seen and talked about, she was the most visible. She had on a cocktail dress. It was black and at first you'd think it was simple. But it wasn't. With that dress on, Mimi didn't have any secrets, and didn't aim to have. She gleamed like a lighthouse on a stormy night. She said she was ecstatic over meeting the famous Jean Rutledge. She sounded sincere, but I detected a thoughtful, speculative light in her eyes.

JEAN looked sweet and acted the same way. She didn't gush over Mimi. She carried things just far enough, but not too far. Unless you knew better, you couldn't have guessed that there was anything on her mind. On her performance that night, she rated the Academy Award.

There was the usual meaningless chatter. The Monterey Canyon house was duly mentioned. By all the rules, it should have been a casual mention, but Mimi wouldn't let go. She explained that if she asked personal questions it was *only because she was such a fan of Jean's*—a star's private life always seemed to be public property. Having apologized, she sailed right in.

She wanted to know why Jean wasn't living in such a lovely place. Jean said it was too lonely.

"And from what I've heard," prompted Mimi, "it probably has associations you'd prefer to forget."

That was straight from the shoulder. Jean looked startled but I signaled her to play it along those lines. She said, "Well—something like that. It was given to me as a wedding present. My husband and I lived there until our separation."

"He must have been a very stupid man to have left you, Miss Rutledge. And you never saw him again, after he walked off."

Jean smiled disarmingly. "You know an awful lot about me, don't you?"

"I'm a fan, like I said. I read all the movie magazines."

"I never saw Fred again," stated Jean. "I never wanted to."

"But you stayed married, didn't you?"

"That wasn't my doing. He wouldn't give me a divorce."

Right after the entree, the Cuban orchestra started beating out a rumba. I asked Mimi if she'd like to dance. She said yes, and a few seconds later we were wiggling our hips in the middle of a dense, enthusiastic crowd. She said, "I love Cuba."

"You've been there often?"

"Once. For almost two days. I was on a cruise."

We were skirting the edge of the floor. I caught a glimpse of a young lady who was wearing nothing more than panties and a brassière and carrying a tray of cigarettes and cigars. I had taken pains to find out who she was. I'd spoken to her briefly and impersonally the night I'd been at El Cielito with Jean. Now I got a bright idea. I said to Mimi, "See the cigarette girl?"

She was indifferent. Scantily clothed young ladies evidently meant less than nothing to her.

I said, "Remember asking about the man who was killed in Miss Rutledge's house?"

"Bert Ellison?" Mimi didn't forget names.

"Yes. Well, that was his girl friend. There's a rumor that she used to be Madigan's girl, and that Ellison took her away from him. Then Ellison forgot to marry her."

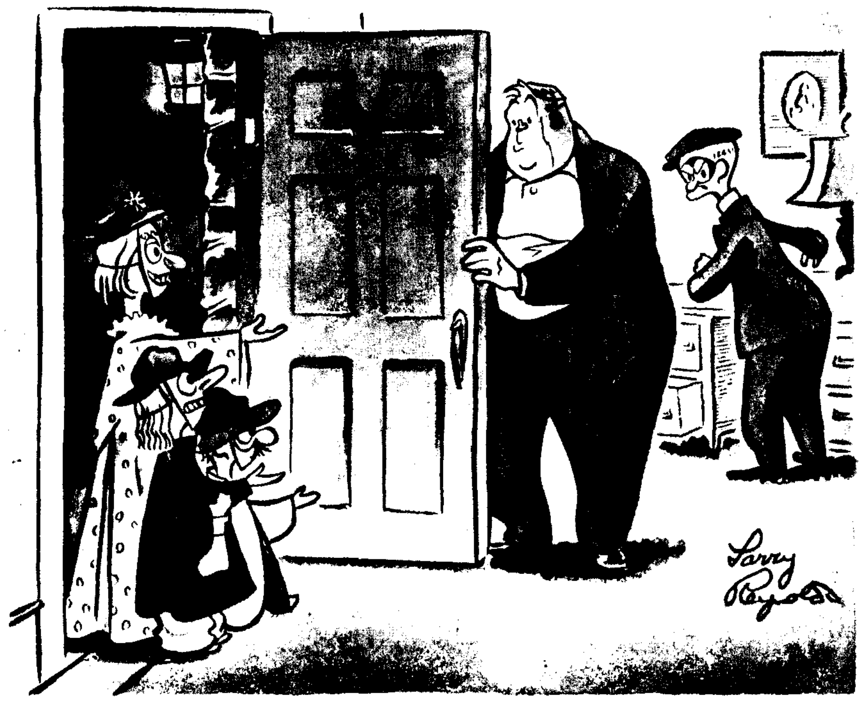
Mimi was plenty interested now. This *wasn't just another girl with a nice torso.* Mimi asked her name and I said it was Babe Johnson, which was what I had been told. She said she'd love to meet Babe, and I said I'd buy some cigarettes from her.

We stopped dancing and I called Babe over. She smiled at us—a nice, impersonal, professional smile—and invited me to name my brand. While she was tearing off the Cellophane I introduced myself, and thought I detected the faintest spark of interest in her violet eyes. I introduced Miss Fowler. The two girls said they were delighted to meet each other, which probably wasn't true, but didn't matter, anyway.

Mimi said, "I'm a stranger here. I'm thinking of renting a house in Monterey Canyon that belongs to Jean Rutledge."

That hit right on the button. Babe

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I told y' not to answer th' door—now you figure out what t' give them for Halloween"

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Johnson's baby face lost its softness. She became a hard, hostile woman. She asked, "Why?"

"Because it's beautiful. And it has such a fascinating history."

Ever see two first-rate main-bout scrappers who aren't afraid of each other? They come out in the first round and start throwing punches. Dynamite every time. That's what Mimi and Babe were doing.

"I'd hate to live there," stated Babe.

"Why? That fellow being murdered?"

The color drained from Babe's cheeks. I saw the danger signals and stepped in quick. I said, "Easy, Miss Fowler. You couldn't know it, but the man who was killed in that house was a friend of Babe's."

Mimi said, "Oh! I'm sorry—" But she wasn't. She had done it deliberately. And she kept right on throwing 'em. She said, "They've never caught the man who did it, have they?"

"No." Babe was bitter. "Bert wasn't very important. The cops didn't give a damn."

"You must have some idea, haven't you?"

"No. If I had, I'd do something about it." Babe's voice was flat, but the words weren't. "Bert Ellison was a louse. He shoved me around. But I loved him."

SHE walked away, a cute, seductive little gal in practically no clothes. The sort of girl who had to have a nickname like Babe. But her exit had been magnificent. And dignified.

We returned to the table, and had fancy desserts, coffee and liqueurs. I was just about to suggest an excursion into the gambling room when a pleasant voice sounded from behind me. It was saying, "Good evening, Miss Rutledge. It's a pleasure to have you back again."

Rick Madigan. Huge, immaculate, suave, inscrutable. Danny and I got up. I introduced Mimi Fowler. I said she was from New York, but expected to become a native Californian. I said to Mimi, "And this is the famous Rick Madigan. He's the most important person in the room."

Mimi gave him two hands. One might have done the work, but two clinched it. She said, "Rick Madigan! Not really!" Like she might have said, "*President Truman!*"

No man is so smart that he can protect himself against a pretty woman who really goes to work on him. Not even a wise guy like Madigan.

I invited him to pull up a chair, and he did. He ordered drinks on the house. Mimi was pitching with all she had, and she had plenty. If I thought she had worked on me during the day, I revised my opinion.

Here was an artist in action. A little obvious, a little crude, even—but still an artist. Within fifteen minutes she had Rick Madigan gawping. We got a picture of a real big shot playing like a big shot. He was as obvious as an elephant in a jewelry store.

It was developing into quite an evening. Vera Bradley detached herself from an important group near the bar and bounced across to us. She said howdy to Danny and Jean and myself, and dropped a friendly hand on Rick Madigan's shoulder. She said, "How's my big, shrewd, silent hero?" and Madigan smiled up at her.

Jean said, "Vera, this is Mimi Fowler. Miss Fowler—Miss Bradley."

As per usual, Mimi was delighted. Danny said, "Vera is Jean's personal bodyguard. She stands between Jean and the obstreperous public."

Mimi looked vague. Vera explained, "I work at the studio. Publicity. I'm more or less permanently assigned to Miss Rutledge, she being a valuable slice of property at the moment. It's my job to keep her out of trouble." Vera chuckled. She jumped to her feet—Vera never did things slowly—and beamed at us. "Got to get back. Never do to give my friends over there the false impression that they'd gotten rid of me."

She was gone like a breeze. Rick nodded appreciatively. "I could use a gal like Vera."

Mimi looked a question.

"She's smart," elaborated Rick. "Smartest dame in Hollywood. Knows everybody and what makes them tick. What she doesn't know—she finds out."

He was smiling when he said it. He went on, as though it weren't important, "Sometimes you'd almost think she'd find out too much. She could get in someone's hair awful bad." Then he turned his attention back to Mimi. He suggested showing Mimi the place, and she was on her feet before he finished talking. She said, "These folks have seen it all. No sense boring them. *You* show me."

Rick was apologetic, but eager. He observed certain amenities by producing a gold, jewel-studded cigarette case and passing it around. The thing was gaudy, but it seemed to fascinate Mimi. Everything about Rick was having that effect. She was putting on a great act, and I'd have been sold if I hadn't been on the receiving end of the same routine earlier in the day.

They walked away. Rick was beaming. They went into his private office.

Jean and Danny and I looked at one another. I said, "You got to admit Miss Fowler is good."

"Her technique is amazing," said Jean. "But why?"

"That's what I'm trying to figure." I told them about Babe Johnson. That made them thoughtful.

Danny, particularly, didn't like it. He said, "We're all full of people who are interested in our private affairs, aren't we?"

"Yes—" I didn't relish the way things were shaping up. Too damned much interest. Bert Ellison didn't rate it. Jean Rutledge didn't rate it. Certainly I didn't. I said, "I can't peg her."

Danny spoke softly: "Madigan went for her. All the way. As for her—"

"An act," I stated. "She tried it out on me this morning. Not as fancy, but the same general idea. I'm asking why."

"I'll put the question another way," Danny said. "Mimi fits. But where? She's interested in too many things we don't want her to be interested in."

TIME passed. Not much of it, and not swiftly. But it passed.

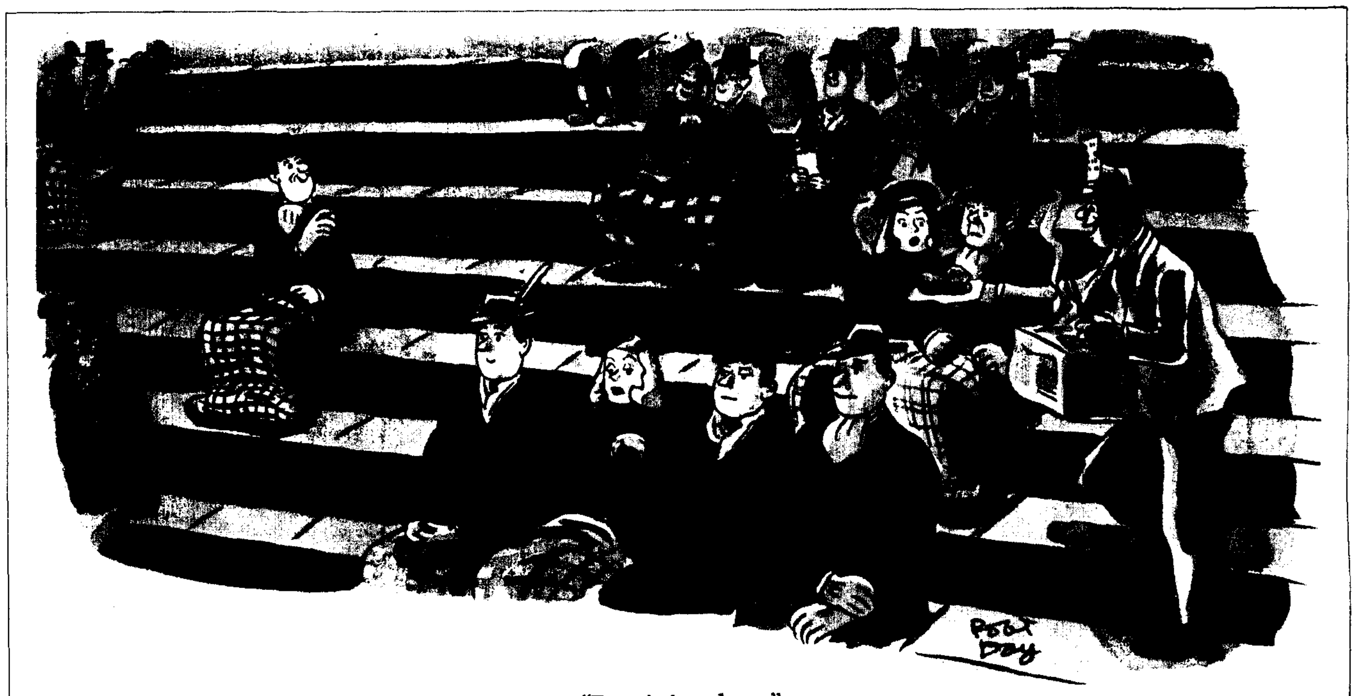
One night we invited Danny Singleton and Arnold Travis over, and Jean played cook while the three of us helped. Jean told Travis about Mimi Fowler. Arnold didn't like it. He said he thought we'd made a dumb play, introducing Mimi into the thick of things.

Things appeared to be moving according to pattern. Rick Madigan apparently had fallen for Mimi. In any event, she wasn't working on me quite so strenuously as she had been doing. She still played the available siren, but her heart didn't seem to be in it. What she really wanted was to be turned loose in the Monterey Canyon house. Alone. I didn't fall for that one.

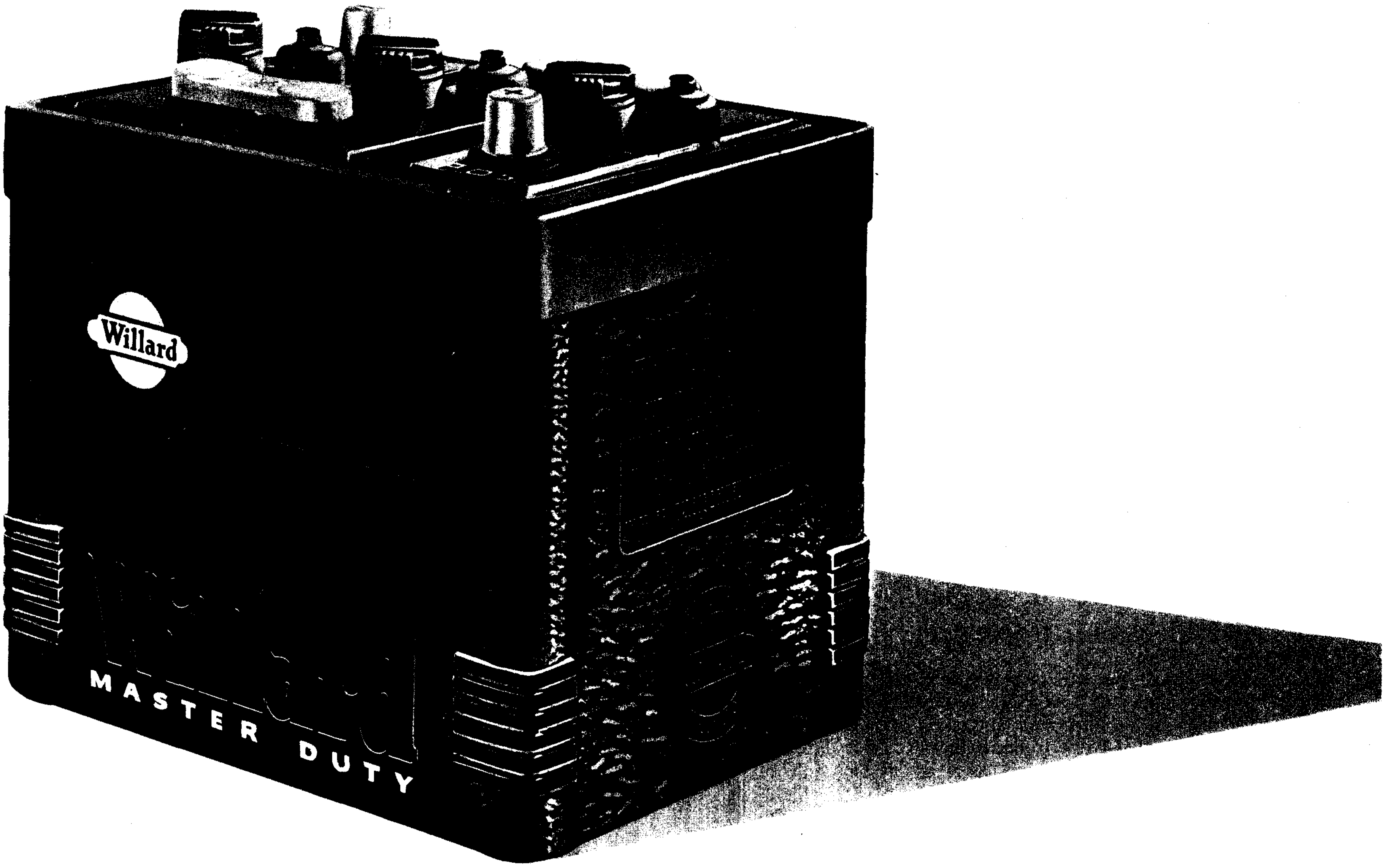
Jean's studio had been making elaborate arrangements for some outdoor stuff. The picture she was working on had a railroad background. Thursday night they were shooting in and around the railroad yards near the Union Station. It's a lovely station, but it's way downtown. Some of the territory east of it isn't choice. I knew there'd be a crowd.

There must have been a million details to arrange, aside from the technical ones. The entire area was roped off and policed by special cops in addition to a detail of regulars assigned from Central Division. Nobody could come inside the police lines without a pass. At least, that was the rule. It was simple enough to get around it. Go up the tracks a few hundred yards and you were inside the proscribed area. But the view was better where the ropes were.

Light towers were scattered all over



COLLIER'S "Pass it in, please" ROBERT DAY



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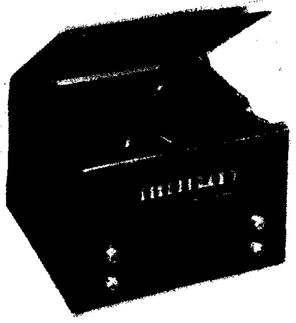

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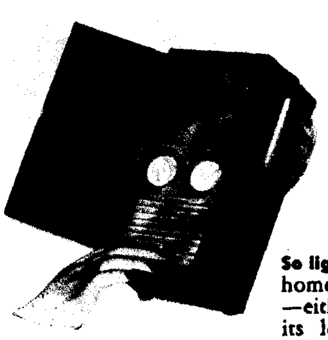

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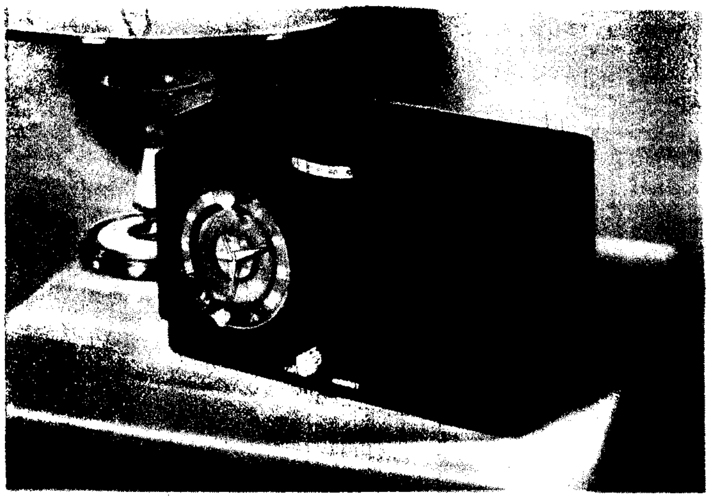

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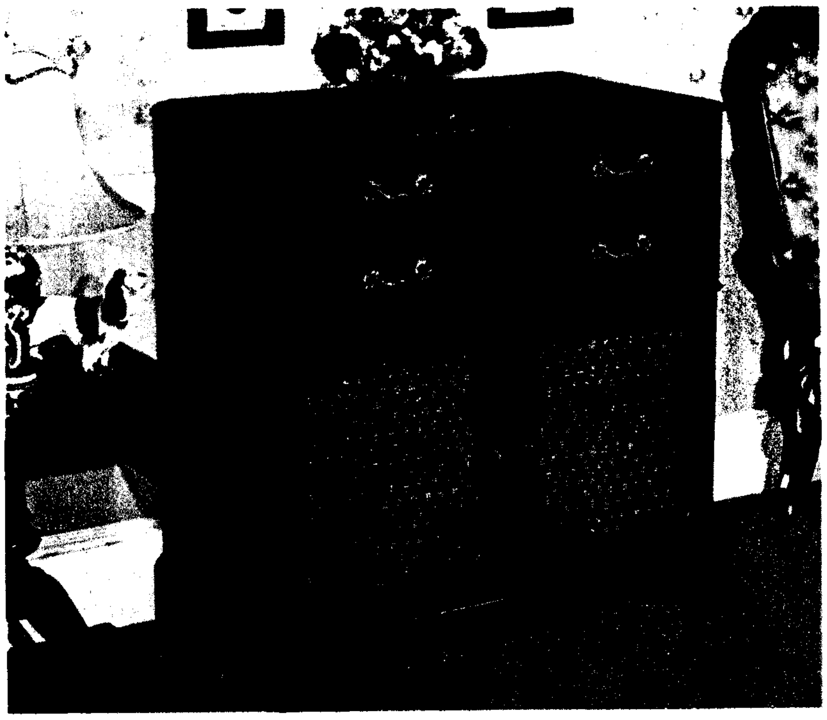

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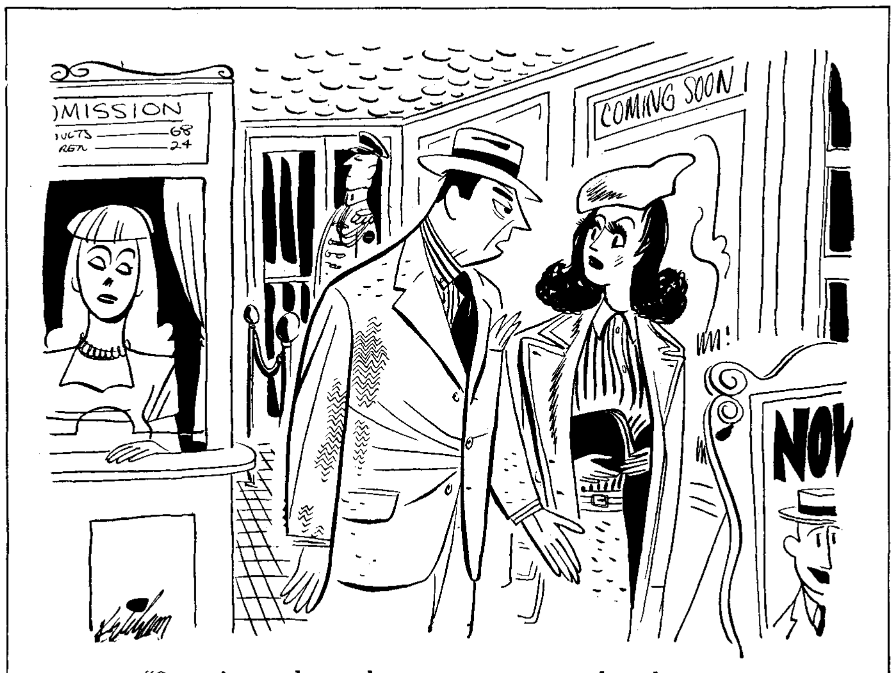
the area. Tremendous arcs cast a weird, unnatural light over the sprawling railroad yards. There were innumerable studio workers: grips, carpenters, electricians; big shots from the production offices; cameramen and their crews; stars and lead actors and bit players and more than a hundred extras.

The leads, including, of course, Jean, each had his own dressing room. Jean's was an incredible trailer. All the comforts of home, plus dozens of gadgets you'd never find in any house.

I WENT with Danny. Helen, the office girl, had begged, and we dragged her along. I hadn't seen Jean all day. She'd been working all the morning, and resting in the afternoon. Chances were she'd be up two thirds of the night. They shoot the scenes fast, but they take forever to prepare them.

The three of us, Danny, Helen and I, ate dinner at the Union Station. Arnold Travis joined us there, by appointment.

We had to fight our way through the crowds. Once we got through, our passes did the rest. People were looking at us—not because it was us but because we were inside and therefore important I felt an extra-special stare boring through the back of my head. I turned quickly. I didn't like what I saw.



"Sure, it was lousy, but you must remember the average producer has the intelligence of a twelve-year-old"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Gus Ackerman was there. Inside the lines. How he'd gotten inside, I didn't know. It didn't matter, really. What *did* matter was that he was there.

I said to Arnold Travis, "Don't look now, but our friend Ackerman is here. Over by that tool shed. Maybe I should have him thrown out."

"Would that be wise?"

There was only one answer. I'd better let well enough alone. Ackerman knew too much. He could stir up too much trouble too easily.

Someone pointed out Jean's trailer. It had a gold star painted on it. That would be Publicity's idea. We moved toward the wagon and met three other people. Rick Madigan, Mimi Fowler and Vera Bradley. Everybody present or accounted for.

Mimi was concentrating on Vera. She was firing questions like a machine gun. She seemed to be having a wonderful time. Vera was explaining things glibly, while Madigan smiled.

Danny edged me away from the group. "A damned convention," he observed. "All we need to make it complete is Fred Wilson."

I said, "You convulse me."

He looked at me oddly. "Why so touchy?"

I said, "I don't like it."

"You don't like what?"

"Everything."

He informed me that I was a jittery, crochety idiot. He was right.

Jean came out of her dressing room. She looked like the daughter of a drunken railroad section foreman, which was the role she was playing.

The entire battery of lights flashed on. A slim, pretty girl, who was acting as Jean's stand-in, posed under the glare. They were getting ready to shoot a scene. A loud-speaker bellowed for silence. The director summoned Jean and the actor who was playing her father.

They took their places beside a boxcar. They did a lot of rehearsing. The director was hard to please. He was courteous and pleasant, but exacting. He had a lot of reputation riding on this picture.

Finally they shot the scene. They shot it four times.

After that there was a lot more confusion. Somebody brought us a covey of little chairs with canvas seats and backs. Having those little chairs marked us as persons of distinction.

The director came over, accepted introductions without catching a single name, and notified Jean that they were going to shoot one more scene before breaking for supper. If she didn't mind.

Our group was enjoying itself. Somebody called Jean. She excused herself, and Vera Bradley walked off with her. Vera was talking earnestly. I saw Jean nod several times. That meant she agreed with whatever Vera was saying.

The scene they shot was a honey. The hero was in it. He was a big, handsome guy, dressed tough. This was the scene where Jean was to tell her father that she was going to marry the hero regardless, that she had a right to live her own life in her own way. Brand-new idea. The old man was to raise hell and take a poke at the hero. The hero wasn't going to hit back. Whoever heard of a hero slugging an old man, especially the heroine's father? He was going to walk off. That'd be followed by a tense, bitter scene between Jean and her father.

There were a lot of rehearsals. Then something went wrong with some of the lights just before they were ready to roll. The director dismissed the company for a few minutes, but told them to stand by. Jean joined us again. According to the script, this was summer. She was wearing a gingham dress. It was cold.

She said they'd have the lights fixed in a few minutes, and then they'd shoot the scene, and break for chow. "You're all going to eat with me," she said.

"As soon as they're through with this scene?" inquired Mimi.

"Not immediately. Vera Bradley's got something on her mind. She says it's important. I'm meeting her in my dressing room as soon as they've shot the scene. Then I'll rejoin you right here."

Mimi and Rick promptly said they'd walk around. Mimi had to circulate. There was too much going on for her to be content just to sit. Danny took Helen's arm and carted her off into the railroad yards. Arnold Travis winked and said he'd better make it unanimous: Maybe Jean and I would like to be alone for a few minutes. I grinned at him and said it was an idea.

Jean was shivering. Gingham is cute, but it doesn't fit a February night in southern California. She beckoned to Margie, the maid, and asked her to fetch the fur coat which had been left in the dressing room. Margie said, "Yas'm. Right away," and scurried off.

Alone with Jean. Alone in the midst of lights and shouts and hammering and confusion, and with thousands of strangers staring at us. That's the kind of alone we were.

In the midst of all the activity, there came one of those sudden, inexplicable moments of silence. Sound stopped as though on signal.

The stillness was punctured by a scream. A woman's scream: shrill, terrified, hysterical. There was an instant's pause, and then came another scream. Both had come from the general direction of Jean's dressing room. I saw men start running in that direction.

We half walked, half ran, toward the row of trailers which served as dressing rooms. That's where everybody seemed to be going. Apparently no one within earshot had missed the urgency, the terror, in those cries.

The crowd was congesting in front of the biggest of the dressing rooms—Jean's.

JEAN and I were running. I took the lead and fought my way through the crowd. Men were asking, "What happened?" Nobody was aswering. Someone recognized Jean. They opened a path for her.

There were three little steps leading up from the ground to the rear entrance of the trailer. At the top of those steps was a big policeman. Jean tried to shove past. He blocked her with a powerful arm. He said she couldn't go in, and she told him that she was Jean Rutledge. His expression changed, and his voice softened, but he didn't lower his arm. He said, "It still ain't a good idea, ma'am. Something happened."

I said, "What?"

He looked at me. He saw that Jean was holding my hand, which marked me as belonging. He said, "Look, buddy—be a nice lad, and take Miss Rutledge somewhere else."

Jean spoke. Her voice was tight. She said, "I've got to know."

The cop looked at me and then at Jean. He said, "A lady has been murdered. In yonder. Throat cut."

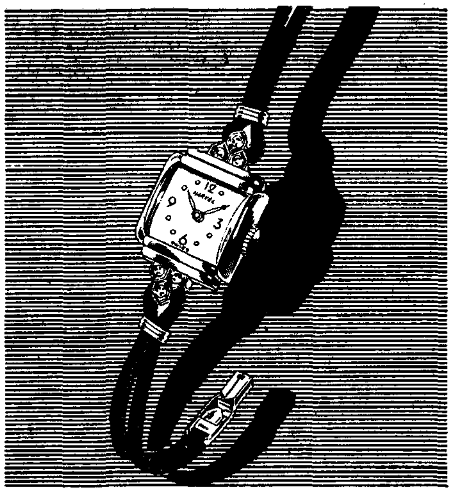
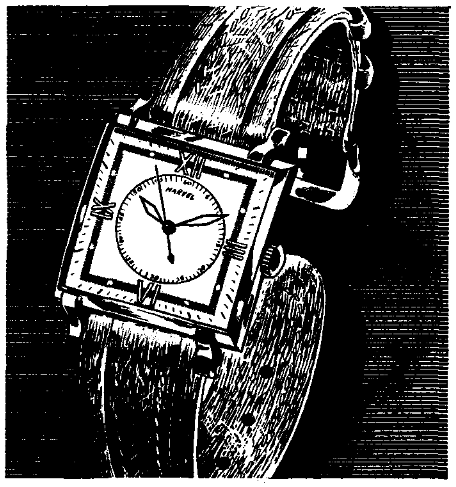
Jean asked, "Who?"

He shrugged. "I don't know for sure, ma'am. Your maid's hysterical, sort of. But she says it's somebody named Vera Bradley."

Everything seemed grotesque and unreal: the too-bright lights which nobody had bothered to turn off, the cameras, the crowd fighting to get through the ropes, the group in front of Jean's portable dressing room where Vera Bradley had just been murdered.

An idea came out of nowhere and almost slapped me down. I glanced inside the trailer. A second cop was in there, keeping watch until the Homicide boys arrived and took over. There was one light on, a rather sickly ceiling bulb. It was dim and gloomy.

A woman had been killed in that dress-

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ing room. The door of the place was marked with a star, and that meant Jean Rutledge. Everybody knew she had been off the set while they fixed the lights. The thought that hit me was that the murderer had been after Jean, that Vera was merely the unfortunate victim of a mistake.

My mind flashed back to the house in Monterey Canyon. Someone had tried to decoy Jean out there alone. Maybe he had meant to kill her. I thought of Gus Ackerman. By all the evidence, it hadn't been Gus out at the canyon home. But if it were some other man, then I wouldn't know him. He could be here tonight—a dozen of him, for all I knew. Playing his own game his own way.

I was holding Jean's hand. It was cold as ice. Tears were ruining her make-up. Her eyes told me a lot. They told me that this was almost more than she could bear, that she could crack up at a moment's notice.

A PROWL car sirened through the police lines, and two uniformed cops got out. They relieved the special officers, and asked a few questions and started enjoying their few moments of spotlight before the lads from Homicide arrived.

It'd be on the air by now. In no time at all we'd be flooded with reporters and newspaper photographers. This was the sort of yarn you could sink your teeth into. Murder on Location. Woman's Throat Cut in Dressing Room of Famous Star. Death Strikes in Filmland. Here were all the ingredients. This was no cheap punk who happened to get killed in the home of a celebrity. This one had everything. It had Jean Rutledge right in the middle of it.

The director came hurrying up. He looked bitter. I expected him to say that this would play hell with his shooting schedule. I thought he'd say that the bosses at the studio would hold him accountable. What he actually did was to say to Jean, "Sorry, Kid."

Behind him came Jean's co-star. The handsome lad in the raiment which marked him as poor but honest. He was nice, too. He said he thought Jean ought to get out of the crowd. He offered his own portable dressing room, which was parked next to hers. Arnold Travis agreed emphatically that this was a good idea. He and I both thanked the actor, and dragged Jean away.

Danny Singleton appeared. Alone. I didn't know what he'd done with Helen, and didn't care.

Things were happening next door. Detectives, technicians, smart lads from the D. A.'s office, coroner, police photographers, reporters.

In the narrow confines of the trailer we didn't do much talking. We were concentrating on Jean, trying to keep her from going to pieces.

Time passed. An eternity more or less. Lieutenant Marty Walsh came in. It had to be Walsh. It couldn't be somebody less keen, less skeptical.

He looked us over and took charge. He looked slimmer than I remembered and twice as hard. He was sharp as a razor. He didn't bark, he didn't shout. He displayed precisely the correct degree of concern for the nice young lady in the gingham dress. He made conventional apologies, and went right ahead.

"Let me check a few things, Miss Rutledge. That was your dressing room, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"When were you there last?"

"About an hour ago."

"Vera Bradley was assigned to you personally and exclusively, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"How come she was in your dressing room when you weren't?"

A little frown appeared between Jean's eyes. She said slowly, "I was sitting out near the set with my friends. The director said he'd need me again in a few minutes. Just before that, Vera had told me that she wanted to see me about something private and important."

"What sort of something?"

"She didn't say. She just said she had learned something which would interest me. She wanted to talk to me alone, didn't want anyone to see us together."

"Did she suggest meeting in the dressing room?"

"No. I did. I knew we could have privacy there. I was to meet her as soon as we finished the scene, before we broke up for supper."

"But you didn't go, did you?"

"No. We haven't yet shot the scene. I was waiting over yonder"—she gestured vaguely—"with these people"—she indicated Danny, Arnold and myself—"and three others."

"Who?"

"Mr. Madigan, a Miss Fowler, and a girl named Helen, who works in Mr. Ingram's office."

"Madigan?" Marty Walsh couldn't quite swallow that one.

I said, "Madigan seems to have developed a sudden passion for Miss Fowler. She wanted to be here, so he brought her—according to them."

"How about this Helen?"

Danny Singleton said, "I left her outside when I heard what had happened."

He gave Walsh Helen's last name. Marty stepped to the door and spoke to a detective. He told the man that Rick Madigan, a girl named Mimi Fowler and another named Helen were somewhere around. He wanted to talk to them.

"Did Vera Bradley seem scared?" he asked, turning back to Jean.

"No."

"Excited?"

"I think so— That is, she kept insisting that what she wanted to tell me was important."

"She mention any names?"

"No."

He took his time about asking the next question, as though he wanted it to have maximum effect. Then he said, "Heard anything from your husband recently, Miss Rutledge?"

HER eyes opened wide. There was fear in them. I could see her guard go up. So, I imagine, could Lieutenant Walsh. I looked at Arnold Travis and he caught my signal. He edged closer, prepared to step in if Walsh started shoving Jean too hard.

Jean said, "No. I haven't heard from him."

"Since how long?"

"Since he left me."

"You knew he was in California?"

"Mr. Ingram told me you said so."

Marty tried to make his voice sound soothing. He said, "Now look, Miss Rutledge—we all got to help each other. I'll help you, and you help me. Right?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"You know we believe Fred Wilson killed Bert Ellison, don't you?"

Jean looked startled.

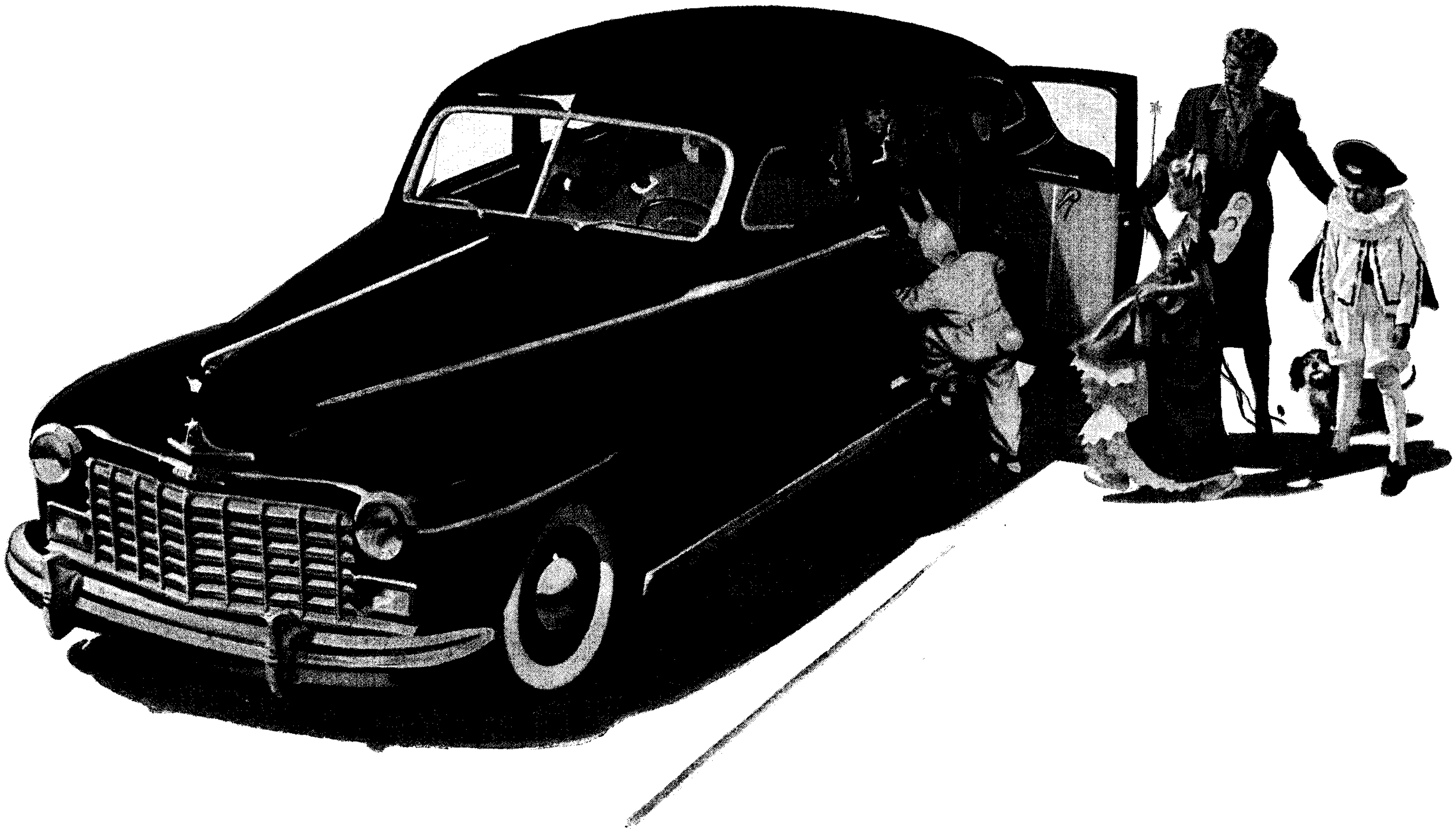
"What I think," said Marty Walsh, "is that Vera Bradley found out for sure that Fred Wilson killed Ellison. She wanted to tell you private because after all, you're still married to the guy. She wasn't spilling it generally because she's paid to protect you against bad publicity. Fred was maybe here tonight. He might have been tailing Vera, figuring she was going to tell. He wouldn't be too scared of you, but he wouldn't enjoy facing a murder rap. So he followed her up to your dressing room, argued with her, lost the argument and then let her have it."

"That couldn't be!"

"Oh, yes, it could. If he killed Ellison, he could have killed Vera Bradley. The second murder comes easy, especially when it's done to cover the first one."

"But it couldn't be that way, Lieutenant—"

I flashed Arnold a signal. He stepped in quick. He said, "Look, Marty—even



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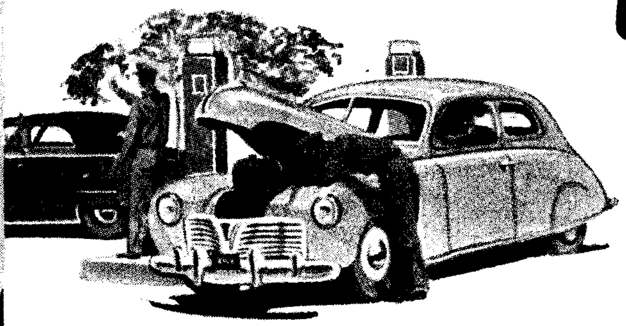

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if it was that way, Miss Rutledge wouldn't ever believe it."

"Suppose she knows it's true and is just trying to cover up."

"It isn't that, either."

"How come you're so smart, Travis?"

"I'm her lawyer. She would have told me that. Believe me, Marty, she would. But she hasn't heard from her husband. What she knows about his being in California, she got secondhand. And, aside from being her lawyer, I think like she does."

"That's what you're paid for."

"It's how I think. If I thought it had been Fred, I'd throw him to you quick as a wink. It would clear up a rotten mess. There's no percentage for me in shielding him."

"He was a client of yours once, wasn't he?"

"Yes. But that doesn't add up to what you think. He's not my client now."

WALSH smiled coldly. "I'm sorry I never met the guy. He must have been quite a character, the way everybody tries to cover for him. What was he like, Travis?"

"Outwardly, okay. Quiet dresser. Quiet voice. Quiet manners. He looked distinguished, which was probably due to a white streak in his hair which gave him the appearance of a banker or a diplomat."

"Well, until something better comes along, I'll write him off as our murderer."

Arnold shrugged. "That's your privilege, Marty."

Marty turned to me. His eyes gave me a going-over. Then they took in Danny Singleton.

"Our two boy scouts," he said caustically. "Suppose you both start explaining why you're always in the foreground when somebody gets murdered in Miss Rutledge's vicinity."

"Look, Lieutenant," I said with what I hoped was a reasonable manner, "the way you tear into me isn't going to buy you a thing."

He said, "If Miss Rutledge was in the middle of something, you'd try to protect her, wouldn't you? For some reason you're all trying to gum up the works."

"You've got no right thinking that. There's a simple answer to everything, Walsh. Madigan—"

"Madigan!" he snorted. "That's your tune, Ingram. You sing it all the time."

"Why not?" I said. "Let's just turn your theory around. You're harping on Fred Wilson. I'm thinking Madigan. Things fit better my way. Madigan didn't like Bert Ellison for lots of reasons. He could have killed the man, or had him killed. Suppose Vera Bradley found out Madigan did it. Remember, he was in our group when Jean told us where and when she was going to meet Vera to hear something important."

Marty Walsh said, "Hell! I ain't checking Rick Madigan out. Nor that slick chick of his, either."

"Is it in character for Madigan to leave his night club to watch a picture being made?"

"It's in line for him to be cut in the head over a dame. The guy is sentimental."

I said, "Why isn't it a good idea for you to be talking to him right now, instead of to me?"

"Because he ain't here, that's why, smart boy. We'll pick him up pretty soon. He most likely checked out and took Mimi back to El Cielito. I'll be hearing about that right away."

"Vera's throat was cut." I saw Jean wince, but that couldn't be helped. I had to start Marty Walsh thinking my way, if possible. The way he was figuring was no good. All his thinking said that Fred Wilson had done these two killings. I knew different. But I couldn't tell Marty what I knew.

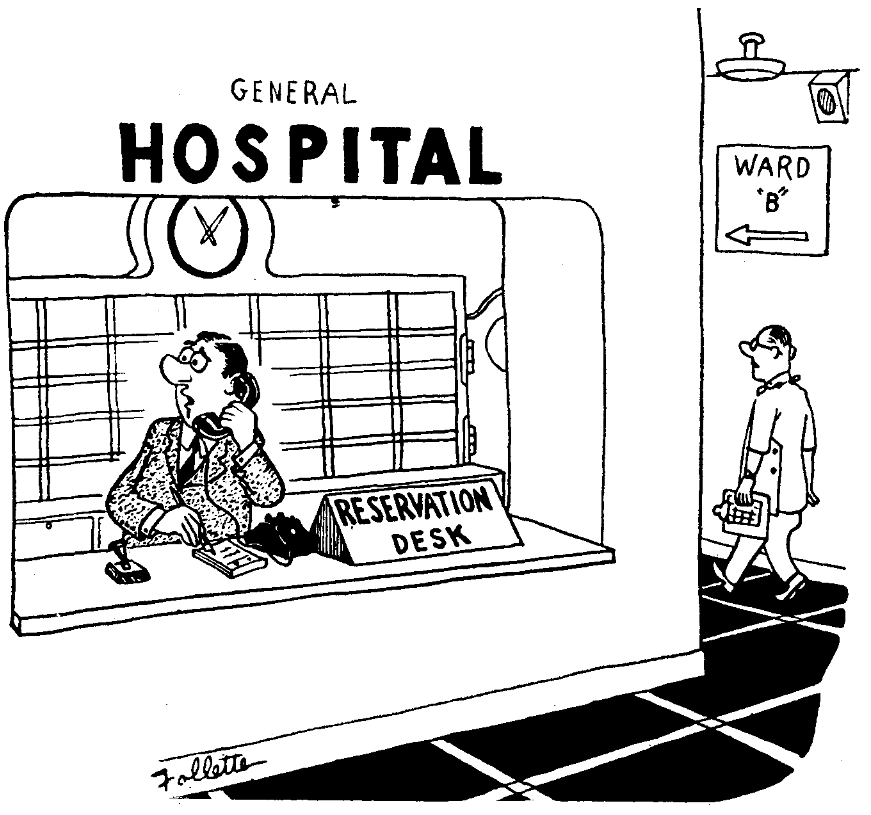
I asked, "Have you found the knife?"

"Yeah, sure we found the knife. And now you're going to ask if we're checking it for fingerprints. The answer is that we are. I'll go further and say that we don't expect to find any. I'll know that in a little while, too. Any more questions you want to ask?"

"No."

"Fine. That's just fine, Ingram. Because now it's my turn. I let you have your fun. But I can see something. You're nervous. You're carrying the fight to me. Why? It ain't natural."

A detective poked his head in the trailer door and beckoned to Walsh. Walsh went outside and came back in a few minutes. He looked pleased. He said, too sweetly, "I was right one time, anyway. No fingerprints on the knife. No convenient clues lying around. We found Madigan. He just got to his club



"Well, we're terribly crowded, but I'll try to squeeze you in somewhere. Would you prefer a private or semiprivate bed?"

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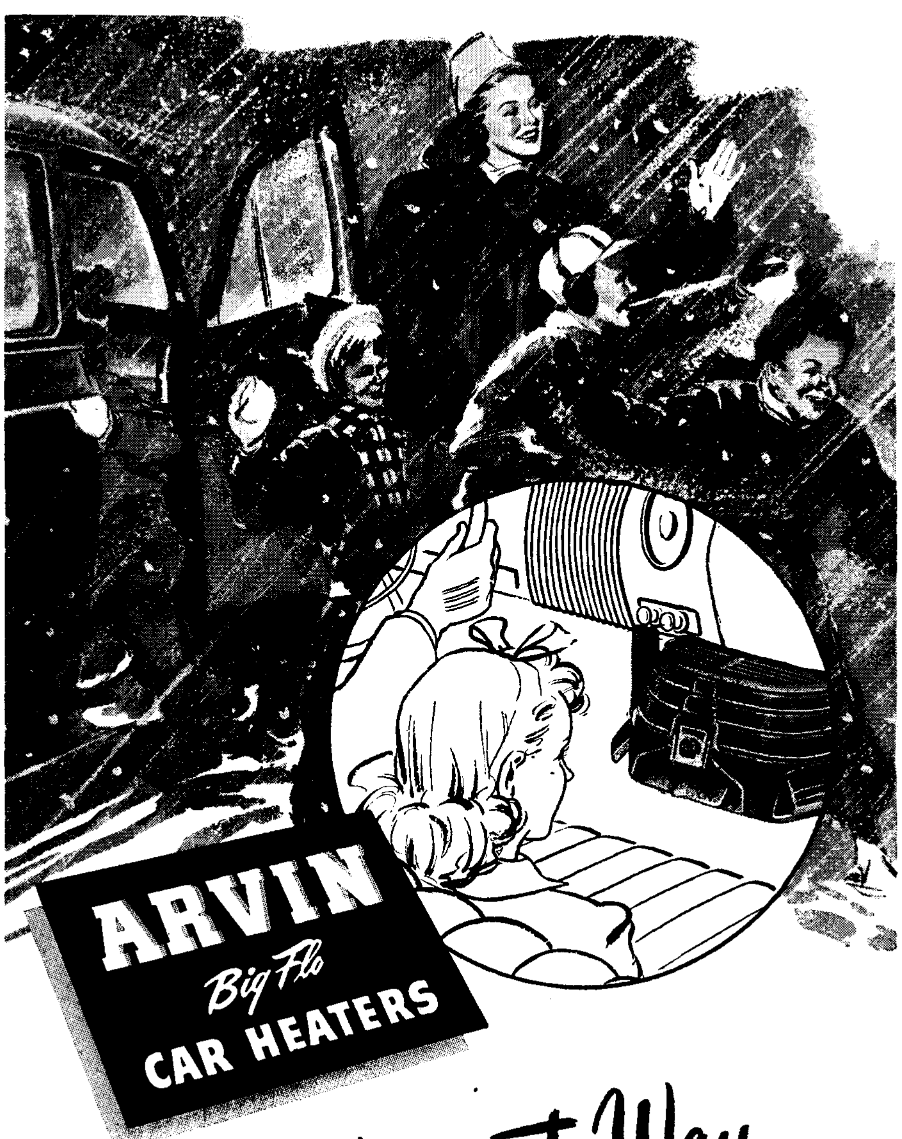

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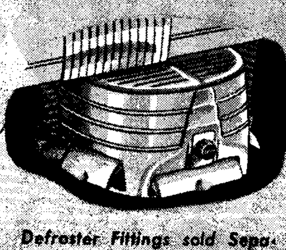

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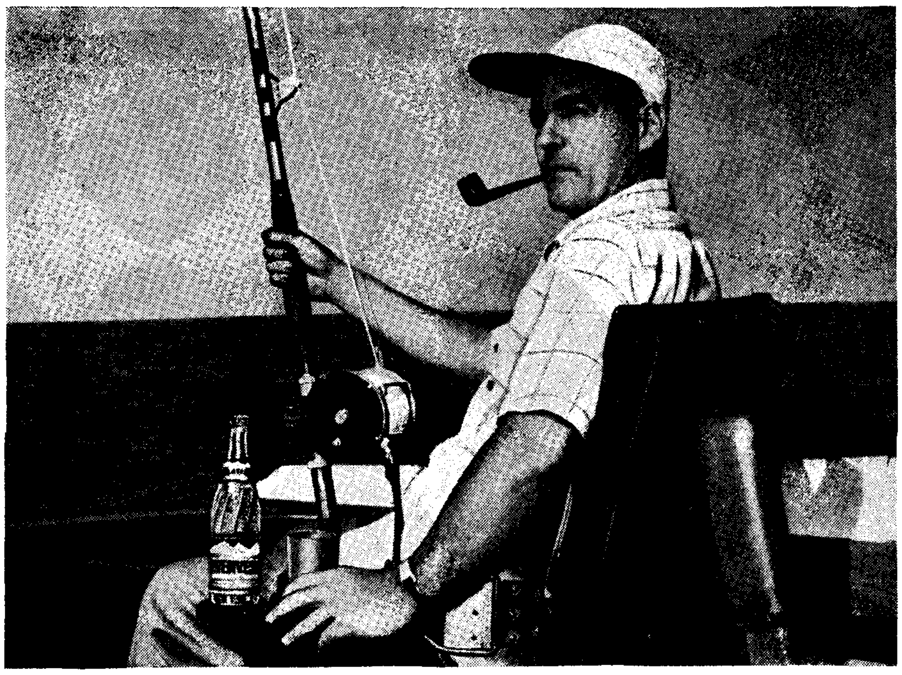

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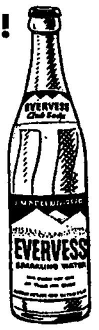

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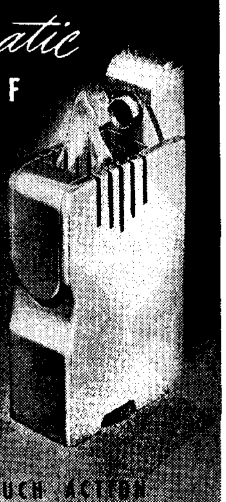

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—with the girl. He says what our man told him was the first he knew of Miss Bradley being killed. Now Madigan says he met Mimi Fowler through you. He says she was with you and Miss Rutledge at El Cielito, and that you introduced him. Maybe he's lying, huh?"

I said, "That's the truth."

"Where did you meet her?"

"In my office. She was a client. She wanted to buy a house."

"How come she found her way to Brentwood? Why did she pick you out of the hat when this town is lousy with real-estate firms?"

"It just happened," I said. "Strangers drop in every day."

"But not strangers like Mimi Fowler. Madigan tells me she's been interested in the Monterey Canyon house. That right?"

"Yes. I showed it to her."

"Her idea?"

"Yes."

"She knew about somebody being killed there?"

"Yes."

"The setup didn't strike you as peculiar?"

"Yes, frankly—it did."

He took a new tack: "You usually take your clients night-clubbing?"

"No. Mimi Fowler wanted to talk to Miss Rutledge. She also said she was lonely—"

"Lonely! Her?"

"Madigan joined our table. He went for Mimi right away."

"That guy again."

"It's always Madigan in my book," I said stubbornly. "You haven't said a thing to show me I'm wrong."

"Okay. If that's the way you want it, Ingram, that's the way you can have it. But you know what I think: I figure you're trying to make me dizzy. I figure you got your own private reasons for acting like that."

I shrugged. Nonchalant. Calm. Like hell I was. Danny Singleton horned in. His voice was as cheerful as the circumstances permitted. He said, "You two are doing a lot of talking, and saying mighty little, aren't you?"

"Could be," I agreed.

Danny turned to Marty Walsh. "Miss Rutledge is pretty upset, Lieutenant. Why not lay off for a while?"

Marty turned to Arnold Travis. "See what I mean?" he said. "No matter what I do, I get told off. I'm back in rookie school. These two guys know more about my business than I do."

ARNOLD looked sympathetic, but didn't say anything. He wasn't fanning the flames. Walsh said, "Okay. But I'll be seeing you."

He walked out. Danny followed. He came back in a few minutes to announce that there'd be no more picture making that night. He said there were a flock of reporters outside. They wanted to interview Jean and grab some pictures. Arnold went out to beg off for her while I got ready to take Jean home. Danny on one side, me on the other. The press boys flashed some bulbs, but we got her home and to bed.

Danny and I drove home. He ran his car into the garage, but I didn't. He wanted to know why.

"Madigan," I said. "He's still my Number One boy, I'd like to talk to him."

He didn't argue. He simply said he was going with me. We did some talking on the way over. I said, "Remember that telegram I told you about, Danny?"

"What telegram?"

"The one Jean and I found in Fred Wilson's pocket when we first stumbled over him."

"Sort of. Freshen me up on it."

"I memorized it. It went like this: 'No word from you regarding our recent talks. Unless you agree immediately to follow course outlined, I shall be compelled to turn certain information over to the proper authorities. Do not believe you would like this. Suggest you contact me by long-distance within forty-eight hours.' That's how it went, Danny. There was no signature. It was sent to Fred and it brought him out here. Now—that suitcase I've got in the garage. I told you about it. All of Fred's stuff. Unquestionably left at Jean's house by the murderer. Well, it just occurred to me that one thing was missing. That telegram wasn't there."

"You sure?"

"Yes. It didn't register at the time. You notice things that *are* there, not things that are missing. It can only add up one way: The only thing of Fred's the killer was afraid of was that telegram. The answer has got to be right there."

Danny nodded. "Maybe you've got something, Bruce. But this Madigan business. Better play it cute. Especially if you're right about the guy."

I didn't say anything. What I wanted to say, Danny knew already. Sure, I was playing Madigan. Sure, I wanted it to be him. Maybe I was wrong. But I *knew* Marty Walsh was wrong. You couldn't blame Vera Bradley's death on Fred Wilson.

EL CIELITO was still doing business at 3 A.M. It was against the law, but gambling was against the law, too. The fanatics were riding with it. Either they were trying to recoup losses, or they were working overtime trying to lose their winnings. It was going to work out nice for the house any way you looked at it.

Madigan was sitting alone at a little table next to the bar. If he was surprised to see me, he didn't show it. I suggested that Danny buy himself a drink.

I sat down opposite the big, suave proprietor of El Cielito. I said, "You missed the excitement, Madigan."

He nodded gravely. "So I heard."

I said, "Where's Mimi Fowler?"

"She was here for a while, then I had my chauffeur drive her home—after Marty talked to us."

"Any way you can alibi yourself, except by Mimi?"

"No." He smiled. "Marty told me you think maybe I killed Ellison and Miss Bradley."

"I haven't been able to think of anything better."

He leaned across the table. He said, "You could be a nice kid. You're not, but you could be. Right now, I don't like you. You get in my hair."

I waited.

"You aren't showing a lot of sense," he went on. "I don't go in for violence, but I could learn."

"Sounds like a threat."

"Take it any way you want. You talk to the cops enough, maybe you'll give them ideas. I don't like them to have ideas about me. I'm in an illegal business. I want to stay in it. I haven't any desire to be mixed up in murders."

"Maybe you *should* have thought of that sooner."

He got up. So did I. He said, "You seem to have good health, Ingram. I'd advise you to keep it."

He walked away. He was a big man.

I joined Danny and gave him a brief résumé of the unsatisfactory talk. He said, "What gives now?"

"Ever hear of having the bear by the tail, Danny?"

"Yes."

"That's me," I said. "I don't dare to let go." . . .

Vera Bradley's death hit Jean hard. She had been a friend. She hadn't asked anything, didn't want anything. She had gone snooping because it was her job to find out what was worrying Jean, and to shield her from it.

There was a lot of publicity, a lot of investigation, a lot of sympathy—some of it real, and some ghoulish. Jean took it amazingly well. She had taken a terrific beating, and she was still taking it.

The situation could be filed under the head of Unfinished Business. The more I thought of that, the less I liked it. I had thought so much that I was walking on my heels. I was scared to death that something might happen to Jean. The man who had lain in wait for her at the Monterey Canyon house was still somewhere in the background. Maybe he had planned to kill her that night. Maybe whoever killed Vera Bradley had intended to kill Jean. Thoughts like that I had to keep to myself.

There were other things, too. I gave her time to recover from the shock of Vera Bradley's death. Then I arranged a long evening together, just the two of us. After dinner, we turned out all the lights except the bulb in one standing lamp. We sat on the couch, Jean in the corner. I put a big ash tray on the coffee table and said, "Stock-taking time, isn't it, sweetheart?"

She nodded.

I said, "Way I figured it, we can't just keep on rolling with the punches. They're coming too hard and too often. I'm trying to figure a story I could take to Marty Walsh. He's got to know eventually."

She had been prepared for that.

"You can't tell the police," she said. "The only time they could ever have been told was right at first. Everything that has happened since then has put us in deeper. If you tell the police anything now, you've got to tell the entire truth. Because no matter how plausible your story might sound to you, it won't sound good to them."

I said, "You're thinking that if I tell Walsh any part of the truth, he'll slap me right in the cooler."

"That has something to do with it. But I'm not afraid of that alone. If that happened, you wouldn't be able to keep on investigating. We know Walsh is on the wrong track now. He has practically convicted a dead man of two murders."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, with a gallant attempt at lightness, "It'd be easier if we were married, darling."

That did it. There was a brief and stimulating intermission. Then she pulled out of my arms. She said, "That's another reason we've got to learn the truth. Until the whole thing is cleared up, we can't ever get married."

She wasn't telling me anything I hadn't thought myself. It was ironic. For a long, long time we had wanted her to be free. Now she was free. She was a widow. The law gave her the right to marry anybody she wanted to marry. But a grim combination of circumstances said *No* in a louder voice than the law ever did.

I said, "There's somebody in this we don't know anything about."

"Who?"

"The man who phoned you that night and said he was Fred Wilson, the one who batted me over the head—"

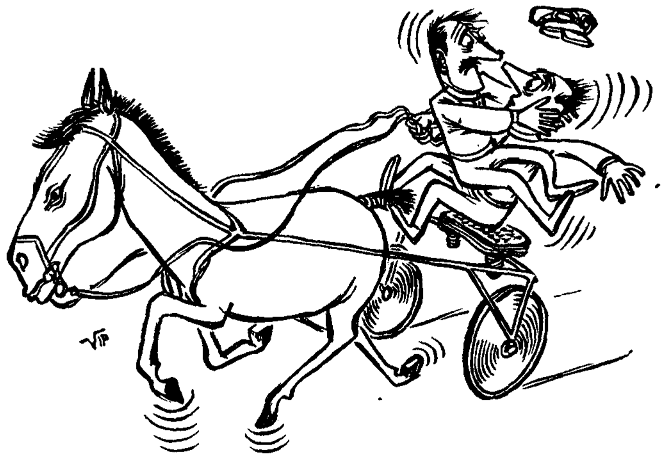
"—And who probably intended to kill me." She made the statement calmly.

AFTER a moment, I said, "Who would want to kill you, and why?" She said she didn't know. I went on. "From what I hear there are three basic motives for murder. Jealousy, profit, revenge. Find someone who can wear one of those."

She tried, bravely enough. "Jealousy. That could be you. Don't laugh. I'm trying to figure like Marty Walsh would figure. You could have visited the house first—before we got there together—and killed Fred. But you didn't phone me that other night, you weren't hiding behind the hedge when you were in the car, you didn't hit yourself on the head. You also didn't kill Vera. You were with me."

"Profit?" I prompted.

"Nobody." She didn't hesitate on that one. "I make a big income. I'll make a bigger one now that I own 25 per cent of Olympus. But I haven't much money saved. There's been too much going out in taxes. Any way you look at it,



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—George Sanders, Garden City, New York

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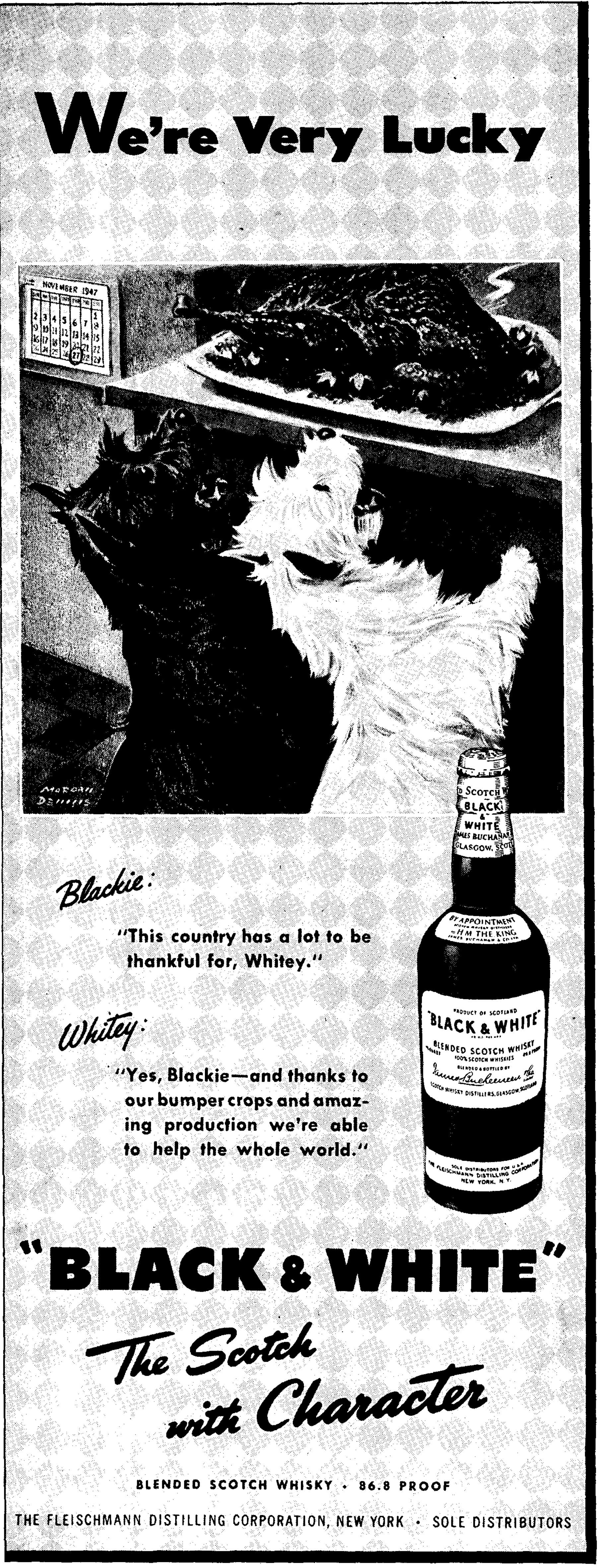

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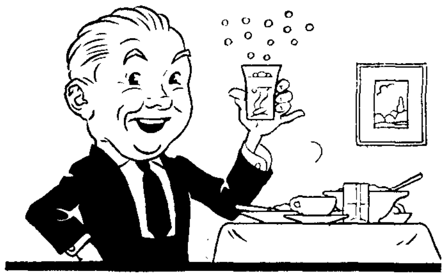

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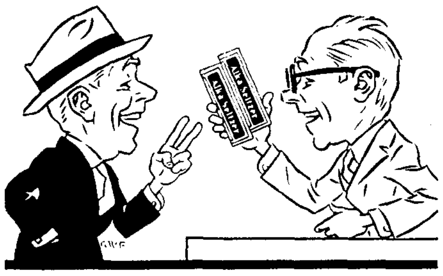

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Bruce—I'm worth a lot more alive than I am dead."

"Revenge?"

"I don't think so."

"We're back where we started. We're always back there. That's why I keep thinking Madigan. He was sore at Fred and disliked Bert Ellison. If he killed Fred, the rest could follow. Even you—because he might figure you'd be bound to find out."

"Would Madigan have packed all Fred's things and left them at my house?"

"Somebody did. Why couldn't it have been Rick Madigan as well as anyone else?"

"It could be. But why?"

"To put you behind the eight ball. If they hadn't wanted that, they'd have sunk the suitcase in the ocean or tossed it into a canyon. You'd have a hard time explaining that suitcase if it were found. Even Marty Walsh would have to change some of his ideas. If Fred had killed someone and was hiding out or running away, he wouldn't have gotten rid of all his personal belongings. So Walsh would take a new line. It wouldn't take him long to learn that Fred is dead, and that you know it."

Jean said, "How about Gus Ackerman?"

"I can only figure him one way, and it'll probably turn out I'm wrong on that. I still don't think he had anything to do with the killing of Fred or of Bert Ellison. But he could have been a witness. That'd make his racket blackmailing."

She said, "Which brings us to Mimi Fowler."

I HAD known that this was coming, but I didn't try to evade. I said, "I don't like it."

"What don't you like?"

"The whole Mimi setup. The play she made for Madigan and for me. But I assure you it wasn't Mimi who slugged me that night. It also wasn't Ackerman; he was downtown in a beer parlor."

"Madigan?" she asked.

"Not likely. I weigh one hundred and sixty and I'm in good shape. I can't peg it as Madigan."

She smiled wanly, "So it's got to be X. Where do we start looking for him? At the beginning we were only afraid of my career and of scandal. Now we're facing what might amount to a murder conviction—and a murderer."

"And so—?"

"We go on as we are, hoping for the breaks. We didn't have much chance of getting married before all this started happening. Now we haven't any. I'm tired, Bruce. Maybe it would help if we stopped talking and if you just held me close and—"

Just then the telephone rang. Jean said she'd answer.

It was one of those conversations of which her end didn't tell me anything. I stopped trying to figure what it was all about. I'd know soon enough.

She came back into the room. Her eyes were shining, but I didn't like the quality of the brightness. She said, "That was Gus Ackerman."

I waited.

"He has made his play, Bruce. Now we know what he wants."

I said, "Slow down, honey. You're way ahead of me."

"He did practically all of the talking," she said. "He demanded fifty thousand dollars cash. He's going to call me tomorrow night to find out when I'll have it for him. He says he'll come here for it, but I've got to be alone. He said if I didn't do what he wanted he'd see to it that the police found out all about Fred Wilson and what happened at the Monterey Canyon house."

We looked at each other. Maybe this was it. Maybe it wasn't. But it was definite. It was something.

She said, "What do I do, Bruce?"

I said promptly, "We'd better call Arnold. Get him over here fast. I'll ride along with his advice on this."

She phoned Arnold. He said to hold on, he'd be right over. She hadn't told him what it was, but no one could mistake the urgency in her voice. . . .

Arnold Travis was a good listener. He settled himself comfortably in the big club chair and let Jean tell it her own way. He smoked a couple of cigarettes. He gave an impression of casualness, which was good. Except that if you looked at his eyes, you could see that he wasn't missing a bet.

Finally she finished. Arnold looked at her. "Blackmail is no good. You pay once and you're sunk."

Jean said, "He told me—"

"—That he'd tell the cops?" Travis smiled a wise smile. "I wouldn't worry about that, Jean. The only thing he's got of any value is some damaging information. He wants to sell it—not give it away."

She said, "It's too much of a chance to take."

"You wanted my advice, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"Well, I'm saying—don't pay. I know Ackerman. I know his type. Blackmailers make a strong pitch, but they're bluffing."

I said, "Even if you're right, Arnold, if he were convinced that there wasn't anything in it for him he'd spill to the police just out of plain cussedness."

Travis gave that one a going-over. "That's a point," he conceded. "So I'd split the difference. I'd advise stalling. Tell him you haven't got that much cash, that it will take time to raise it."

"How long will he fall for that?"

"As long as he thinks there's a chance."

It sounded like common sense. We tossed the idea back and forth, and still didn't like it much, but we couldn't think of anything better. Finally, Arnold crashed through. He said suddenly, "Here's a thought to chew on. Ackerman is a punk. They're all punks, they're yellow. Suppose," he said slowly, as though he were standing off looking at his own idea, "suppose when he calls tomorrow night Jean tells him that she has decided to string along. That she hasn't been able to raise all the cash on such short notice, but that she's got—say, ten thousand. That isn't fifty thousand, but it's still a lot of money. She can tell him to come get it, and say that she'll raise the rest as soon as she can."

JEAN looked puzzled, which was exactly the way I felt. I said, "That doesn't fit with what you said a while ago, Arnold. It's still paying blackmail, it's still letting Ackerman see that he's got Jean over a barrel."

He said, "Except for one thing. Jean won't be alone. I'll be here."

"With what idea in mind?"

"I'll have a gun. I'll take no chances with a mug like that. I'll let him make his play and then I'll barge in. I know how a man like Ackerman thinks. I'll be damned sure he doesn't think I'm bluffing."

"Is Jean to have the money?"

"Of course not. There isn't going to be any blackmail paid. I'm driving at something else altogether. Coming to collect the money, he'll be nervous. I'll take the play away from him. *I'll* threaten to call the cops myself. He wouldn't believe Jean would do it, but maybe he'd believe that I would. He'd think she hadn't told me everything. If I work it right, perhaps he'll spill something of what he knows."

"Suppose he doesn't?"

"Then you still haven't lost anything. Put yourself in Ackerman's place, Bruce. He won't know how scared we are, but he will know how scared he is."

I got up and walked to the window. I looked through the Venetian blinds at the traffic that was whizzing along San Vicente Boulevard—at twice the legal

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speed. What Travis was suggesting made sense. How much sense, I didn't know for sure. It was all based on the premise that Ackerman could be bluffed.

We didn't know what Ackerman knew or how he'd come to know it. I still didn't think he'd helped with the murders of Fred Wilson and Bert Ellison, but I pegged him as a witness. If that were the case, he'd know who else had been there. That would be the man we were after. It was an out-and-out gamble. We could lose, of course. But we could lose even more the other way.

I said, "What do you think, Jean?"

She shook her head. "My opinion isn't worth very much. I'll take your advice."

"You wouldn't be afraid?"

"Yes. But I've gotten accustomed to that."

Arnold said, "I'd be hiding in your bedroom when Ackerman got here. There wouldn't be anything to be afraid of."

"That'll make two of us," I said. "I'll also be here."

THEY both looked at me. Jean opened her lips to protest, but Arnold spoke first. He asked, "What would that gain for us?"

"Double protection. If you're right that Ackerman is yellow, he might fold quicker if two of us worked on him."

There was a lot more discussion. In the end, Arnold agreed. He said, "We might even get Jean out of the way after she's talked to Ackerman. Then you and I could give him a going-over. It wouldn't be nice, but it could yield results."

"You mean—?"

"I mean just exactly that. Beat the hell out of him. Our own little private third degree." I suppose I looked shocked. Travis made a gesture of disgust. "This isn't any time to be squeamish," he said sharply. "The way to handle a man like Gus Ackerman is to show you're twice as tough as he is. Slam it out of him. It isn't pretty, but it works. The cops know it works. It's the only sort of thing he'll understand."

I said, "You're right. Of course."

"And if it happens that way, you won't go sportsman on me, will you? This is the time you've got to kick a man when he's down and keep right on kicking."

I said I'd do it. Jean was a little green around the gills at the prospect, but the logic had crashed through. It'd be fighting fire with fire, meeting a hoodlum on his own ground.

The next evening I walked to Jean's house, leaving my car parked in front of the office. Arnold had beaten me there by about three minutes. He said he'd left his car a couple of blocks away.

Jean's little white bungalow is broader than it is deep. At right angles to the living room is a hallway which runs back to the sleeping quarters. Jean's bedroom was in the rear of the house, overlooking the patio. That's where Arnold and I were going to wait.

Mary Gregg had fixed some sandwiches and coffee and we ate them in the bedroom. Then Jean gave her the night off. Mary didn't ask any questions. Her restraint was admirable. She must have been boiling over with curiosity. She went out, locked the door behind her, and said she'd go to visit her folks in Long Beach.

We still didn't know whether Ackerman was coming. Travis rehearsed Jean in how to handle the first part of the scene. He sent her into the living room to arrange the Venetian blinds so that they looked closed but weren't actually. That was so she could see anyone coming up the front walk, and Ackerman could peep in and assure himself that she was alone. Travis and I were to stay in the back bedroom until needed. We were to keep the room dark.

Ackerman phoned at seven o'clock. I listened in on the extension. The conversation was brief. She told him about having ten thousand dollars and being unable to raise any more on such short notice. He asked whether she was alone, and she said yes. She told him about the maid going to Long Beach. She didn't mention Travis or me.

He said, in a hard voice, "I hope for your sake you ain't pulling a fast one."

She said, "I wouldn't be so foolish. What time will you be over?"

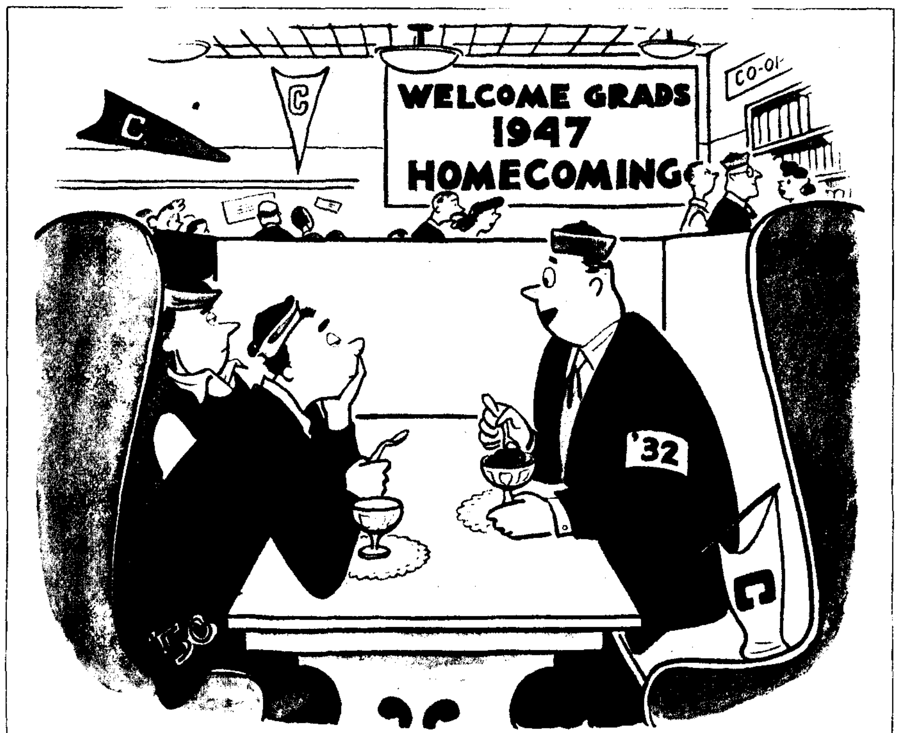
"When I get there. You stick around."

I waited until I heard the click of the phone at his end before I hung up the extension. By the time she got back to the bedroom, I had reported to Arnold. He said, "Good. It's all good." He sent Jean back to the living room. It was pretty dark by this time. Arnold and I didn't even light cigarettes. We just sat there looking at nothing.

I said, "I've been thinking, Travis."

"Let's have it."

"Ackerman will be sore when he sees



"How about old Mr. Lyons in the math department? Tough bird, eh? . . . Oh, he's been retired six years? . . . Well, how about old Doc Blanning in the locker room? . . . Never heard of him? . . . Well, I guess you still go to the ol' Dew Drop Inn . . . It burned down? . . . Oh . . ."

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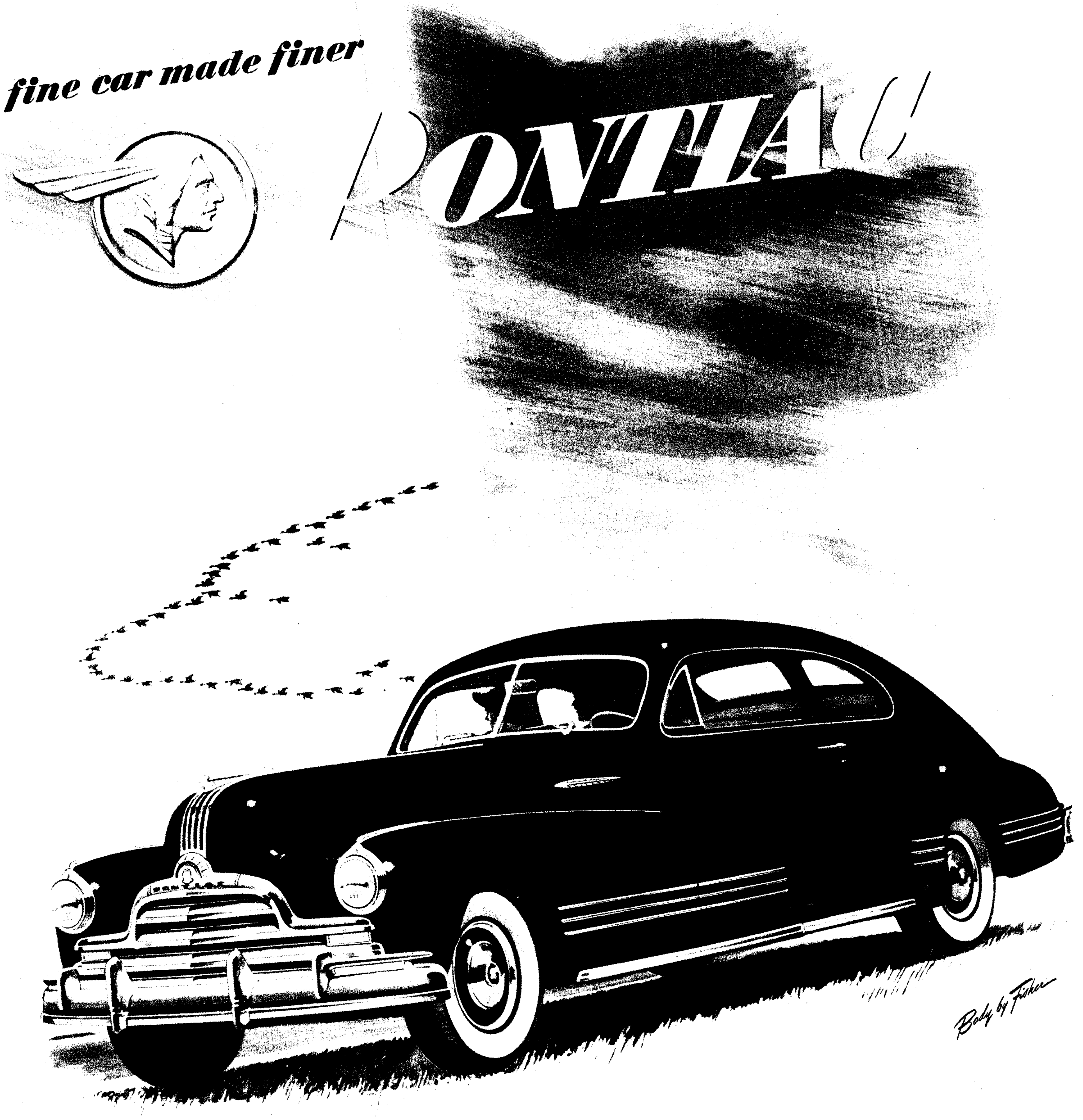

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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

you. There's no telling what he'll try to do."

"Right."

"He'll think you're the only one here. He might make a fast play. Now here's what I had in mind. We've got the living-room blinds fixed so someone outside can see what's happening inside. One of the windows is open, so a person could hear if they tried. Suppose I go out the back way and hide in the yard. When I'm sure Ackerman is inside, I'll move up to the front and watch and listen from there. If anything happens that isn't according to schedule, I'll pitch in. The surprise element in case Ackerman makes a move we haven't anticipated."

Arnold's voice came to me through the darkness. He said, "Nice thinking, Bruce. I say yes."

I went. It was dark out there. There was a tall hedge and a lot of fancy shrubbery. I wouldn't have believed I was there if I hadn't known it.

The waiting was tough. It was slightly longer than forever. Maybe Ackerman wasn't coming. Maybe he was snooping around the place right now. I had a beautiful case of the jitters.

Then, suddenly, from inside the house came four soft musical notes—silence—then four more. The front door. I heard the door open and close. That would mean that Jean had let Ackerman in.

I moved toward the front, hugging the shadows. The house was built low. The bottoms of the Venetian blinds were maybe five feet above the ground. I pussyfooted to my observation point outside one of the living-room windows, the one that had been left open. I could see as well as hear what went on inside.

One look told me all I needed to know. Jean was standing in the middle of the room. She didn't look half as scared as I knew she was.

Facing her, perhaps a dozen feet away, was the huge, hulking figure of Gus Ackerman.

I WAS on the outside, looking in. I could see and I could hear, and that's about all I could do.

I've never seen Mt. Everest, but that's how big Gus Ackerman looked. He seemed sure of himself. He didn't know about me, didn't know about Arnold Travis. He was satisfied now that Jean had played it the way he'd ordered. I had an idea he wasn't going to like the surprise that was waiting to happen to him.

I grabbed a quick look at Jean. If she was doing cart wheels inside, it didn't show. She just stood there, waiting.

Gus said, in his gritty voice, "You got the ten grand, Miss Rutledge?"

"Yes."

"Gimme."

"Just a minute—" Her eyes and voice were astonishingly steady. "I want to know what I'm buying with this money."

He didn't like that. He said, "You ain't buying only one thing. I keep my mouth shut—when I get the whole fifty."

"You keep your mouth shut about what?"

"Fred Wilson."

"What about him? What do you know?"

That seemed to amuse him. "Look, lady," he said, "that sorta stuff ain't gonna get you nowhere. What I know is hot. It's stuff you don't want the cops should know."

"Neither do you."

"Why not?"

"Because what you want is money. If you told the police what you know, you wouldn't get any."

He nodded. "I give you right on that. But it don't mean nothin'." He held out a big hand. "Lemme have it, sister."

"Not yet. I still want to talk."

His face flushed. He took a step forward. He said harshly, "You gimme or I'll take it. I'll—"

That was as far as he got. Right on cue, Arnold Travis stepped into the picture. He looked cool as an iceberg. "Steady, Ackerman. The lady wants to talk. So let's talk."

I had a bad moment. Arnold could be overplaying his hand. Showing a man you're not afraid of him might be good tactics, but stepping into trouble that way could be foolish.

I didn't see Ackerman's right hand move. It just vanished for an instant and then appeared again. But something new had been added. This time the hand was holding a gun. The business end of it was turned in the direction of Jean and Arnold. Gus said, "Hold it! The both of you!"

For the first time Jean looked frightened. I couldn't blame her. My stomach was doing nip ups. I knew Arnold had a gun, too, but Gus' was out and ready for action.

Gus spoke to Arnold. He said, "What do you think you're gonna do, Travis?"

"That depends."

"And *you!*" Ackerman glared at Jean. "Double-crossing me, huh? You should of known that wouldn't be healthy."

Arnold said, "It was my idea."

"Now ain't that sweet! So I'll tell you what I think. I think it was a lousy idea. You got me mad. I wasn't mad before, but I am now. So you listen: I want that ten thousand, and I want it right now. I'll be back for the rest another time."

Travis said, "There isn't any money, Gus."

"There isn't—" It started like an echo, then it registered. What I saw in Gus Ackerman's eyes, I didn't like. He started talking. He talked low and he talked fast. I couldn't hear every word he was saying, but that wasn't necessary. What I heard was profane and threatening. Ackerman wasn't kidding.

This, I figured, checked it up to me. Arnold had played it straight across the board. He had deliberately needled Ackerman. It was a courageous thing to do, but I wasn't sure it was smart. Get a tough mug mad enough and he might do things. He could get mad enough to forget that if he blasted Jean, he wouldn't get any money.

As far as the three in that room were concerned, the cards were on the table. Ackerman was on top. There was only one thing he hadn't figured on. That would be me. I gathered that Arnold was figuring I'd make my move pretty soon. Maybe that was why he'd been throwing it into Ackerman so hard. Get the guy angry. Give me a chance.

I EDGED closer to the window. My foot nudged something and I picked it up. It was a rock. It belonged on the border of a little flower bed. It wasn't too big or too heavy, but it was a hell of a lot better than no weapon at all.

I tried to figure my move. Opening the front door would make too much noise. Going in through the back door wouldn't be so good. There was too much distance between the back door and the living room. I thought of hurling the rock through the window. That would startle Gus, and give Arnold a chance to do something. But I might simply frighten Gus into blasting away at the pair of them.

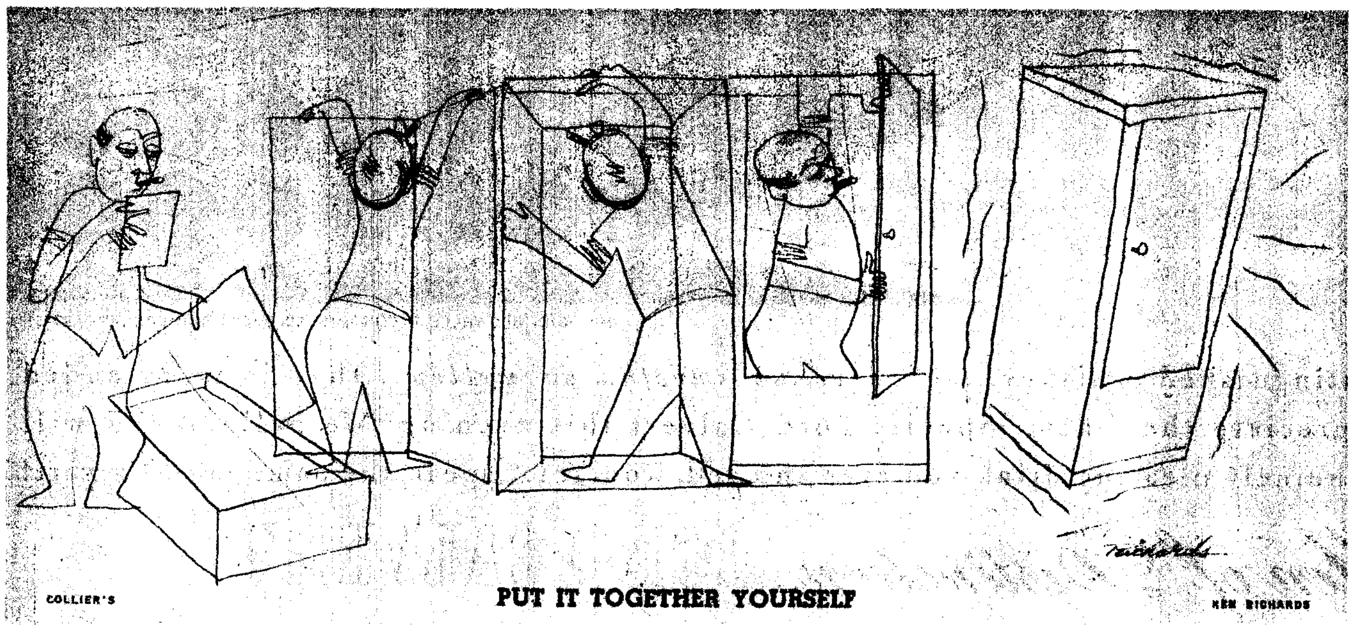
Gus was whipping himself into a rage. What he was saying began to assume a pattern. He was telling them that he'd wait one more day, that if they didn't get the fifty thousand—all of it—within twenty-four hours, he'd give them a double dose of lead poisoning.

I took a deep breath. It began to look as though I was on the verge of getting my chance to contribute something. If neither Jean nor Arnold upset the applecart, Ackerman would leave. He was already backing toward the front door. The rock I was holding became very important. Ackerman would back through the door. He wouldn't be expecting to meet anybody. I could hit first, and I knew darn' well I'd hit hard.

Gus was getting closer to the front door. He had backed across the living room and was almost in the foyer. I was near the front door, too. On the outside. There were two shallow steps leading up to the tiny, semicircular porch. Vines growing there. Lots of shadow. That wouldn't make my position any worse. I looked inside. I saw something.

Evidently Arnold had given me up as a bad job. He did something that proved conclusively that he was chockful of guts.

His right hand went back to his hip pocket. I knew what that meant. The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LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY move seemed slower than molasses. Why Ackerman didn't squeeze the trigger of his gun, I couldn't figure.

Travis had his own gun out. He didn't hesitate. Two little red streaks spurted from the muzzle. They sounded like six atomic bombs going off all at once.

I saw Gus Ackerman stagger. He was still holding his gun, but he didn't do anything about it. He started to wilt, not as though he'd been shot, but as though he were tired and wanted to go to sleep. Then his body lost its balance and pitched forward. It hit hard and lay motionless.

I OPENED the front door and jumped into the living room. Ackerman was lying where he had fallen. His gun was on the rug. He was still-dead. Arnold had his arms around Jean. She was crying.

I moved toward Ackerman. Travis said crisply, "Don't touch him, Bruce. Don't touch anything. I want to leave things just as they are. For the cops." He flashed me a wry grin. "Maybe they'll appreciate the novelty."

I took Jean out of Arnold's arms.

I said, "Nice going, Arnold. But you took a hell of a chance."

He shrugged. "I figured he wouldn't be expecting anything like that, and—"

"Go ahead. Say it. The U. S. Cavalry didn't arrive in the nick of time. I was the very innocent bystander. I never felt so superfluous in my life. I had found a nice rock. If Ackerman had backed through the front door, I was going to slug him with it." I took another quick look at the body on the floor. I was getting all fed up with dead bodies. I said, "What do we do now?"

Arnold spoke to Jean. "You all right?" he asked gently. "Can you think clearly?"

She nodded.

"We're calling the cops. Instantly. People in the neighborhood may have heard the shots. The police will find out about that. They've got to know that we didn't waste any time notifying them. I'll see whether I can get Marty Walsh."

I said, "That guy makes me nervous. His hunches are too good."

"It'll be Walsh's case, anyway. We may as well invite him in."

"What do we tell him?"

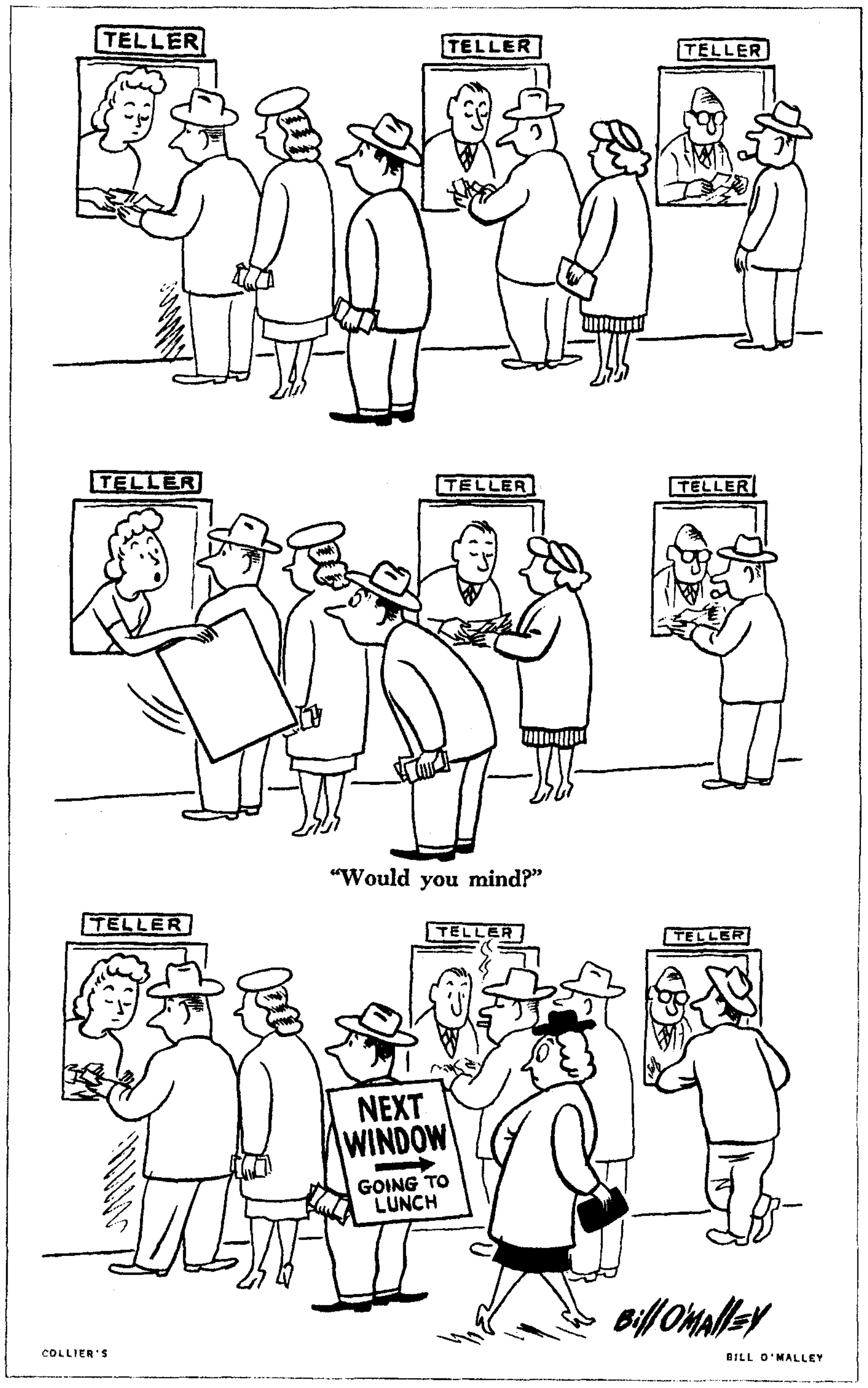
"Part of the truth. Only part. Walsh knows I know Ackerman. We say that the three of us were here when a man called and threatened Jean. Told her he wanted money and was willing to talk things over with her. His idea was to convince her that what he knew was worth ten thousand dollars. He asked her whether she was alone, and she said yes."

He was splicing things neatly. There was enough truth in it, so that it was easy to follow. You're not so likely to trip over simple things.

"Anyway, Jean told him to come over. The rest is approximately as it was."

"How about you having a gun?"

"I had brought it over to lend to Jean. I'm in the clear on that. It's registered



"Would you mind?"

Over the River and through the Wood

Over the river and through the wood
To Grandfather's house we go;
We spin like a breeze
With the greatest of ease
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
A green-and-white sign, you say?
Let's turn and head straight
For some fresh Quaker State
And *play safe* this Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
With never a care we ride;
The motor, it sings—
It seems to have wings—
For that's real *Quaker State* inside!

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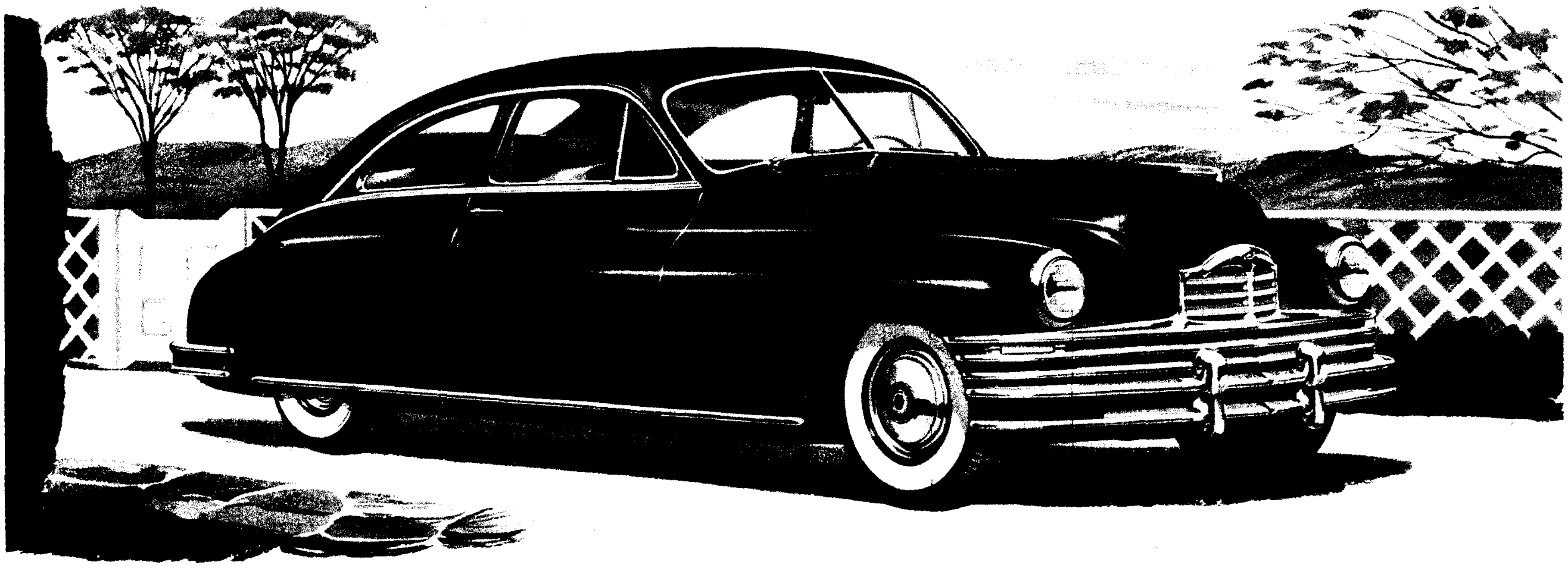
These stunning new '48 cars couldn't be anything but Packards . . . the very finest cars ever to bear the Packard name!

Everything about them is *new*—from their advanced Free-flow styling to their newly-engineered, high-performance, straight-eight power plants!

Don't let anything keep you from going to see these exciting



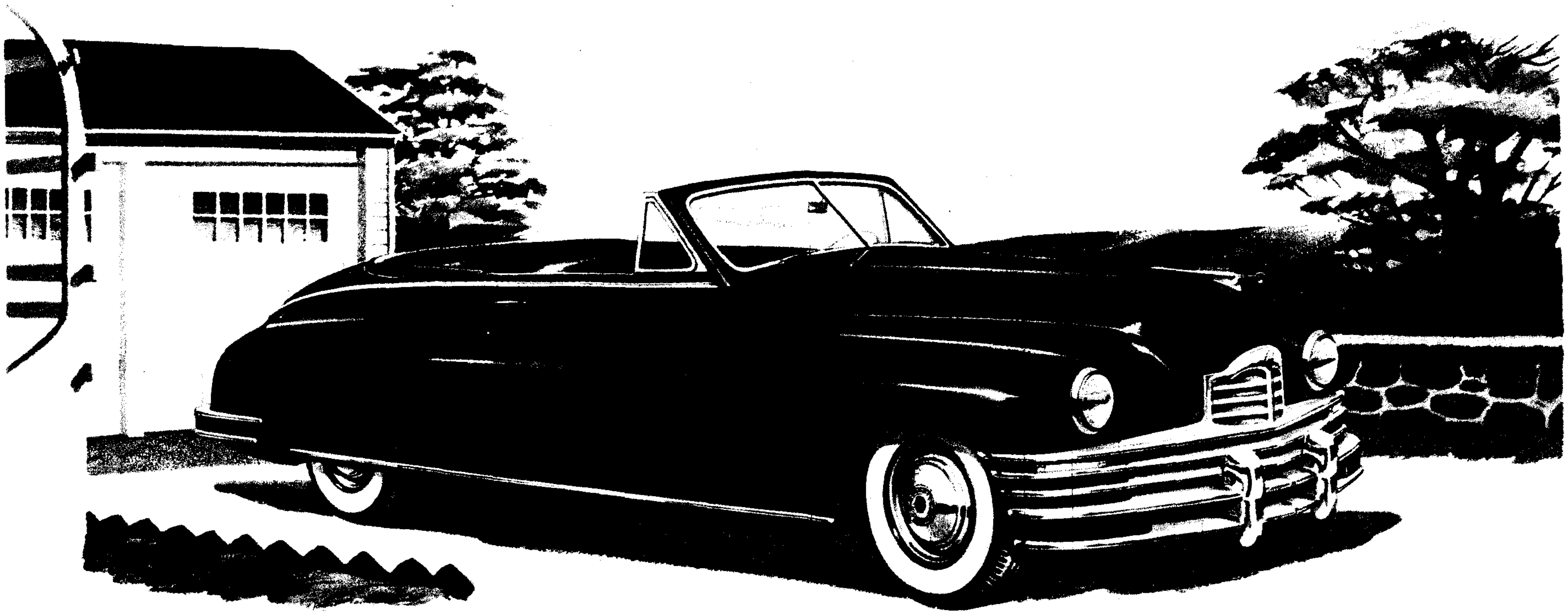
NEW PACKARD EIGHT

Illustrated: The DeLuxe Club Sedan

Here's beauty that makes your heart skip a beat! It's Packard Free-flow styling—newer than tomorrow!

Inside, you'll discover rich and roomy interiors—with new Comfort-aire ventilation . . . and the new Console-Key instrument panel with push-button switches and "black-lighted" Flite-Glo dials.

The smart-about-town Packard DeLuxe Club Sedan, shown here, is one of five body types in the new Packard Eight and DeLuxe Eight series, all powered by the new 130-horsepower Packard Eight engine.



NEW PACKARD SUPER EIGHT

Illustrated: The Convertible

Meet America's most thrilling performance cars!

Beneath their proud bonnets is power that makes distance disappear—the sensational new 145-horsepower Packard Super Eight engine.

In this sleek Convertible—one of seven new Super Eight body styles—new conveniences include push-button control of the front-seat adjustment, the sleek new RoboTop, and of *all four* windows.

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new cars—the Packard Eight, *Super* Eight, *Custom* Eight—at your Packard dealer's.

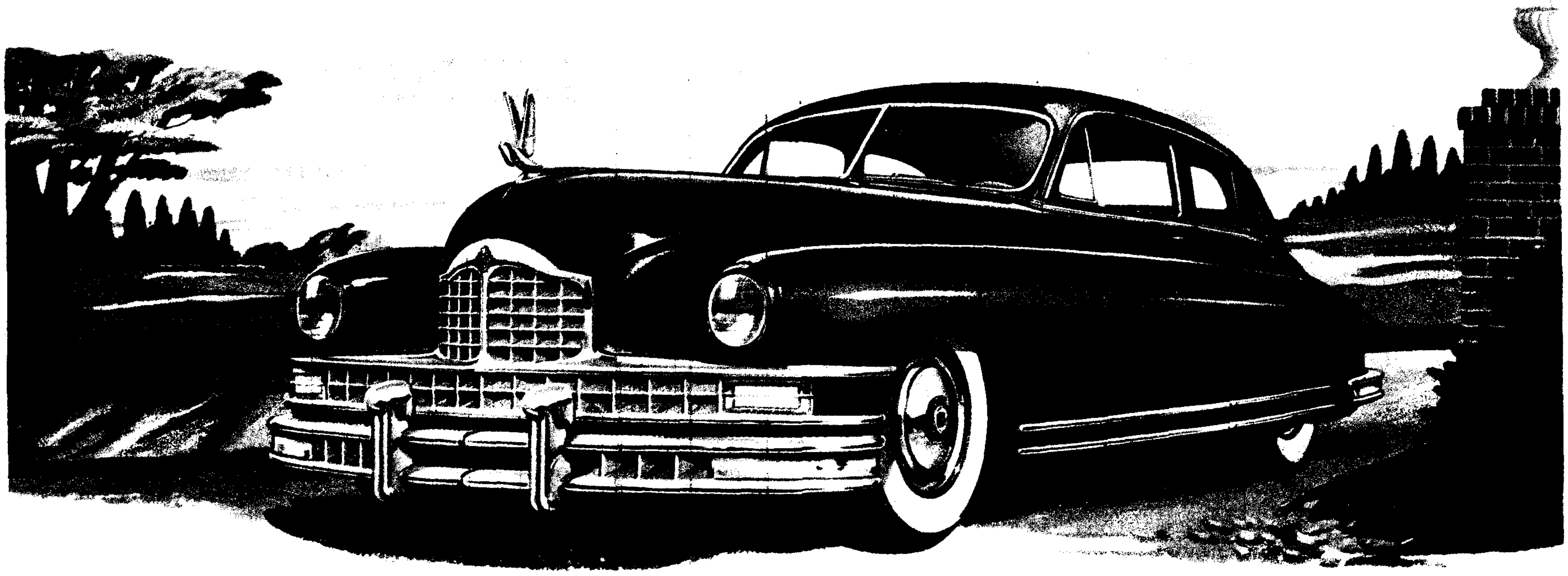
You'll find yourself saying they're "out of this world" . . . with beauty that steals right into your heart!

And don't be surprised when you find yourself placing your order and saying: "I'm going to *be* the man who owns one!"

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

New "Free-flow" styling!

New straight-8 engines!



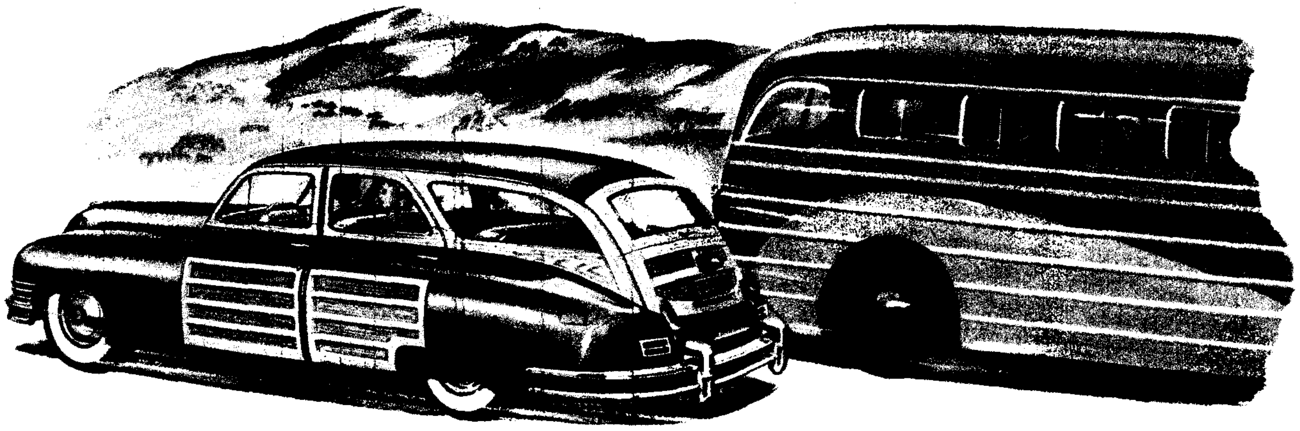
NEW PACKARD CUSTOM EIGHT

Illustrated: The Touring Sedan

This magnificent new Packard enjoys an identity all its own . . . an identity so distinctive that no name or series insignia has been affixed to its proud exterior.

To the fine car field, it brings a brilliance of styling and luxurious comfort that proclaim it as the finest expression of Packard custom coachwork. And the new 160-horsepower Packard Custom Eight engine is postwar power at its precision-built best!

The Packard Custom Eight series includes five distinguished new body creations.



Extra Power for "Safety-sprint" acceleration

You'll rarely call upon the full reserve of these new power-packed straight-eight engines . . . but when you do—*something happens!*

A nudge on the throttle and you feel the pull of Packard "Safety-sprint" acceleration—that breezes you around other cars, and fast trucks and busses, with a more-than-ample safety margin!

You'll revel, too, in the *smoothness* of these new Packard eights!

The new Packard Eight Station Sedan, above, is a new kind of car . . . combining sedan comfort with station wagon utility. Roomy accommodations for six passengers.

Here's the enduring safety and quietness of steel—handsomely finished in fine-grained hardwoods. Rear seat folds forward, tail-gate lowers, to provide a level loading platform nearly eight feet long.

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and sleep like THIS!

Sanka Coffee **is superb coffee.**

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in my name. I put it in my pocket when we got Ackerman's call. We decided to see whether we could find out what he had in mind."

"What did he say on the phone—in this imaginary conversation?"

"Double-talk, but enough to get us interested. We'll say that he claimed to know who killed Bert Ellison and Vera Bradley, and that he knew where Fred Wilson is. We decided to nab him—for the police. He got mad at finding me here, pulled a gun, threatened to kill Jean and me both. I took a chance, and let him have it. You got that clear?"

We said we had it. Arnold went to the phone and called Homicide. Marty Walsh was in. We heard Travis giving him a brief story. Then we heard him say, "Sure, Marty. Right here. Make it snappy."

He rejoined us. We sat in the dining room where we didn't have to look at Gus Ackerman's body if we didn't want to. But we were close enough so nobody could sneak it away like they had done with Fred Wilson.

Arnold rehearsed us. We got the story down pat. We almost believed it.

The rehearsals took time. From San Vicente came the wail of a police car siren. A car whirled off the boulevard into our street. It swung into the driveway. Two cops got out. Arnold opened the door.

Marty Walsh, of course. Pete Bowman was with him. Monterey Canyon all over again.

Walsh's keen brown eyes took in everything. The body, the gun, Jean, me. He looked straight at me.

"Old Home Week," he remarked acidly. "It's getting to be a habit."

Arnold didn't give him time to press it. He handed his gun to Walsh. He said, "You can check Ingram out of this one, Marty. I shot Ackerman. That's the gun I used."

MARTY WALSH jerked his head toward me, but spoke to Arnold. He said, "Why are you trying to cover for this monkey, Travis?"

Arnold's face flushed. He said, "You know better than that, Marty. I'm not covering for anybody. I killed Ackerman. Ingram wasn't even inside the house."

Walsh's voice was caustic. He threw it at me: "Why not inside, Ingram? Running away?"

I felt myself getting mad. Travis stepped into the breach. He said, "Keep your shirt on, Bruce. You're up against smart detective methods. Marty is needling you. It'd be easier for him if you got sore."

Walsh didn't seem to mind. He said, "You know so much, Travis—maybe you'll share it. Let's have the whole story."

"In here?" Arnold looked first at what had been Gus Ackerman and then at Jean. "How about the den?"

"Okay by me." Marty snapped directions at Pete Bowman. "You stay right here. When the boys show up, let me know."

The den was nice. Smartly decorated. Not even a dead body on the floor.

We didn't get started right away. Cars drove up to the house and Bowman let the technical boys in. Right behind them came a deputy coroner.

Arnold told our simplified version of the story, simply and convincingly. It sounded swell. I almost believed it myself. He didn't spread it out, didn't add any fancy flourishes. There it was. Marty could take it or leave it.

He didn't do either very fast. He sat in a straight chair next to the fireplace and looked us over. He drummed on the arm of the chair, and nodded. "Could be," he said. Then he spoke to Jean: "About Ackerman phoning you—was it exactly like Travis told it?"

"Yes."

"Ackerman just said he knew things about the deaths of Bert Ellison and Vera Bradley?"

"Yes. And also that he knew where my husband was."

"He didn't carry it any further?"

"No."

"And now he never will. That's what I'd call too bad."

I was thinking the same thing. Whatever Ackerman had known, he still knew. At least he'd never tell it.

Walsh directed another question at Jean. "I want your opinion on something, Miss Rutledge. Why did Ackerman come here tonight?"

"To talk to me."

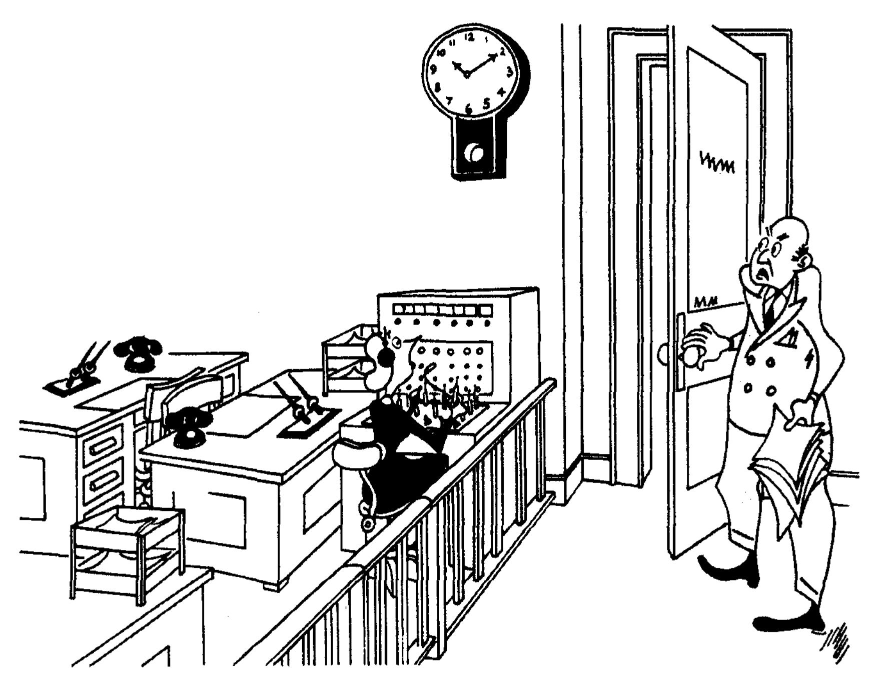
"To talk about what? He wanted money. Ten thousand dollars. Did he think you had it in your handbag?"

"I don't know—" Jean looked worried. That's how I felt.

The story we had cooked up was beginning to look as though it could go sour.

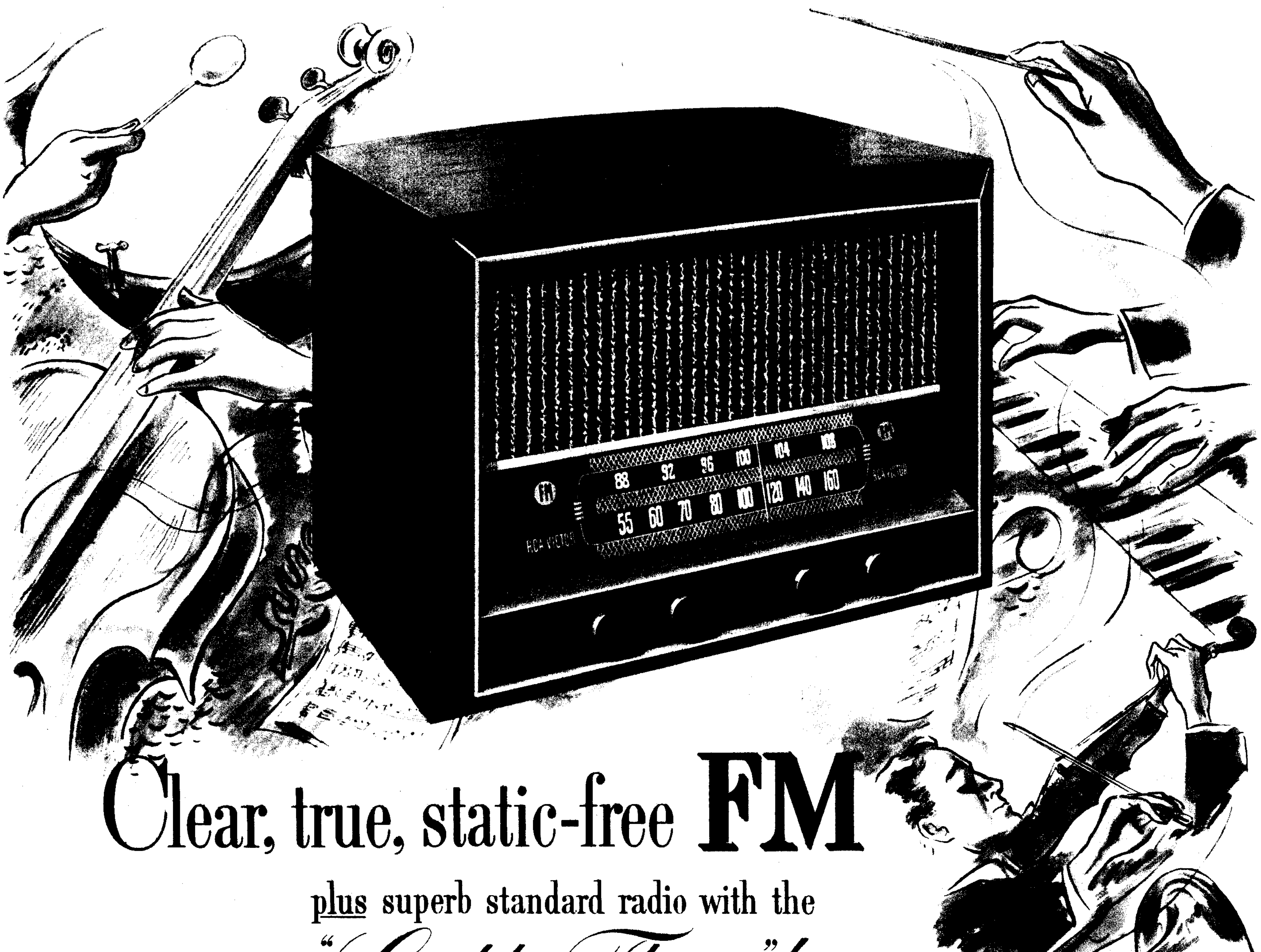
Flash bulbs started popping in the living room. They made me nervous. Marty was waiting patiently for Jean's answer. He had lots of time. She said, "He said he wanted to talk."

"But when he got here, he didn't talk, did he?"



"I'm going down to the coffee shop and hold an employees' meeting!"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS



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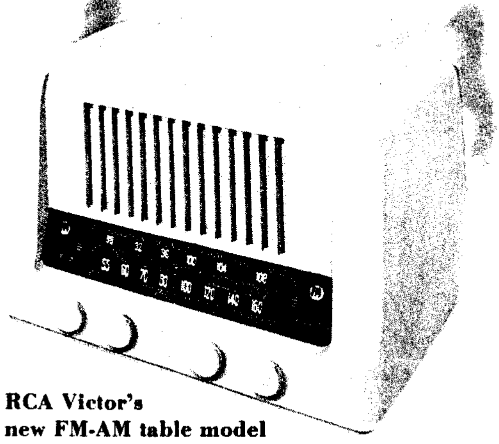

RCA Victor's new FM-AM table model comes in fine walnut veneers (the 68R3, shown at top of page, and 68R4), smooth antique ivory-finish plastic (the 68R2, above) or in walnut-plastic (the 68R1, not shown). Hear FM *and* AM radio at their best through the "Golden Throat."

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"He told me I'd better get the money for him."

"Did it occur to you that he might have said that over the phone? He'd have saved himself a trip out here."

She said, "I don't know what he thought, Lieutenant. I only know what happened."

"Ackerman wasn't dumb," commented Walsh. "He'd been around. He'd served a term in San Quentin for felonious assault. That was the only rap he ever took. There should have been more, but we never could pin 'em on him. That would indicate that maybe he was just a teeny bit smart. Too smart to come visiting just for the purpose of announcing that he was starting to put the screws on."

JEAN was being pushed around. I horned in. I said, "She's told you what she knows, Walsh. Why try to force her to make up things? She knows what Ackerman did. She can't possibly know what he was thinking."

"Well, whaddaya know?" If I had wanted Walsh's attention, I got it. His eyes were glacial. "Stepping in at the crucial moment, eh?"

I said, "Miss Rutledge is under a strain. We're not as accustomed to homicide as you are."

"Why not? It's been happening enough. First, at a house belonging to Miss Rutledge. Second, in her dressing room. Third, in her present home. Maybe I shouldn't mention those things. Maybe I should just say, 'Nice to have met you,' and tell the chief she was upset and didn't feel like talking."

"I didn't mean anything like that, and you know it. You put a twist on everything."

"That's because there *is* a twist on it. You're trying to make me think it's simple. Well, it ain't simple. It's my job to find out what keeps it from being that way. It's a long jump from Bert Ellison to Vera Bradley. So far I ain't got but one idea. That's Fred Wilson. Suppose Wilson killed Ellison because he was sore on account of Bert tipped off Madigan he was in town? Then he knocked off Vera Bradley because she knew too much. By that time he's afraid to make a direct pitch. He maybe knows Ackerman from the old days. He uses Gus to pull a few fancy chestnuts out of the fire. By me, it's a neat idea."

He had me. I couldn't say anything.

He went on quietly, as though he liked the way his thoughts were lining up. "About you, Ingram. You found Ellison's body. Yet when you showed it to us, you acted funny. That's not evidence, neither you nor Travis needs to tell me that. It just started giving me ideas. Ideas I've still got. Then when Vera Bradley got her throat cut, you were there or thereabouts."

"I was with Miss Rutledge."

"That's what she says. Tonight you're right on deck for the festivities. A hell of a lot of coincidence, wouldn't you say?"

Jean said, "He's usually around where I am, Lieutenant."

"Check. On two of the counts. But how about the Ellison thing? You weren't there."

"Of course she wasn't." That was Arnold stepping in at the right moment.

"But you had been out for lunch with Ingram, hadn't you, Miss Rutledge?"

"Yes. At a drive-in."

"And right after that, I took her back." I was contributing a nickel's worth because I didn't like the slant he was taking.

Marty appeared to be amused. He said, "I like the way you three work together. Like a good volley-ball team. You keep me guessing. Or if you don't, it ain't because you're not trying."

Arnold got up. His voice was sharp: "You're a smart guy, Marty. You didn't get to be a lieutenant by being anything else. But there isn't any sense of going at everything the hard way."

"No? Well, tell me this, Travis. Do you like the story the way it stands?"

"No. If we'd wanted to make one up, we could have done a lot better."

"You've sold yourself on the Fred Wilson theory," I said. "How far you carry it, I don't know. But you think he's the answer. Now why aren't you giving Rick Madigan at least the same consideration?"

"It doesn't add up to Madigan, that's all." His tone was surprisingly reasonable. "Especially this little party tonight. Madigan wouldn't make a play for money."

"How about Mimi Fowler?"

"How about her?"

"I give up. You get one idea, Walsh—and you chew on it until everybody gets indigestion. You won't even try a different angle."

"No? If it'll make you happier, I'll try one now. Where's your friend Danny Singleton tonight?"

I blinked. "Danny? I haven't the faintest idea. Why?"

"Pretty good friend of yours, isn't he? Loyal, and all that stuff?"

"Yes." I was beginning to feel uncomfortable again.

"Singleton was at the Monterey Canyon house with you the day the body of Bert Ellison was found. He looked just as surprised as you did. He looks like a noble character. Too damned noble. He'd lead with his chin for the sake of a friend. You and Miss Rutledge are both friends of his. Maybe Singleton might be in love with Miss Rutledge."

"That's the pay-off," I snapped. "I've heard some crazy ideas, Walsh, but that one is the tops."

"So what's wrong with Miss Rutledge that a nice lad like Singleton shouldn't be in love with her?"

"Nothing. Except that he isn't."

"And you'd know it if he was, I suppose?"

My eyes met Jean's. I knew we were thinking the same thing. Maybe Danny *was* in love with her. That wouldn't add up to what Walsh was trying to make it mean, but it could indicate something else. Danny had known that Fred Wilson was in town. He himself had said that he could have gone out to the Monterey Canyon house while I was waiting for Jean the day Fred Wilson was killed.

I tried to shove the thought out of my head. It was one I didn't like. But Marty Walsh had a way of throwing things at you so they stuck.

Arnold said, "No matter where Singleton was tonight, Marty—he wasn't here. You forget I killed Ackerman."

"Yeah. But who sent Ackerman here?"

"Ackerman played it as though he were on his own."

"That's your idea. It isn't the way Ingram thinks. You folks should get together."

WE DIDN'T say anything. It was safer not to. Walsh had a way of hearing everything, and giving it his own interpretation.

He was talking again. Half to himself: "Might as well confide in you, Ingram. There's one other thing always struck me as funny. You handle Miss Rutledge's house—for years. All of a sudden Miss Rutledge tells you to get busy. So both you and Singleton drop everything and rush out there to take inventory. And the first thing on the inventory is the dead body of the man who had tipped Rick Madigan off about Wilson being in town. It's too neat, see what I mean? It's so right, I don't believe it."

Somebody rapped on the door of the den. The lads in the front room were on their way out. A wagon had come and carted Gus Ackerman away. Marty told us good night. He was too pleasant about it. He was genial about telling Arnold Travis to drop in downtown the next morning for routine questioning in connection with Ackerman's death. He made it sound simple and casual. And then he was gone.

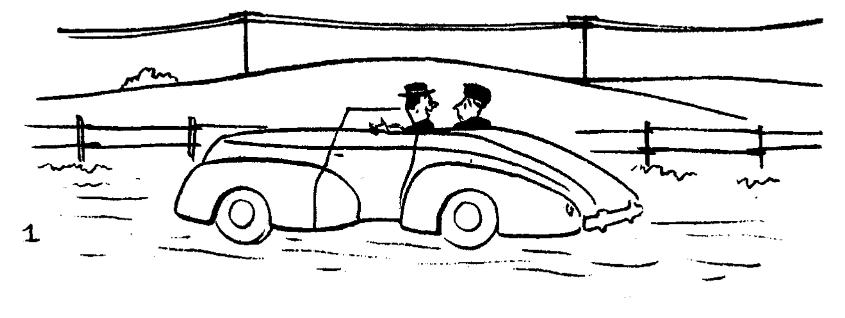
I was the one who broke the silence. I had something on my mind, and I didn't see why I shouldn't spill it. I said, "I hope I'm wrong, but there's something I particularly don't like."

Jean asked what I meant.

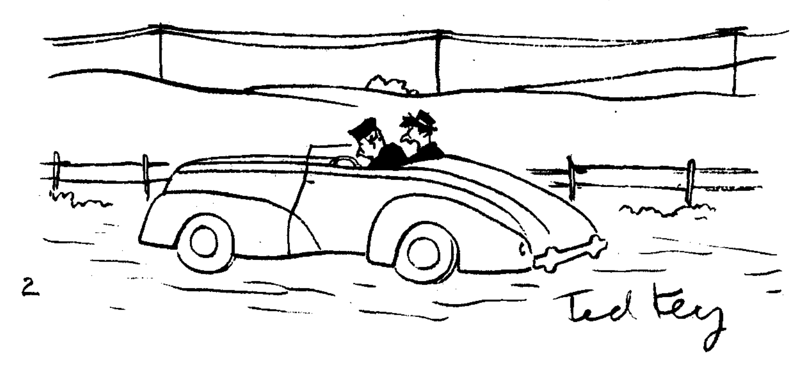
"It's Marty Walsh," I said. "Not simply that he's shrewd. Not that we know he's wrong about Fred. But this: I'm convinced that Walsh knows a lot of things he's not telling."

Arnold nodded soberly. "I think the same way," he said. "And I don't like it, either. Because almost anything Marty knows or finds out is going to make things worse for all of us."

(To be concluded next week)



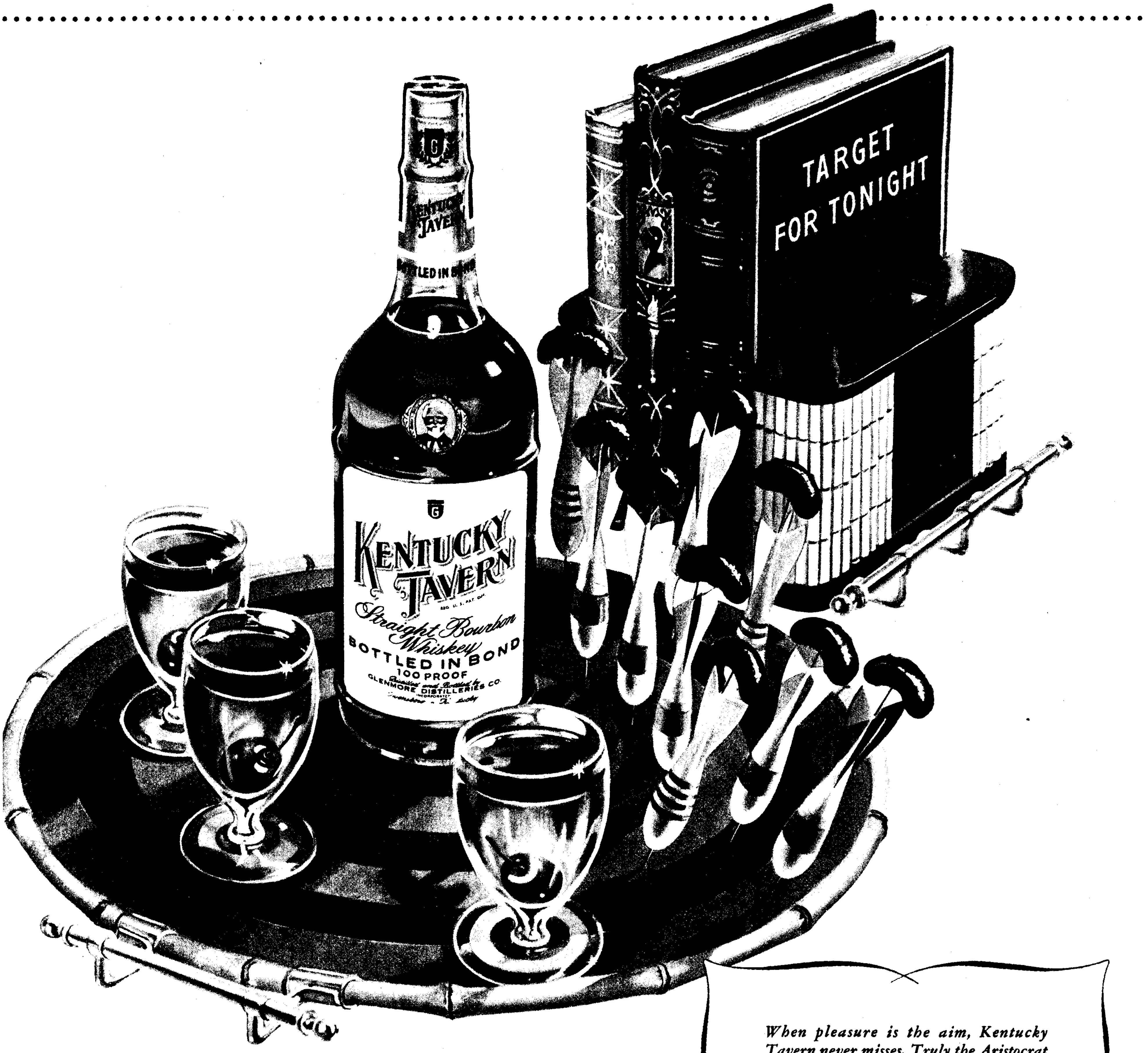
"Remember, darling, nothing to be afraid of, just be calm, steady. I'll be here. Now anytime you're ready we'll change places and I'll give you the first lesson"



"Hold onto the steering wheel, you're wrestling it! Don't look at me, look at the road! Step on the gas—gas—that's the starter—GAS—that's reverse—you idiot, you're stripping the gears! CLUTCH! BRAKE!"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

When pleasure is your aim



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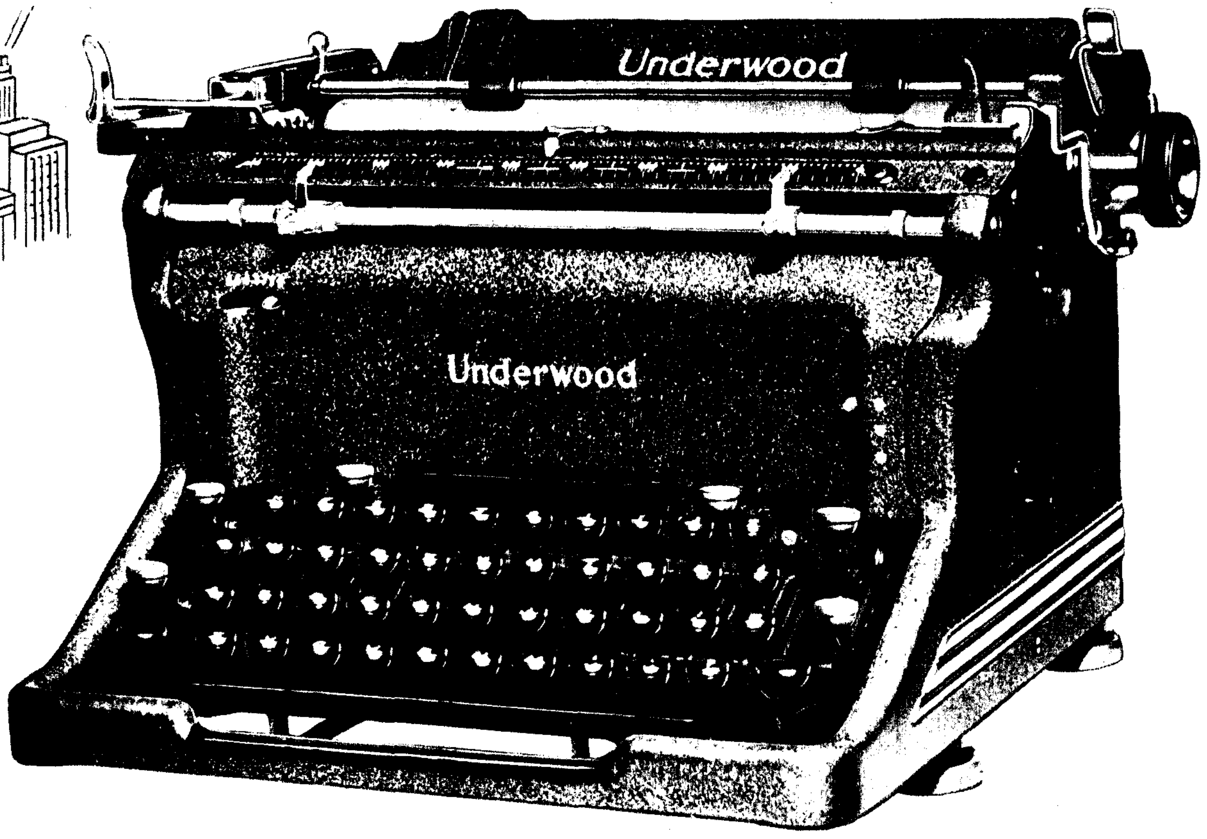

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THE INSPECTOR PICKS THE WINNER

Continued from page 23

and made a vicious lunge. "It is regrettable," the little man remarked sadly, "that beauty in women and mares often cloaks a devil."

The old groom put his arms around the graceful neck, and the mare sniffed him suspiciously and then whinnied softly. As she began to nuzzle him, Talah said indignantly to Chafik, "By God, there is no devil in her. The maidens of Paradise are less gentle." And he kissed the mare and began to croon, "Thou fountain in the desert! Thou daughter of the sun and the moon! Zoraya—" He was a fervent lover with his mistress as he said the name over and over again, "Star of the morning! . . ."

As they turned away, Yusif Biedawi said, "There is nothing wrong here. The chokidar is a drunken fool."

Chafik said, "He is certainly a drunkard, but something happened. Zoraya has sweated and been rubbed down within the hour. She will carry a great deal of money tomorrow?"

"Considerable."

"Is there any serious rival?"

"I only fear the entry of the English owner, Major Munro."

Chafik blew at the smoldering end of his cigarette to make it burn evenly. His eyes, which were drab olive, were as old as the land of his birth. "Major Munro would not have bribed Hamud," he said. "But somebody did, and until I know who it was there can be no progress in this case. The thread is broken."

"But you have a theory, Inspector?"

"Mr. Biedawi, in theory you could have overheard Hamud agree to prevent the mare winning the race. In theory you could have lost your temper and beaten him to death—"

"Ridiculous!"

"A fact makes it so. There is no blood on you, and the killer was splattered with the blood of his victim. So theories, you see, are dangerous." Inspector Chafik shrugged. "You will oblige me by keeping silent about what has happened tonight," he went on. "And I need your help. Who will now ride Zoraya?"

"I retained a second jockey as a precaution. His name is Fadil."

"Do not tell him he is to ride until shortly before the race. I will detail one of my men to make sure he doesn't talk. And inform the stewards at the last possible moment."

Biedawi said, "I will do as you ask, Inspector, although it seems to be without purpose."

Chafik replied, "I shall watch with interest the effect on the betting when the substitution of jockeys is made known." He looked at the sky and the fading stars. A rosy glow, like dimmed footlights reflected on a stage curtain, was spreading upward from the horizon of the desert. "When the name of Fadil goes up on the stewards' telegraph, the man who bribed Hamud will try to cover his bets," said Inspector Chafik. "And when I know him I can join the broken thread and complete the pattern," he added in a hard voice.

SHORTLY before three o'clock the following afternoon, Inspector Chafik and Sergeant Abdullah arrived at the race course. As they walked up the path from the turnstiles between tall hedges of oleander the sound of the crowd was the roar of an artillery salvo. A race was in progress and the pair reached the main enclosure in time to see the silks of the jockeys, vivid colors flying over the desert, emerge from a cloud of dust.

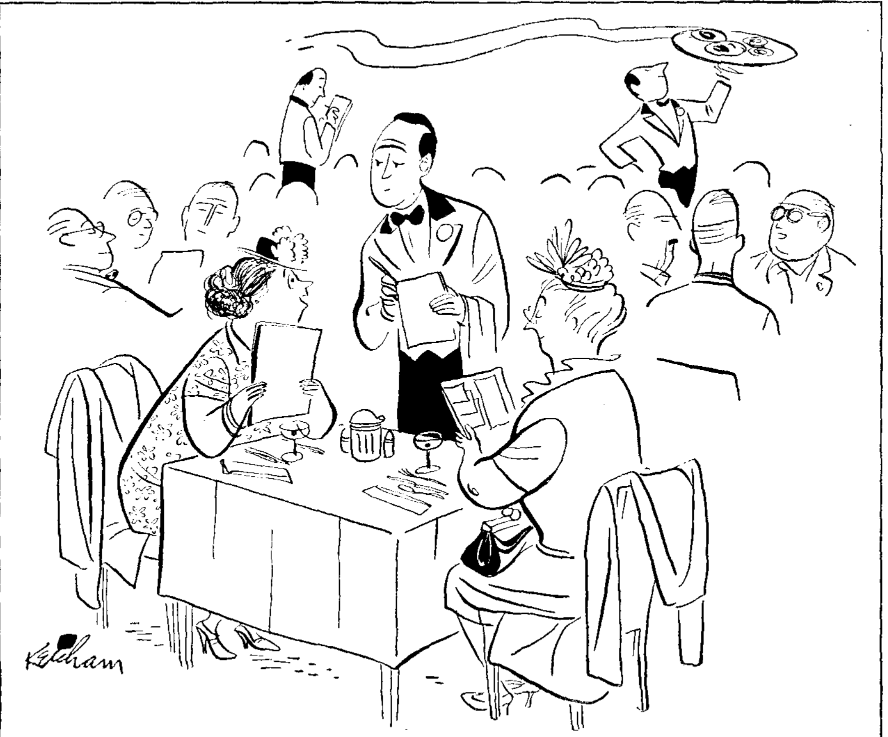
The far end of the oval course touched the railroad embankment; beyond, the tall stacks of brick kilns belched smoke into a steel-blue sky. On the right a dark belt of green marked the wandering Tigris. It was extremely hot, but the air was dry and Chafik said, "Providing one could resist the impulse to bet, this would be a pleasant place to spend the day."

Sergeant Abdullah hastily put away the racing program he had been studying. He said, "All Baghdad is here," and gave the crowd his professional attention.

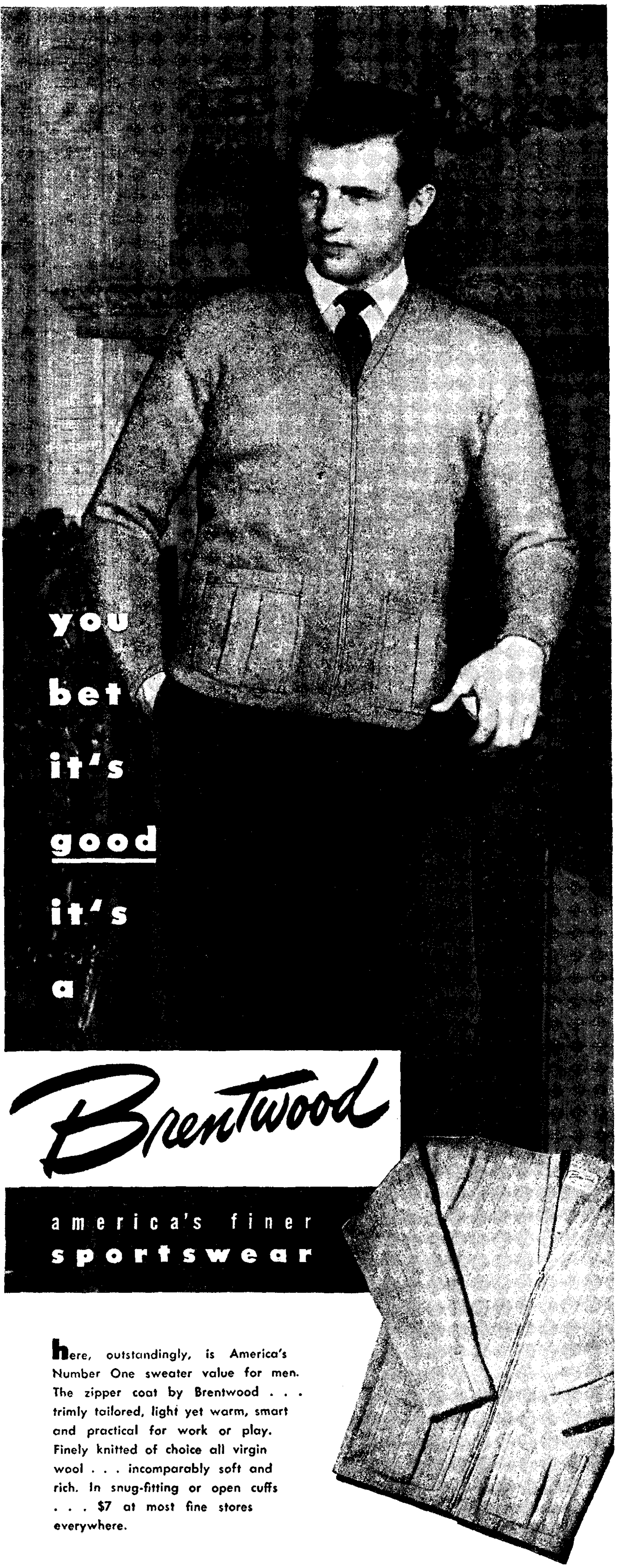
There were tribal sheiks in flowing robes and sleek effendis in well-cut Western clothes. Swarthy Bedouins and pallid people from the city's slums eyed one another suspiciously. Smooth touts talked confidentially to unwary strangers, and vendors of overripe melons called their wares in singing voices.

Inspector Chafik stood in the shade of the grandstand. Occasionally one of his men reported, but he was preoccupied and nodded curtly. In the voice of a sleepwalker he said, "If it does not work I must report failure. Only the man who bribed Hamud can guide me—"

When Abdullah said, "Sir, you never fail!" Chafik was startled and replied,



COLLIER'S "Are we allowed to have the businessmen's lunch?" HANK KETCHAM



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"Only God can make that claim. Let us look at the horses."

As they started for the paddock the band struck up the national anthem. A slender boy of twelve had appeared in the royal box above the grandstand. Chafik smiled as he watched young King Faisal dancing with excitement, enjoying the outing like one of his subjects.

The entries for the Abbasid Cup were now coming into the paddock led by their grooms, and a few jockeys were already occupying the riders' bench. Zoraya had not yet arrived.

Sergeant Abdullah, fingering his program, said, "Sir, may I put some money on the entry of Major Munro? On form—"

Chafik answered, "I know nothing about form. For myself put one dinar to win on the mount of the jockey with the pink-spotted silks."

"Sir, according to the program the name of his horse is Ameer. She is owned by Sheik Sayed of Kifri, and is without class. Furthermore, the jockey is an apprentice from Syria, and without experience. Sheik Sayed—"

"The horse and the jockey and the owner," said Inspector Chafik, "do not interest me, but the pink spots do. It is perhaps my liver that causes spots to float before my eyes, but they encourage me to put my dinar on this animal."

CHAFIK looked up at the rack on the stewards' tower where an attendant was sliding the names of horses and jockeys into the slots. Against "Zoraya" appeared "Hamud," and Chafik nodded approval and gave his attention to the totalizer, which had just opened for business.

Although the race was not due to start for half an hour, punters were already crowding the windows to place their bets. The blackboard above the tote, on which was chalked the number of half-dinar tickets sold on each horse, gave the first tally. The figure "600" made Zoraya an unchallenged favorite. There was a "2" against Ameer.

Inspector Chafik said, "Apparently I alone see spots," and turned back to the paddock. He saw that Zoraya had been led in by Talah, but Mr. Biedawi's colors were still absent from the riders' bench. Chafik was satisfied his instructions were being carried out and walked across to the totalizer.

He met Abdullah returning from placing their bets. The tall, gaunt man said, "Sir, you are a good judge of a horse. Ameer now carries three hundred tickets, and our men report the money was placed by Mohammed Abid—"

"I am not in good company," the Inspector said. He repeated from his records, "Mohammed Abid. Age, fifty. Born, Baghdad. Imprisoned in 1942 for fraud. Since release from jail has formed a racing syndicate. Believed to be responsible for the bribing of the jockey, Daud, in 1946, but evidence insufficient—" And with unusual eagerness the Inspector asked, "Where is this man?"

The sergeant indicated Abid by a jerk of his chin. The man, who occupied a box near the rail in the private enclosure, was powerfully built and looked like a prosperous tradesman. He was studying the tally board of the totalizer through binoculars and presently beckoned to one of his runners and gave him a thick wad of money. The runner went to the window marked with the number of Sheik Sayed's horse.

Chafik said, "He feeds the bet slowly. It is an old trick. If he put the money on all at once it would show on the tally, and others would then back the horse and spoil the odds."

An attendant reversed the board and the new figures showed 3,700 tickets on Zoraya and 810 on Ameer, which was now seventh on the betting list. At that moment the mounting bell clanged from the paddock and a man dodged through the crowd and entered Abid's box. He began to whisper a message.

Moving carefully within earshot Chafik heard the gambler say, "*What?*" as he jumped to his feet and stared at the indicator above the stewards' tower. The name of Hamud had just been removed by an official and a board marked "Fadil" was slipped into the slot.

Mohammed Abid dropped into his chair, his face pale and his hands shaking. He cursed Biedawi and the runner who had brought the news. Then he made a rapid calculation on a pad and gave his man more money. "On Zoraya to win," he said, and swore again.

Inspector Chafik opened the gate and entered the box, politely touched his *sidarah,* and sat down. Sergeant Abdullah and two uniformed officers lounged casually near by. Chafik carefully selected a cigarette and said conversationally, "You will hardly cover your bet on Ameer by what you win on the favorite."

Abid stared, then said furiously, "I do not understand you. This is a private box. By what right—"

"I apologize, Mr. Abid! I forgot to introduce myself. Chafik J. Chafik of the C.I.D. We did not meet on the occasion when certain investigations I directed sent you to jail— And now will you tell me why, because Hamud is not riding Zoraya, you think she will win?"

"Is it a crime to change one's mind?"

Inspector Chafik admired the signet ring he wore on the little finger of his left hand. Then he said sharply, "That is not a crime. But last night when you met Hamud at the Tomb of the Mongul and gave him one hundred dinars to slow the favorite, that was a crime. Do not deny you met him."

"By God the loving—"

"Mr. Abid, God may love you but I do not." And in a voice that lashed, the little Inspector asked, "At what time did you meet Hamud?"

The gambler answered, "At midnight—" When he realized what he had said he raised his hands with the palm outward and then let them fall submissively to his lap.

Chafik said, "Now you have admitted before witnesses that you met him, I will tell you why he is not riding. He was beaten to death at the Tomb of the Mongul between midnight and one o'clock last night."

THE horses were coming out on the course for the parade, but Mohammed Abid was blind to the pageantry. He whispered, "Hamud? Dead? I swear by my father's head that I left him sitting in the car counting the money—"

"So we found him—but dead." Inspector Chafik watched the parade for a moment and then went on in a casual voice, "I trust there is nothing crooked about this horse on which you first bet, Ameer, and the Syrian who rides it?"

The man with an effort replied, "There is nothing crooked. Sheik Sayed has merely done what many owners do, kept his horse secret for a particular race. The jockey will ride to win."

"I am very glad. I have money on Ameer, or rather the colors he carries. And I know the sheik as an honest but stupid man. You, as an excellent judge of racing form, feared Zoraya. Hence the reason for the bribe."

"It is so. But I did not kill him."

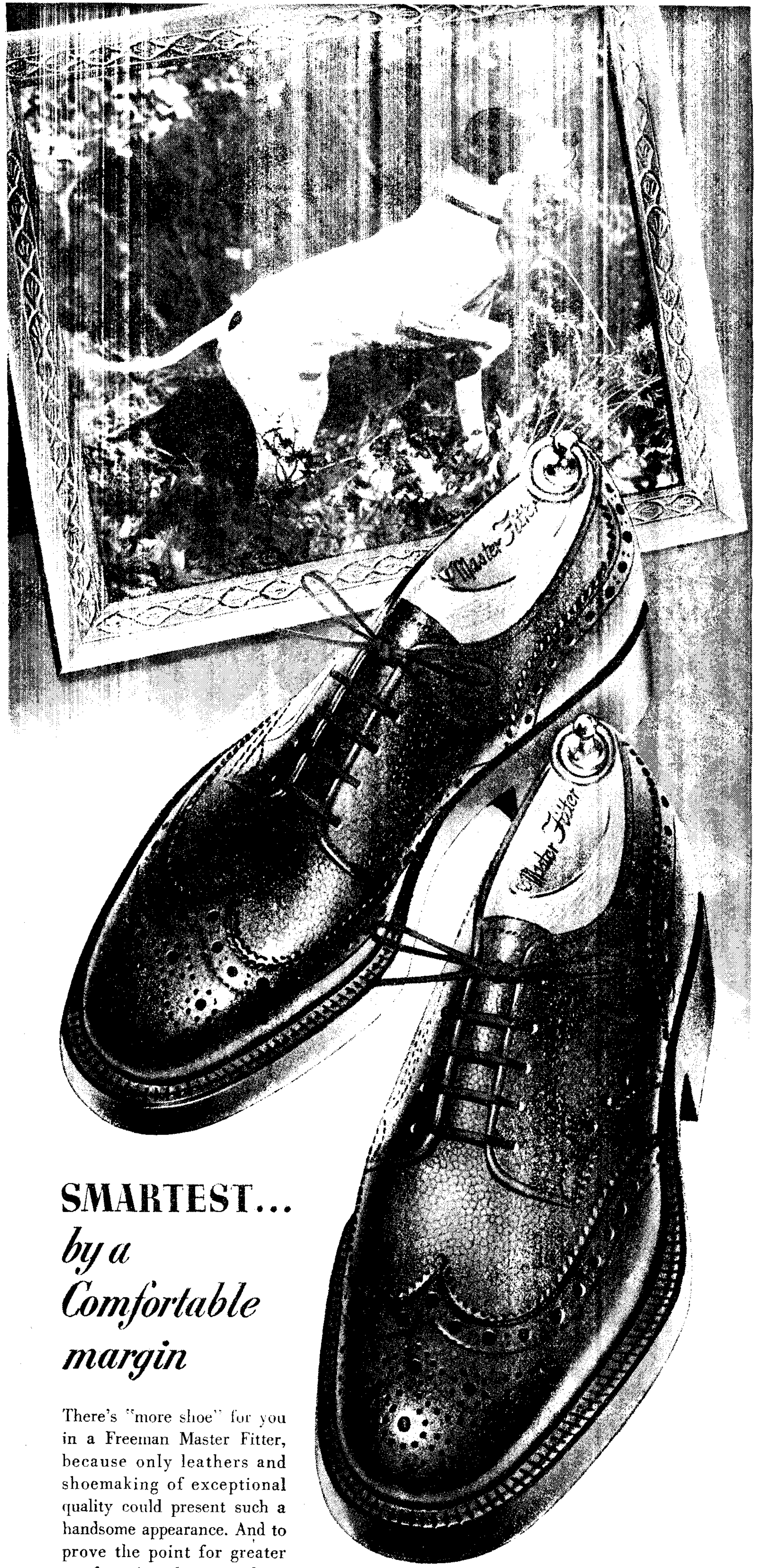
"It would be unreasonable to bribe a man and then kill him. But I am weaving a pattern and you can give me the thread I need. When did you arrange to meet Hamud?"

"Yesterday, during the early morning gallops here on the course—"

"Where did you speak to him?"

"Behind the paddock as he dismounted. I knew he was in need of money and suggested if he was interested in a little business he could meet me at the Tomb."

Inspector Chafik's strange eyes, drab



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as the desert, became suddenly brilliant. He said, "The jockey had dismounted. Who held the mare while you talked?"

"An old man. A groom with white mustaches—"

The light faded from Chafik's eyes. They were sad and filled with pity. He rose to his feet and left the box without another glance at the gambler, and said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Bring me Talah, the syce."

They brought Talah into the police office under the grandstand. He protested as he was propelled into the room by the powerful arm of Abdullah, "Is there no God that I should be taken from my darling when she needs me? Am I to be blackened before her eyes?"

Inspector Chafik, who was uncomfortable on a broken chair behind an ink-stained table, said, "Your face is not blackened. Sit, old man, and may you have good hearing."

Talah answered, "The ears of Zoraya are sharp, and my ears are sharp. You talk softly, but your voice is the sound of a snake sliding over small stones."

"You are not without intelligence," Chafik replied. "I will tell you the story of a weaving and if the pattern does not please you, advise me of its faults." He put his hands on the table and clasped them so tightly the knuckles whitened. Then he began in a quiet voice, "The threads I have used are these. A man who died from a savage beating, but was not robbed. A clean smell of disinfectant, of sweet dry grass and of an animal, in the place where the killer hid. A drunken guard at a stable. A man who above all things loved horses. A temperamental mare that savaged him, although also loving him. A gown fresh from the launderer, and the odor of strong yellow soap recently used."

He paused and Talah said, "These things mean nothing."

THE Inspector went on, "They meant nothing to me until I tied them together with the fact that the man who loved horses knew that evil was planned against the mare by the man who died." He unclasped his hands and chose a cigarette but did not light it. "Now let us examine the pattern of the weave," he said. "You, Talah, overheard Mohammed Abid tell the jockey, Hamud, to meet him. And out of your love for Zoraya, which is a misplaced passion, you also went to the place of the meeting. The guard at the stables was drunk and asleep when you left. You hid in the ruined shrine and brought with you the smell of the stables—"

"My head is wood!" interrupted Sergeant Abdullah, rapping his forehead with his knuckles. "Sweet dry grass, disinfectant and animals! The odor of stables clings to clothing like the perfume of a woman."

"The comparison, my dear Abdullah, will not endear you to the manufacturers of scent. But let us continue." Chafik fixed his sad eyes on the old groom. "You listened to the conversation. When Mohammed Abid had gone and Hamud sat counting the money, you rushed out and beat him with the staff you carried. And so great was your anger that you beat him. He died from that beating."

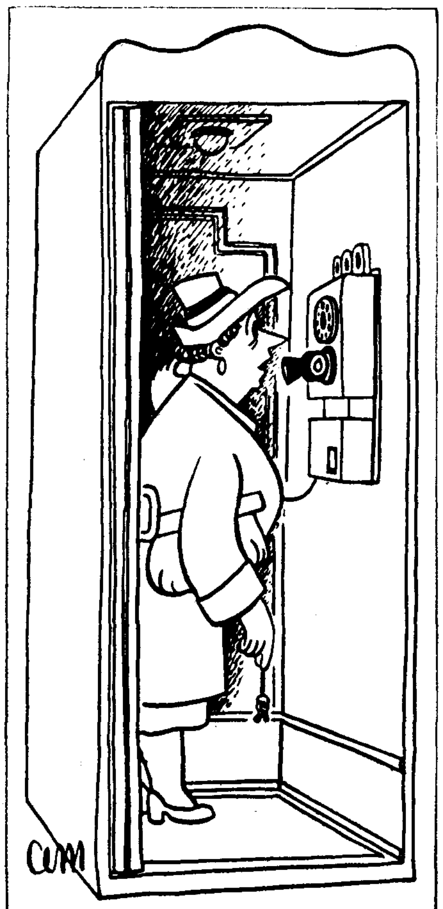
He stopped again because the sudden roar of the great crowd outside was deafening even in the police office. The race for the Abbasid Cup had begun. Inspector Chafik said, "And then you went back to the stables. The drunken guard still slept. It was natural you should go immediately to Zoraya, and possibly you did not then know your gown was bloody. To that highly strung creature it was a maddening smell, the smell of a stranger, and she attacked you as she attacked me. The marks of her teeth are on your arm, old man."

Talah pulled back his sleeve and looked at the bruises. He said, "It is so, but no blame goes with her—"

"Old man, old man! Think of yourself now, not Zoraya . . . the guard was awakened by her scream and saw you running. While he telephoned Mr. Biedawi you stripped and washed with the strong yellow soap used in stables. You changed into the clean clothes you were keeping for today. Presently we will find the gown that is stained with Hamud's blood— When you went back to the mare she knew you and was quiet." Inspector Chafik struck a match and lighted his cigarette. "Is there any imperfection in the pattern?" he asked.

Talah answered, "When I heard your voice I was warned by the hiss what you are. But I did not wish to kill him. He planned evil against Zoraya, and so I beat him. And so may God judge me."

He bowed his shoulders and folded his hands, expressing with a slight shrug the fatalistic resignation of his race. At that moment the door of the office opened and a policeman entered, shouting, "*Wellah!* The favorite was beaten by the breadth of her nostrils! The winner is almost an outsider. Ameer—" He saw Chafik and stood trembling at attention.



"John, dear! I thought you told me the car was insured against theft"

COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

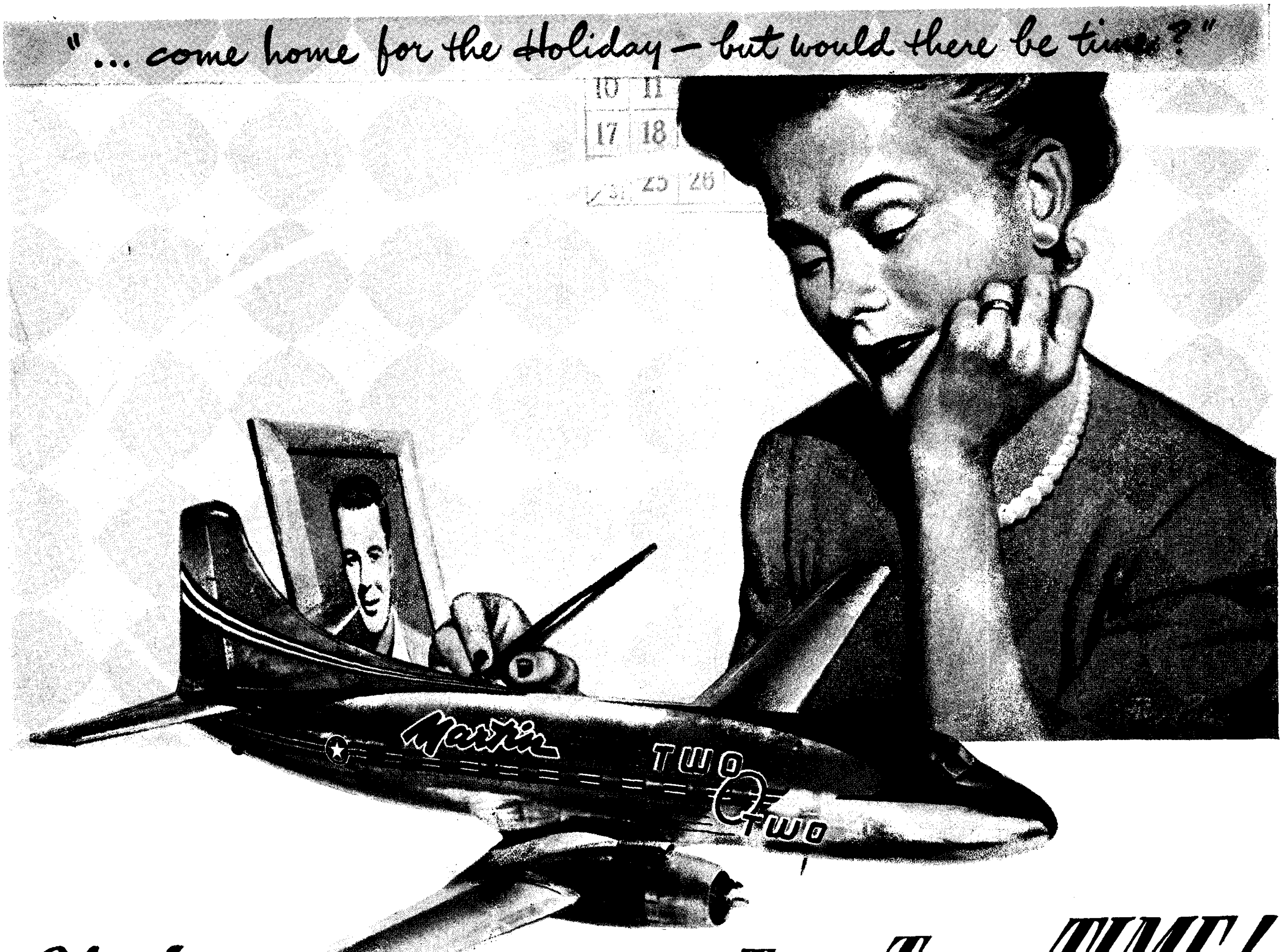
From Talah the groom came a strange cry. He was on his feet with fingers clawing and his eyes fixed on the little man behind the table. "She was beaten because of you!" he said shrilly. "If I had been there to sing to her of the desert where she was foaled—of the winds that caressed her—of the sweet spring grass—the vastness of the land where she ran with the sun from horizon to horizon—"

They took him away. Inspector Chafik walked out of the office without a word and went to the bar under the grandstand. He ordered a very stiff whisky and soda, much to the surprise of the barman who knew him as an abstemious man.

Sergeant Abdullah, joining him later, said, "Sir, the two tickets you had on the pink spots of Ameer's jockey paid well. Here are the eighteen dinars you won."

Chafik put the glass down on the bar. He said bitterly, "There is no joy in this money. *In the name of God the compassionate, the merciful,* take it and give it to the lawyer who will defend Talah!"

THE END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10 11
17 18
25 26
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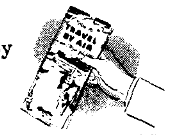

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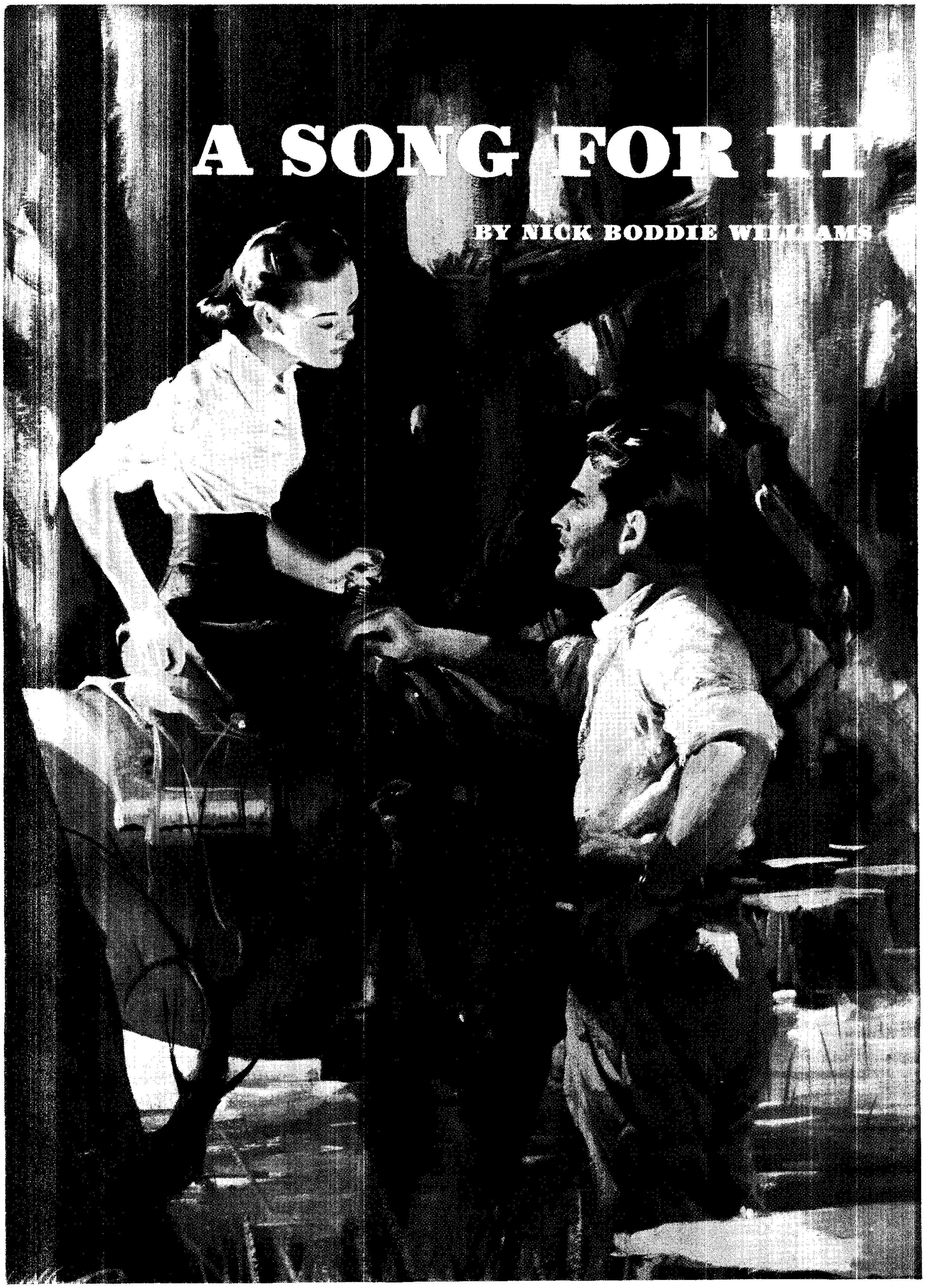
A SONG FOR IT

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

There is a sort of melody to living—a melody so simple that some men, to their everlasting loss, never listen to it



"It'll be quicker if you ride behind me," Kitty said. "There's mud on me," Tom snapped, "and you don't like mud"

"IS THAT you, Ryan-darling?" Kitty Layne called, saying it that way, as if "Ryan-darling" were a single word. She was coming down the spiral staircase in white satin slippers and a white tulle evening gown, and there was a great deal of motion in it. Smooth, swift motion that pressed the white tulle back against her legs so that Tom Dittmar saw instantly she was slender and, from where he was standing in the hall below, seemed taller than he would have believed from her voice. That "Ryan-darling" had an artificial sound, the make-believe of a child. Then he heard her gasp. She had stopped suddenly.

"Oh, hello?" she said.

It was a question, because she didn't know him. He must have been a shock to her. She'd been expecting Ryan Winters and here was this lean, raw-looking man in muddy whipcord breeches and swamp boots.

"Hello," Tom Dittmar said. He made himself smile, but somehow it got twisted on his mouth. He had a good mouth, a good jaw, a face with strength in it. When he spoke there was a faint twang in his voice. "I want to see Major Michaux Layne. I'm Tom Dittmar, his engineer in Old Mawky swamp. Nobody answered when I rang."

"But they're all gone," protested Kitty Layne, as if the thought of Tom Dittmar ringing vainly at the front doorbell was somehow tragic. "It's their night out. Only Papa and I—"

"May I see him now, please?"

It was a curt thing to say, and he knew it. And Kitty Layne knew it. When she spoke again there was no childishness in her voice.

"I think you'll find him in the library over there."

"Thanks," said Tom. Deliberately he turned his heavy boots upon the polished floor. And then he saw her falling.

He saw it clearly, all of it within a second. The angry downthrust of her slipper, the snagging of her heel upon the staircase carpet. She tripped, grabbed toward the banister and then came plunging down toward him. For such a rawboned man, Tom could move fast. He flung his arms out wide, the way a guard in basketball covers a man, then, as the jolting impact of her body hit him, spun with it, scooping her up. Her mouth swept heavily across his cheek. A moment she was tense within his arms, her eyes still dark with fright. Distinctly he could feel the rapid beating of her heart. He stood like that. Then, very carefully, he put her down.

"High heels," he snapped. "You'll kill yourself."

She stared at him, almost incredulous. Something that could have been a smile died on her lips. Her hands came out and pushed at him. Pushed hard.

"You've got mud on my dress," she said at last, and that seemed to break her tension. Her voice came lashing at him. "It's ruined! If you must come in from the swamp—"

Tom scooped her up again. He made the four remaining steps down to the hall. "Temper," he said, "spilled you before. I can't spend all night catching you."

"Suppose," she said, "you put me down."

"I'm going to do that."

"You put me down! I think you've made sufficient demonstration of your terrible strength . . ."

"I think," a quiet voice behind them said, "that's true. Kitty, you siren! Know the man?"

Tom recognized that irony. Only Ryan Winters had that easy, kid-glove voice. A banker's voice, impersonal in quality, never offensive no matter what he said. A trick in it much like his trick of wearing clothes, of seeming always so impeccable. Kitty Layne's "Ryan-darling!"

"He's my friend Mr. Dittmar," Winters went on, "late of the Combat Engineers. Nevada-born, then Colorado School of Mines, and now with Layne & Company. A grade-A credit risk, we understand, but if he's making passes at you—"

"Passes!" cried Kitty Layne. "He caught me falling down the stairs."

"There won't be any staircase in our dream house," Winters said smiling. "You're much too apt to fall . . . Dittmar, that's my fiancée you're holding. Kitty Layne—"

"We hadn't got that far," Tom said. "Suppose you catch her while I'm seeing the major."

"I'll do that, Dittmar," Winters said. "Oh, don't forget, tomorrow morning at ten."

Tom bit his lip. Coming now, as he was going in to see Major Layne, there was a certain waspishness in that crack. Without answering he left them. He could not help it; he resented these people, all of them, even

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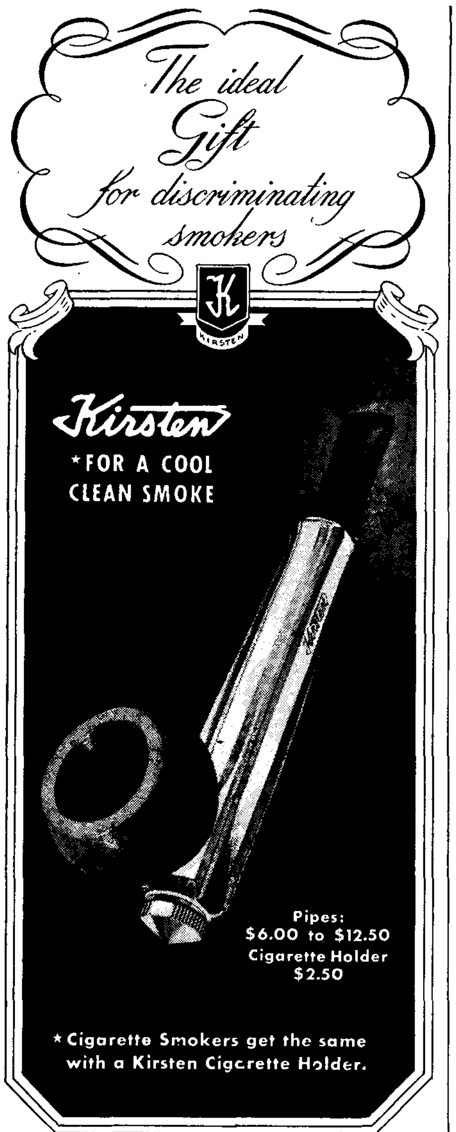

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old Major Layne who had been pretty decent to him. They aroused an instinctive anger in him. Not only because of their familiar way of speaking and their easygoing—"slipshod" was the word that came to him—way of thinking, but for tangible things, too. For instance this house of Major Layne's. The rosewood chairs with their useless little hand-carved florets of fruit and roses, the faded velvets and the dull glow of long-waxed floors, all speaking so arrogantly and yet so listlessly of a time when South Carolina's life was indigo and rice and Negroes fresh from steaming Congo jungles dying in these alien jungles of the Tidewater. The proper background, Tom Dittmar felt, for a girl whose loveliness was marred—he had to admit she was at least a lovely thing to look at—by saying such an artificial thing as "Ryan-darling." He'd gotten back to that! As if it mattered to him now.

MICHAUX LAYNE, alone in the library, looked up wearily, then shoved the loosely sorted sheafs of papers back across his desk. He was not old, and yet he gave that impression. There was in him somehow a delicacy that men like Tom Dittmar associate with age. It was in his hands, the slender fingers; in the texture of his skin, taut on the cheekbones and tinged yellowly. What warmth there was in him was in his eyes. Tired eyes, Tom Dittmar felt, and yet extremely cordial and kind and quick. He sat there in his linen suit, watching Tom Dittmar stride into the room.

"Just dozing over these infernal papers, Tom," he said. "Find yourself a chair." He filled a highball glass from a decanter, added seltzer, dropped in a chunk of ice from a silver bucket and held it out.

"No, thanks," Tom said. "Not in such weather. How do you South Carolinians stand it?"

"Through careful breeding we've developed thermostatic hearts," said Major Layne. He lifted the highball to his lips. "Coming from Old Mawky, I expected you'd have mud on you. But why lipstick?"

Tom flushed. "Your daughter stumbled on the stairs. I happened to catch her. I guess some of her lipstick smeared on me."

"You're a go-getter, Tom."

"Strictly an accident. And Winters took time out to put me straight."

"Did, eh?" The major riffled carelessly through the papers on his desk. "Yes, they're going dancing. Ever try going dancing, Tom? Your age, you should. All work, you know, makes you a jackass. That's a professional opinion—seems I'm a jackass myself." He put his glass down abruptly. "You good at finance, Tom?"

"I've never had to be."

"It's time you learned. Because you're going to do a little taking over, Tom."

"Taking over what, Major?"

"Now relax. You don't need to jump at me every time I make a little suggestion. And this is simple enough. All I'm doing is making you an executive vice-president of Layne & Company. The truth is, Tom, I'm not feeling well at all. I've got to have some man to run the company. You're the man."

Tom's jaw set. "Wait a minute, Major. Don't think I'm not flattered, especially after the trouble I've had on the Old Mawky road—"

"That's it," the major sighed. "Old Mawky. It makes or breaks us. You understand about our contract on the job? A thousand dollars bonus for every day we beat the dead line, a thousand penalty for every day we're late. We can't afford to be late, Tom. Ryan Winters—his bank, I mean—has been right nice, financing us on this—"

"No more than you'd expect a future son-in-law to do."

The major laughed. "Now, Tom! You're so cantankerous. Get over being that way, son. A lot of people besides yourself have had a tough time of it when they were kids. A lot of people have been poor. Fact is, if Ryan has to take us over, I'll be poor myself. I'd hate that, and, of course, he'd hate it, but the laws of banking . . ."

"I suppose that means you can't get an extension of your loan?"

"That's about it, Tom. Old Mawky's got to go through on time."

"Then you're in pretty bad," Tom said. "It's soup, that swamp. I understand why it's got to go through there, to build the Old Mawky Power Dam, but you'll never make it on time, Major, not unless you get some really first-class help."

"We've got the best in South Carolina. Big Jeff hand-picked those men."

"Nonetheless, they're stalling."

"Think so? What does Big Jeff say?"

"Nothing at all to me. I've caught him watching me, his face like a black Solomon's, as if he wasn't sure I knew what I was doing. He may be rated tops in South Carolina, sir, and I suppose that as Negro straw bosses go—"

"He knows his business."

"And I know mine—the engineering, sir. I ought to, I washed enough dishes in college to learn it. And I know how work looks, real work. I've watched my mother doing laundry in a mining camp. I'm fed up with Big Jeff's gangs loafing on the job."

"That's why," said Major Layne, "I'm going to put the company in your hands. We'll shake on that."

"No, sir. I'm sorry, but I can't."

The major's eyes were instantly alert. And then, a little shakily, he laughed. "For Pete's sake, Tom, what's the matter with you? If it's money—"

"It's not that, sir. I couldn't expect a better salary. But it just happens that I want to go into business for myself. That's why I came here tonight. I've got a chance to contract for part of the Old Mawky Dam itself, and I've arranged my backing through Ryan Winters' bank. . . . I'm to sign tomorrow. Of course, I'll stick with you until you find a competent engineer to replace me."

"Confound it, Tom—well, I'm disappointed." Major Layne picked up his highball glass and revolved it in his fingers, peering into it with a scowl that deepened slowly. Then he smiled. "Sure, I'm disappointed, Tom. I don't want to lose you, but I can't blame you if you've got a chance like this. I'd do the same myself. Any young man should."

Tom got up briskly. "I'm glad you see it that way, sir. Meantime, I'll try to straighten out the timetable on that road. Suppose we say a month?"

"That's all right, son."

"I certainly don't want to leave you in a lurch," Tom said.

But after he walked back alone through Michaux Layne's now silent house, back to the field quarters that he'd built in Old Mawky's enervating heat, Tom wondered if he hadn't done exactly that. Of one thing he was certain: No man was going to work harder than he'd done, trying to get Big Jeff's gangs clicking on the job.

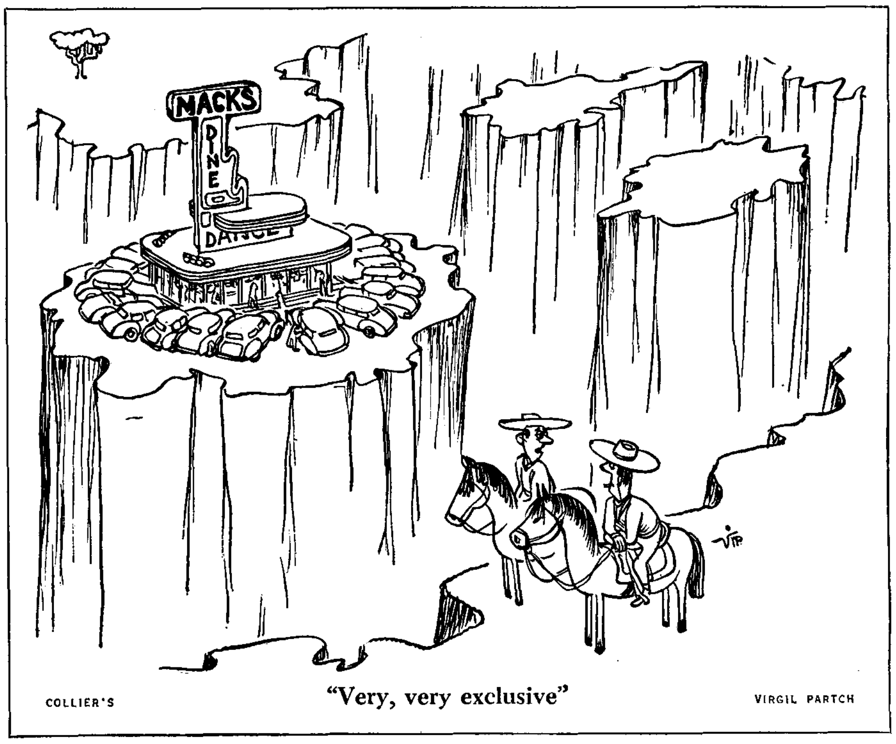
He stood there in the doorway of his pine-and-tar-paper shack, looking out across the swamp, now silver in the moonglow. Limp moss hung thickly from the live oaks, and the idiotic chorus of frogs accentuated the hellish aspect of the gloom. Old Mawky never meant to let a road go through its wilderness. And it was not so much a road as a pontoon floating upon the mucky depths, immense logs cradled on it lengthwise to support the smaller crosswise logs. A road that swam in jelly. There should be time in plenty for such a task as this, but time—this was the key to it—was running out. The dam depended on the road's completion, and dams must be well started before the spring deluges.

IN ANY other place, machines could speed the work, but here in Old Mawky, only the power of men's backs hauling these giant timbers into place and the speed of willing men could finish it. And Big Jeff's men weren't willing.

Something, he knew, was wrong with Big Jeff's men. And that thought angered him. It was the same feeling that he had got in Michaux Layne's house—that sensation of being alien, an uncouth man, a raw man who could feel contemptuous but not at ease. This was his legacy. He'd had to drive too hard to lift himself. He'd had to fight too hard. He'd had to do the ruthless things, like leaving Michaux Layne, when opportunity came. And it was ruthless. For in his heart he knew that Michaux Layne needed him desperately. But in so precise a profession as engineering what part could sentimentalism play? It was as out of place as Kitty Layne had been in his—Tom Dittmar's—arms.

"Ryan-darling," he could remember her saying, and then that startled look upon her face. It annoyed him to think of that. The mud upon his whipcords, possibly. Well, it didn't matter. She could have her "Ryan-darling." But somehow, alone there in the swamp, alone as he had always been, that thought depressed him.

"Ryan-darling," he mimicked her,



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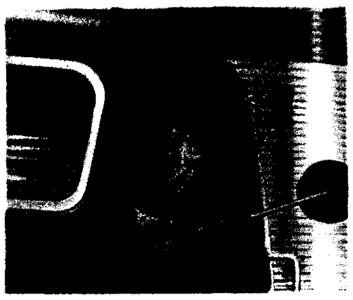

CHAUFFEUR • Transportation work, calling for constant alertness, strains the nerves, burns energy at the rate of 4.5 ounces of dextrose an hour.

MACHINIST • Though relying on machines and tools for the heaviest tasks, a mechanic's 8-hour day uses about 32 ounces of dextrose.

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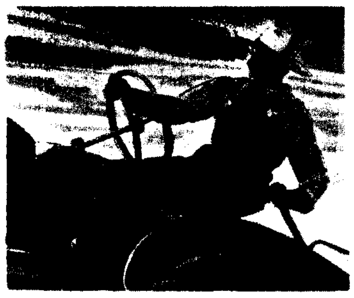

FARMER • From dawn to dark, the hard-working farmer, in his various tasks, burns energy at the rate of 4 ounces of dextrose per hour.

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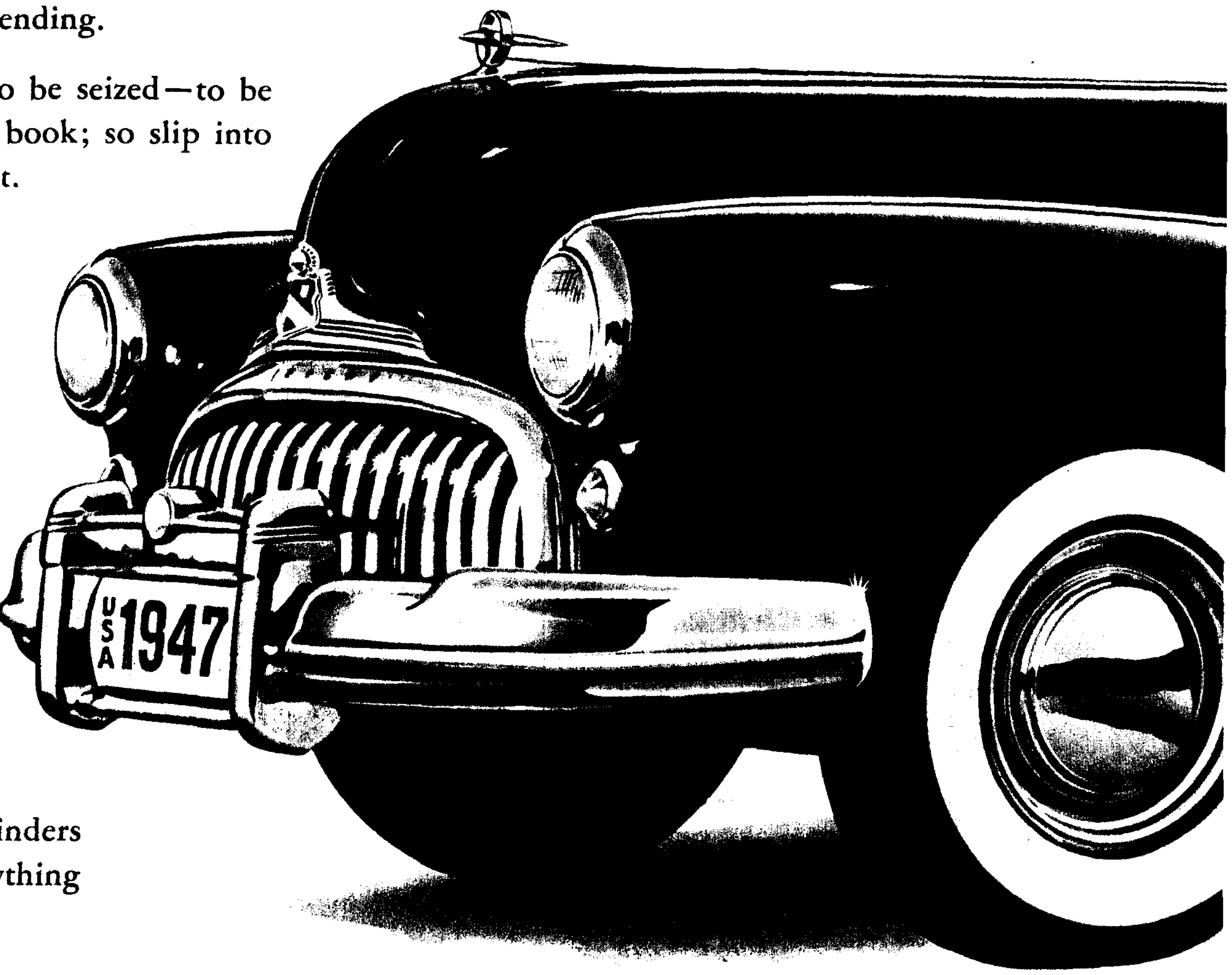
One for the Bright

THE day is clear and fresh and spiced with autumn's tang.

Somewhere there's a friendly little road where Nature has done her gorgeous best with scarlets and golds of her own special blending.

It's a moment to be prized—to be seized—to be implanted forever in memory's book; so slip into this one and make the most of it.



Reach forward and touch the control that swings back the top—on a day like this, you'll want to be one with the air and the sky and the sparkling sunshine.

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Why don't you plan now to have one for your own?

It may take a little waiting, but just as surely as autumn follows summer, and winter blossoms into spring, this car of cars can be yours, if you place an order now.

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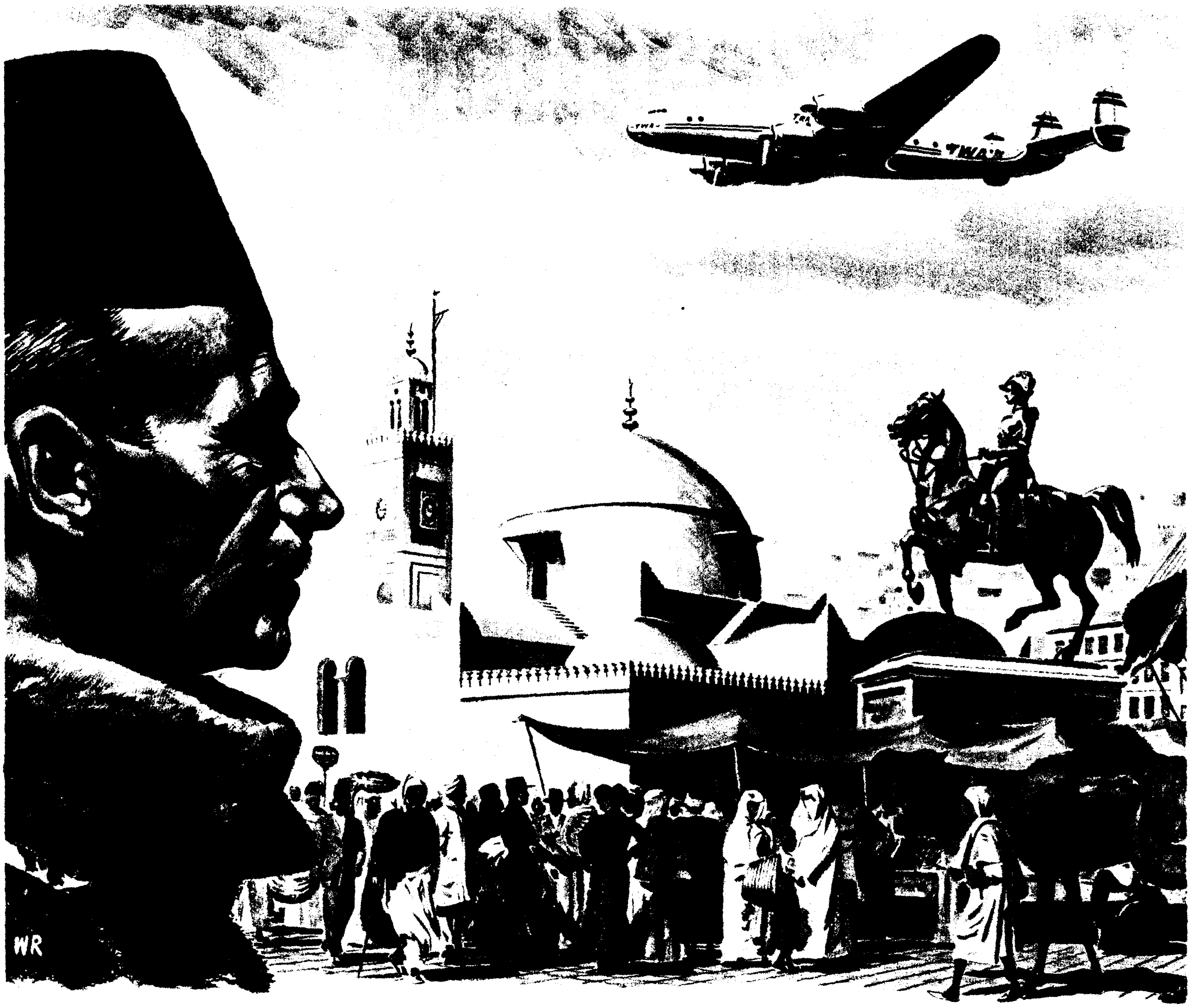
BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



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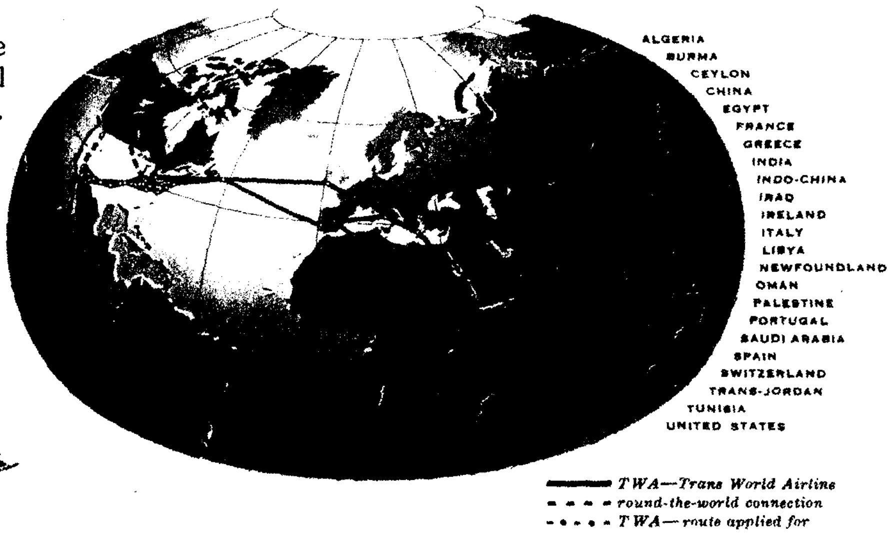
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catching exactly the artificial tone he'd heard in her voice. And hearing himself say it, there was something in it that puzzled him. That night he lay awake upon his cot, hearing that tone of hers again, seeing her face again. . . .

When Tom Dittmar returned to Old Mawky from his appointment with Ryan Winters the next forenoon, he thought he had the world where he wanted it. Winters, behind a mahogany desk, easy but cold, was something Tom could understand. It was a question of figures, and Tom had made them talk. He'd closed his deal. He drove back to Old Mawky knowing exactly where he stood. One month and he'd be on his own. A good month, then. A month of driving work.

He parked his car at the tool sheds that marked the end of the finished road, then walked the remaining two miles farther into the swamp, where Big Jeff's men were slogging at the logs, building that floating roadbed with them.

Tom could see it was not going smoothly. There was an aimlessness in the way the men worked, a waste of time and effort that was infuriating to him. Yet as he advanced, it was not so much their slackness that exasperated him, but a sense of their hostility. It baffled him. They were capable of work—he knew that, he'd seen results—but always, when he approached them, there was this vague hostility, an uneasiness among them that was like a fever. It was as if they resented him. Feared and resented him. Even Big Jeff, as massive as the live oaks of Old Mawky, seemed to avoid him. What was wrong with them? Or was it himself? Tom asked himself that question honestly. Michaux Layne had sworn by these men. And yet, when Tom tried to get work out of them, watched over them and rasped at them . . .

THE TRAVAIL OF TRAVEL

With plenty of gas and a retread spare
And a turbulent hate for congested places,
I travel a highway to breathe the air
That has made so inviting the open spaces.

When bored to extinction, the country skies
And the breezes, I hear, are a panacea—
They might be, provided a million guys
Were a trifle less hepped with the same idea.

—William W. Pratt

"You, Jeff!" he snapped.

THE giant Negro turned. Something of Old Mawky's gloominess was in his broad, dark face. Something, too, of Old Mawky's stubborn resistance to Tom Dittmar's driving energy.

"They're loafing, Jeff. They're killing time."

"It's hard work, Mister Tom."

"Of course, it's hard work. That's what we're paying for, hard work. I want to tell you something, Jeff—I've got one month more on this job. I expect to get it in shape, to lick it in that time. I'm going to do that. And I'm going to turn the heat on you. . . ."

Big Jeff's eyes moved. "Somebody coming, Mister Tom. Hunting you, I 'spect."

Grimly, Tom turned. It was always that way, an interruption just as he was ready for a showdown with Big Jeff. But he was not prepared for what he saw. Kitty Layne in riding breeches and white shirt, her dark hair gathered loosely in a chignon, reined up her horse.

"Surprise, Miss Layne. Never thought you'd risk Old Mawky."

She sat erect. When she spoke her voice was sharp: "I couldn't wait for someone else to find you. Papa insisted that I come. He's very ill."

The girl was frightened. He couldn't ask her why she came to him. After all, he was a hired man, and yet—well, she had come to him.

"I'll drive, Miss Layne. Perhaps you'd better leave your horse and come with me."

"I didn't think a car could get through here."

"It's two miles back. Wait for me at the tool sheds there."

She leaned down suddenly. "It will be quicker if you ride behind me to the sheds."

Tom scowled. "There's mud on me, Miss Layne. You don't like mud," he reminded her.

"All right," she snapped. "I said a stupid thing. But you were not so gallant. Please get on."

BEFORE they reached the sheds, her shirt was splotched. The swamp's humidity had made strings of her hair. This was not the Kitty Layne who had come swiftly down a spiral staircase, calling in an artificial voice, "Ryan-darling!" When they were in his car, he sent it sloshing savagely through the ooze. . . .

Michaux Layne was in his bed upstairs. Ryan Winters had been talking when Tom followed Kitty into the room. Ryan stood up instantly, nodding to Tom. Kitty moved past them to the bed, then stooped and kissed her father's forehead.

"I've brought him, Papa."

Michaux Layne smiled. His voice was weak and shaky, but there was none of an invalid's self-pity in it. "Thanks for coming, Tom."

"You mustn't talk long," Kitty pleaded. "Dr. Capers said—"

"Old Capers is an imbecile," said Michaux Layne. "Come sit down, Tom . . . Ryan, will you excuse us? And you, Kitty? This is business."

Winters hesitated. "Sure you don't want me in on this, Major?"

"Not just now, Ryan. Take Kitty downstairs."

They were alone then—Tom Dittmar and Michaux Layne. Tom sat down awkwardly, the diffidence a healthy man feels toward a stricken one making it difficult for him. The major watched him steadily.

"What is it, sir?"

"You want to be in business for yourself. That's why you're leaving me, isn't it? Well, son, I'm offering you a partnership in Layne & Company. It's a selfish move, of course. I've got to protect Kitty. The company's all she's got. Might say Old Mawky road is all she's got. And there won't be any company—unless you come in on it. But you won't do badly, son. It's a good name. A name's worth something. That's the part I'm putting up. The name. The rest of it, the brains and energy—that's yours. When I check out—"

"Check out?" Tom asked.

"Six weeks. That's what I've got. I've had my walking papers, son. I don't mind that so much . . . I've had a pretty good time of it, Tom. A beautiful wife, a beautiful home and Kitty . . . but that's it—Kitty. That's what this is about."

"I don't see why you need to worry, sir. She's going to marry Ryan Winters."

Layne sat up. It was an effort. "Would you like to leave your daughter in a fix like that—so she's got to marry a man because you've died bankrupt? A man that she'll be obliged to for helping out her father? You think you're tough, Tom, but you're not that tough. I don't ask you to stay with Layne & Company all your life. A year, maybe. Get it back on its feet. You can sell out then. You're risking nothing except—well, the risk that Layne & Company took on the Old Mawky road. I know that's plenty. But if you ram that through, there's profit, too. You've got to do it for me, Tom."

Tom stood up. "What do you expect me to say to a man who says he's got six weeks?"

Michaux Layne winced. "I expect you to say yes."

"All right, it's done. Now take it easy, Major, and forget that six-weeks stuff. Before the year is out, you'll be buying back my partnership."

The sick man nodded silently. Only when he was alone, the door closing behind Tom, did he whisper: "And good luck, son. On all of it."

Kitty was with Winters in the drawing room downstairs when Tom entered.

"How about it, Dittmar?" Winters asked. "You make a deal?"

"That's right, Winters. Guess we'll have to defer that other proposition. I'm staying with Layne & Company, in a partnership."

"What about the dam?"

"We're going to tackle that—Layne & Company."

"Provided," Winters said, "Old Mawky doesn't ruin your credit. I thought you were a businessman, Dittmar." He laughed softly. "Kitty, I've got to run along. You coming, Dittmar?"

Kitty was watching Tom. Her lips were taut, and he was surprised to hear her say, "Mr. Dittmar's staying for dinner."

"Aren't I invited?" Winters asked.

"Of course, you are," she said.

"Can't, though. 'By, Kit. And stay off those stairs."

WHEN Winters had gone, Tom said, "Look here, Miss Layne, I can't stay like this. Muddy boots and all . . ."

"I'm getting weary of you harping on that mud," she said. "After all, I understand that mud means everything to me. Ryan hinted at that. I've got to know what Papa said to you. And Hattie's getting impatient . . ."

He felt his awkwardness again. It didn't help any when he perched gingerly on one of the Laynes' brocaded dining chairs. Kitty had changed from her splotched shirt to something else.

"What was it, Mr. Dittmar?"

"I'm going to operate Layne & Company as a partner; at least until Major Layne is feeling well again."

She frowned. "I talked to Dr. Capers. I know about that."

"All right—until you think that you can let me go."

"You don't sound very happy over it."

"I'm not."

She forced a laugh. "You give a fair imitation of a Tatar. I'm really surprised you didn't refuse."

"So am I," he said. "It's only because I think a lot of Major Layne . . ."

Her fork clinked angrily against her plate. She got up quickly, her napkin dropping to the floor. "That's the only reason I'd want you to do it—for Papa. I suppose he said something about me. You can forget that. But if it makes my father any happier to think—to think he's taken care of me, then do it, Mr. Dittmar. As long as it is necessary. After that—"

"After that," Tom finished grimly, "you can marry Ryan Winters. A marriage among royalty, planned by exchequer chancellors."

Her dark eyes blazed at him as he came after her. And yet she kept herself under control. She said, "You make yourself extremely easy to detest."

"Do I?"

"You do. You cultivate unpleasantness. You seem to have confused it with your notion of the vital male. But you're wrong, it's not vitality—it's bitterness. You hate us, don't you? You hate my father, really, and you hate me, don't you? And you like to think that now you're

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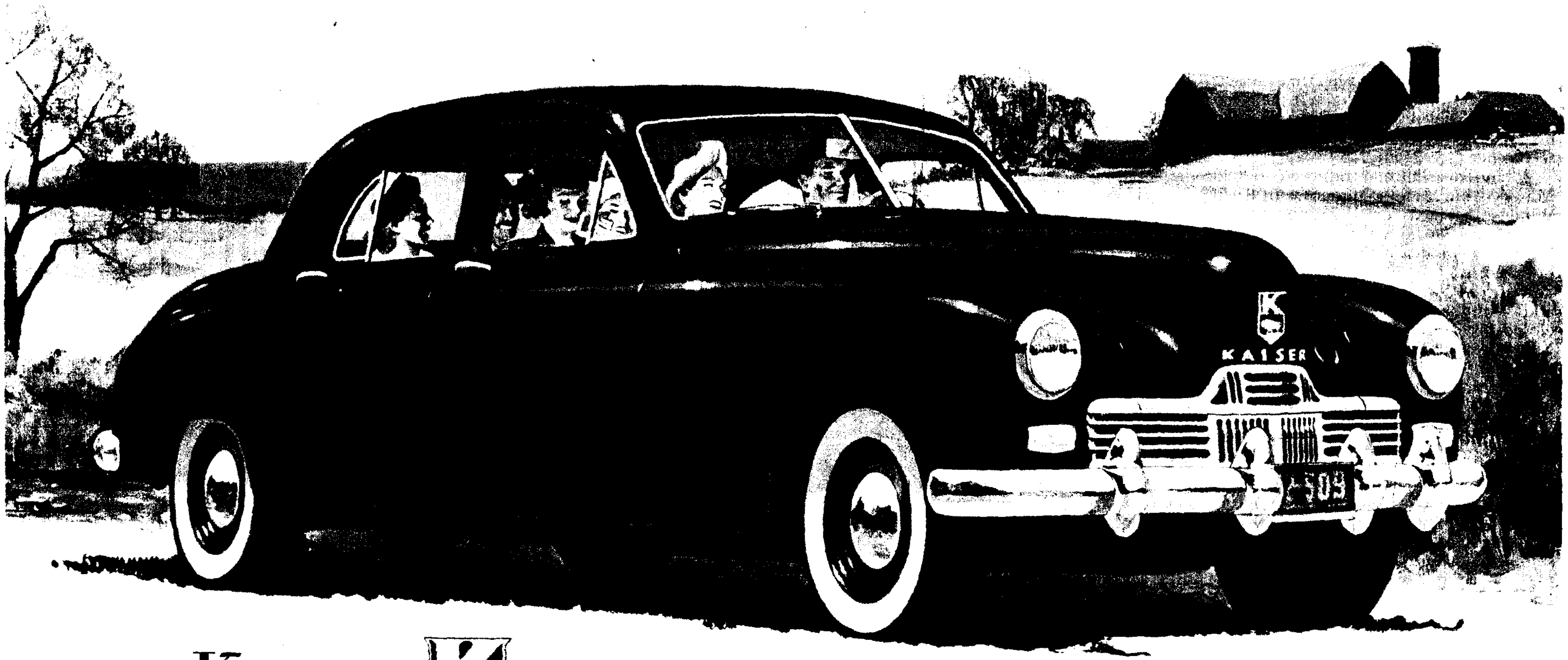

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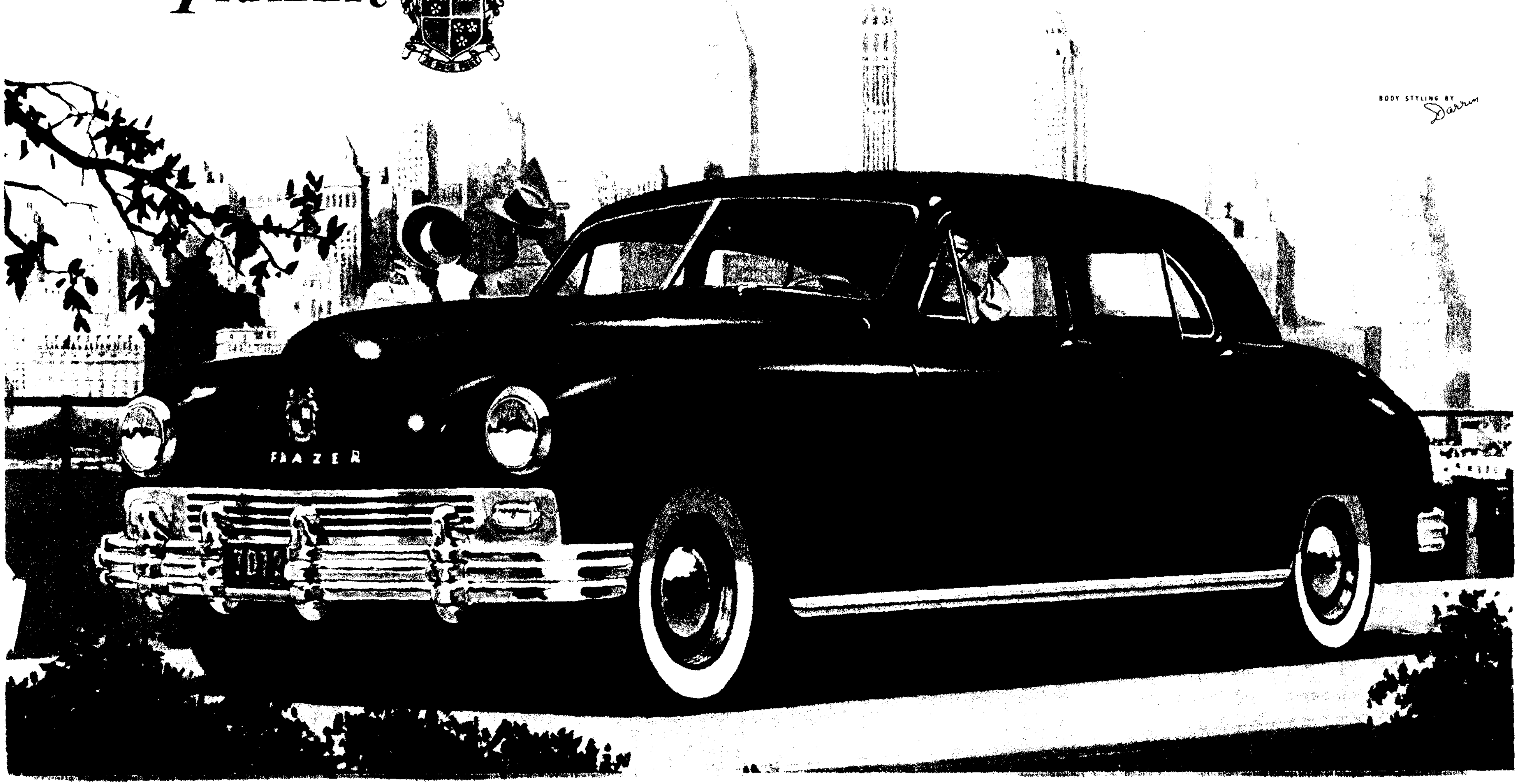

helping us because that, too, feeds this inverted bitterness of yours. You think you're a martyr, but I think you're a miserable man, and I pity you. . . ."

Blind anger swept Tom. He seized the soft whiteness of her arm, jerking her toward him in his fury, feeling an overwhelming need to hurt her for the things she'd said. Then, as she leaned far back from him, tears darkening her lashes, he knew what he must do. There was one way to save himself from carrying this scorn of hers with him forever. One way—and at the thought of it a coldness that was like the slash of ice bit through him. His arm encircled her, pinioned her close to him. And then he kissed her.

When he let her go, she stood quite motionless. Tom turned and walked out of the house.

ALL that day Tom drove, not going anywhere but finding something that was like escape in the mechanical, subconscious handling of his car. Macadam, concrete and dirt, the ribbons of the highways swept past him. And still he drove, until at night he went back to his pine-and-tar-paper shack, deep in Old Mawky. Fires blinked from barracks windows where Big Jeff's men dwelt. It was a long night for Tom Dittmar, a bitter night. And morning found him in a savage mood.

That day was one for Big Jeff's men to remember. Tom worked among them as if his life depended on the next log that they hauled. The mud and the heat sapped at them as they floundered on. It was a tangible thing, the tension there upon the swamp, beneath the moss-thick live oaks. A tangible and a terrible thing, increasing, mounting toward what all of them knew—Tom Dittmar and each man who struggled with the logs—would be a break. Hour after hour, through morning, through the wet oven of the afternoon, into the dusk. Until—

"This does it, Jeff! You get those men going or I'll get another gang."

The big Negro stopped. He had a patient way of listening to Tom, his gray head cocked a little to one side. He stood that way now.

"Mister Tom," he said. He hesitated for a moment, thinking slowly, almost sorrowfully. "Mister Tom, you got the wrong idea."

"The devil I have. I'm sick of this stalling."

"Mister Tom, you can't drive colored folks. They ain't mules, Mister Tom. And they ain't engines . . ."

"Let's get this straight now, Jeff. I don't give a rap what kind of men are working for me."

"Mister Tom, you got to give a rap what kind. They's all kinds, with different ways for all of them. And you can't drive colored folks."

"Then I'll make a change. I've got to drive 'em. I've got to get this job done, not just on schedule, but ahead of schedule. Whoever works for me is going to work hard."

Big Jeff was deadly serious. "A colored man works just as hard as a white man, Mister Tom, and he's got more strength. You know who built the Pyramids? Oh, not them little old Egyptians," he said contemptuously. "Was colored men who built the Pyramids. But you can't drive them, Mister Tom. I tell you what—you just leave us alone. You go sit down. You just stop driving, Mister Tom. 'Cause the only way we ever going to get going good is to work out a song for it."

"A what! You're crazy, Jeff."

"No, sir, I ain't. We got to have a song. You listen, Mister Tom—and we'll move these here logs the way we can."

Tom turned away. The heat of Old Mawky, the mud and the limp moss pressed upon his spirit. Big Jeff was going slowly among his gangs. Tom sat down. If he was licked, he was licked. They could have their own way now.

He heard it then. The Negroes were standing by the logs they were to lift. Not moving, not talking, simply standing there, as if they were waiting for something. And from somewhere among them came a voice, a high voice with a sorrowing keen to it. It had no shape, none of the cadences Tom knew. It was pure tone, rising and wavering, then falling as it echoed through Old Mawky. But somewhere in it gradually there came a beat. Another voice had joined in it. A deep voice, rich, accenting a rhythm that Tom could not quite catch. The Negroes stooped and placed their hands upon the logs.

It seemed to take a long time. New voices joined, until there was a chorus, but not loud. The voices blended, searching for the rhythm they wanted. And behind it, that strange, rich sorrow. Strength—Tom Dittmar felt it growing—strength in unison. He thought then of the words Big Jeff had used: "You know who built the Pyramids?" And in his mind he saw thousands of Negroes toiling in the desert sun, thousands of Negroes singing as they hauled, their muscles bulging as they strained against the ropes, drawing the giant blocks of stone toward the rising Pyramids. A song for it . . .

The logs were moving. Not swiftly, but so steadily. Precision—that was a word for engineers, and they had found their way to that. Precision, something mathematical, sprang from the music that came swelling from their throats. Then Big Jeff's voice cut through.

It was not an order. It was a note, a single clear tone, but it came off beat and sharpened the rhythm. The chorus quickened. Hands moved, legs strained into the mud. But still with that perfection of the tempo. Precision! And he, Tom Dittmar, had believed that he knew all there was to know of driving men! A song!

IT WAS long after dusk when the door of Michaux Layne's room opened carefully. Tom entered, the mud of Old Mawky dried upon his whipcords. He tiptoed through the room and eased himself into the chair beside the bed. For a long time he sat there, watching the sleeping man, and at last he got up and went to the door.

"You've thought it over, Tom?"

"Excuse me, sir. I thought you were asleep."

"I was. But I could feel you thinking. Something's happened, Tom."

"I think so, sir. I've learned a lot today."

"Big Jeff?"

Tom frowned. "How could you know a thing like that?"

"Maybe it's hindsight, Tom. Maybe I'm looking back, imagining I'm you. Maybe remembering the things I had to learn. I'm mighty glad to see you're learning, son. Good night."

"Good night," Tom said. He closed the door. He stood there in the upper hall, silent, a lean, raw-looking man with mud on his whipcords. And then, slowly, he started down the spiral staircase to the hall.

Somehow he'd known she'd meet him there. She came out of the drawing room. She must have understood where he had been. She didn't speak, but held her hand to him and led him from the hall.

A song. That was the way it was. He felt the rhythm of it in the silence as they stood. Something was gone—the old harshness, the old bitterness, the resentment and the anger.

"Kitty . . ."

She answered him. But in a woman's way, without the silliness of words. Without the silly things men feel that they must say, the explanations and the planning. For how could such things be explained? Or how be planned?

THE END

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LOW-DOWN ON THE SLOWDOWN

Continued from page 21

arrangement. If they complete work on a house at noon, they won't start work on another house in the same project until the next morning. But they draw a full day's pay.

The journeymen are taking over the laborers' jobs, too. The simple task of putting together prefabricated forms for concrete can be handled by any laborer after simple instruction—at $1.42½ an hour. But the carpenters say it is their work—at $2.02½ an hour.

In Kansas City, it is customary for contractors to employ a cement finisher whenever concrete is poured for more than two hours at a time, even for concretework in home building where no finishing is required. But the extra man must be on the job and paid, though he does nothing.

More Work for Union Plumbers

In Baltimore, an agreement between the plumbers' union and the contractors says: "No fixtures coming on the job with trimmings already in place [but not an integral part of them] shall be installed by members of Local No. 48 until said trimmings have been removed and replaced by members of Local Union No. 48." Pittsburgh has a similar agreement.

In Washington, D.C., union rules allow one engineer to operate only two generators, or two compressors or two pumps, and if any two of these are not side by side, additional engineers must be employed, at $2.25 an hour. The engineer may need to do no more than turn a switch on and off, and occasionally put in gasoline and water.

The union says this arrangement is necessary since "none of the equipment is fully automatic because all of it needs adjustment, maintenance and attendance." But if a compressor, say, breaks down, the contract specifies that the engineer shall not tinker with it himself. He calls a repairman!

In winter, heating is often required on inside jobs to dry paint and plaster. To keep an oil or gas burner going for 24-hour heat, the builder must employ three steamfitter-helper shifts.

In Virginia, bricklayers who are ashamed of their slowdown secretly have told contractors that they would be dropped from the union if they laid more than 400 bricks in a day. Union membership is essential to livelihood.

Probably no city is more strongly organized in the building trades than Chicago. Practices which have been standard there for many years would make union leaders elsewhere blush.

The trade magazine, Practical Builder, recently reported that carpenters in Chicago refused to permit the installation of factory-fitted doors, windows and frames, including glass, hardware and weather stripping—adding $79 to the cost of every house built in the area. When hardware is included in factory-built kitchen cabinets, local carpenters remove the hardware and reinstall it. When foundations are put in, bricklayers insist on assigning a man to the job as "inspector." He does not work but is paid $16.

Plasterers insist on three coats of plaster, even though two coats would be satisfactory—and though not required by Chicago's notoriously restrictive building code—adding another $90 to the house cost. Painters also insist, in some areas, that three coats of paint be applied where two were formerly considered sufficient.

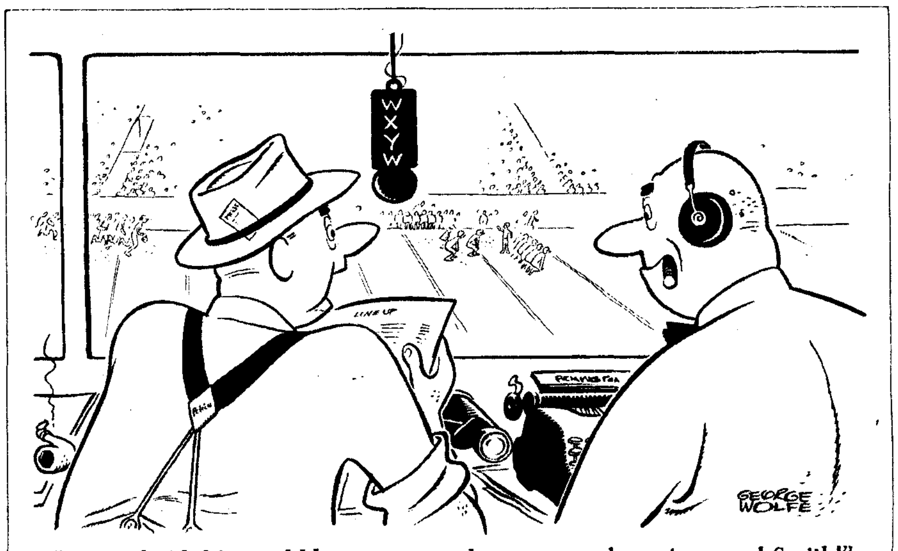
Chicago plumbers enforce the usual restrictions, such as refusing to install prefabricated plumbing units, and requiring expensive cast-iron pipe where clay pipe would do as well. But they have added a novel practice. When plumbing equipment is being delivered to a job, the union insists that a member must ride in the cab with the truck driver. He performs no function but he draws full wages.

In a cost breakdown of more than 30 restrictive and slowdown practices current in Chicago, Practical Builder says they caused an average price increase of $703 on every home built. For the nation as a whole, says the magazine, similar practices up the unit cost from 10 per cent to 22 per cent.

One of the most controversial charges of restrictive practice made against unions is that painters arbitrarily limit the size of the paintbrush to 4½ inches, and therefore limit the amount of their work—and that they bar fast, efficient spray painting. At A.F. of L. Washington headquarters, it is categorically denied that such restrictions exist.

The facts are that for other than water-base paints, painters' Local No. 49 in Memphis restricts the width of the paintbrush to 4½ inches; the same width is written into the contracts of Scranton Local 218; Dayton oddly permits 5½ inches for interiors but rigidly enforces a 4-inch brush on exteriors; Wilkes-Barre limits the width to 4 inches. In St. Paul, painters stopped work on a veterans' housing project when an alert union member discovered a brush one-half inch too wide.

Most union locals do not write such limits in their contracts, but a wider brush than 4½ inches for oil paint on a union job (the Navy uses 6 inches) is a



"I was afraid this would happen some day—every player is named Smith!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

museum piece. Recognizing this, the A.F. of L. says that the 4½-inch brush is the largest efficient size; a wider brush slops the paint. This fact evidently hasn't been communicated to locals in Rockford, Illinois, and Milwaukee, where the unions permit, on paper at least, five and six inches respectively.

In denying that spray painting is restricted, the A.F. of L. points to the collaboration of the National Safety Council and the Bureau of Standards in establishing conditions under which paint may be sprayed in home construction without endangering the health of the painter. Says the international union, "Any local which refuses to use sprayers when these conditions are met is subject to immediate and drastic disciplinary action."

As the international has no practical means of administering such discipline, this means little. At any rate, these health conditions were established a year ago. As recently as September, the business agent of a painters' union told every painter on a major Illinois job that he would be fined and evicted from the union if he did any spray work.

The rule in force today by the Scranton local says simply: "The use of spray for applying paint, lacquer, varnish or any paint not having water base or water used as a thinner is prohibited."

This sort of local nose-thumbing at the international unions is typical. Some A.F. of L. building-trades union leaders appear sincere in their protestations that restrictive practices—"if they existed"—are intolerable. But most locals don't take their international leaders too seriously. To suspend their charters would seldom effect any result except to decrease the amount of dues paid to headquarters. Such a drastic step is seldom given a second thought.

One example is the case of Local No. 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers which operates in New York City. Local No. 3 is so tough that even when the C.I.O. United Electrical Workers bought an old New York house for national headquarters, they didn't dare install the fixtures themselves; it was done by Local No. 3.

The Case Against Local No. 3

When Thomas E. Dewey was district attorney of New York, his office charged that Local No. 3 was responsible for maliciously bankrupting contractors, for at least one murder, and for a $10,000,000-a-year toll on contracts. More recently the Supreme Court has declared that Local No. 3 forced all contractors to join it in boycotting any electrical products disapproved by Local No. 3; that it would not permit the use in New York of any equipment not made or assembled in the city. When a telephone switchboard was shipped into New York from Milwaukee, Local No. 3 ripped out all the wiring and rewired the board, despite the fact that the board had originally been wired by members of the same union!

Today Local No. 3 exercises a complete embargo on all electrical equipment made by the C.I.O. or nonunion labor; it cannot be installed in New York City, though it may cost only half the price of approved equipment.

Instead of condemning or disciplining Local No. 3, however, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers has proposed a similar boycott for the rest of the country. Among many cities where it already applies are San Diego, Fort Worth, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Boston and Providence. All contractors in Massachusetts and Rhode Island have been notified that local unions "will no longer handle wire, cable, fixtures or electrical conduit unless it carries the I.B.E.W. label."

There is a faint indication of improvement. At least three large builders report that by constant pressure and wheedling they have been able to relax some of the more onerous practices. In several places it is now possible for these contractors to use laborers to unload trucks carrying plumbing equipment.

The operating engineers have recently made a most revolutionary concession. A few contractors are now permitted to employ their own engineer to run bulldozers and cranes if the union cannot supply one. Formerly major projects were postponed for lack of a union engineer to operate a bulldozer and prepare the site for a foundation.

But such relaxations are merely verbal arrangements and, strictly speaking, violate the written contract. It will require some effective persuasion before they are reduced to writing.

When Sears Roebuck attempted to build houses at cost for employees in Chicago, it was unable to install its own bathtubs and heating equipment or to use its own plumbing connections. According to Sears' board chairman, Robert E. Wood, the only connections good enough for Chicago plumbing were made by a single Chicago company—at a cost 50 per cent greater than similar union-made fittings purchased outside the city.

Abuses Blamed on Contractors

Home builders say restrictive practices and feather-bedding rules have been permitted to develop partly because agreements between local unions and employers are almost invariably negotiated, for the employers, by the largest and most powerful contractors in the area. Most of these men are concerned not with housing or home building, but with the construction of roads, huge public works, office buildings, etc.

Since they employ hundreds of workers at a time, it makes little difference to them that a union wants a rule which permits only an engineer to push a particular button. Several such engineers are usually employed on each of their jobs. To save on a request for wage increases, it has been easy to concede something which of itself was little more than an annoyance. But the accumulation of such concessions over many years has hamstrung even the commercial construction contractor.

There are no adequate standards today for worker production in the building trades. There have been almost no scientific, impartial time studies which are the basis for standards in manufacturing. But one indication of how far we are from potential production, even under the craft system, is indicated by a study made forty years ago by a former bricklayer, Frank B. Gilbreth.

Gilbreth analyzed the motions needed in laying brick and the placement of equipment, and reduced the number of motions from 18 to 5. On a large building, men using his novel methods averaged 350 bricks per man per hour, compared with a local average of 120. (Today: 60-65.)

There is a vast discrepancy in the amount of work done by similarly qualified workers. In a Department of Labor comparison made in 1923 between bricklayers in Indianapolis and Birmingham on duplicate jobs, the score was Indianapolis 96 per hour, Birmingham 241. At the same time, plasterers in Boston averaged 4½ square yards compared with eight in Philadelphia.

Perhaps it would help if the unions would read again the plaque in the cornerstone of the A.F. of L. headquarters building in Washington. It says simply, "This edifice erected for service in the cause of labor, freedom, justice and humanity."

THE END

Let's Rebuild Our Building Codes, by Edward Angly, another reason for our housing shortage, will appear in next week's Collier's.

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BABY IN THE BACKFIELD

Continued from page 13

came through yelling out the station," Bert said. "He wakes the kid out of a sound sleep. I got a notion to write the president of the line and tell him what a lousy railroad he runs."

"Listen," I said, "you need your sleep."

"I can't sleep," he said. "I got to stay up all night. I can't leave Junior sleep in bed by himself. He might fall out."

"Why don't you sleep in the same bed with Junior?" I ask him. "You sleep on the outside. You won't be any good to us on Saturday if you don't sleep."

"I don't dare do that," Bert said. "Suppose in the night I rolled over in my sleep and rolled on top of the kid. I might never know about it, I'm a heavy sleeper. I might suffocate Junior."

"All right," I said, "you sleep in one bed. Junior will sleep in the other bed, I will watch Junior."

That was how we did it. We kept the night light on. I sat there with bags under my eyes and watched Junior and listened to Bert snore. . . .

We got in the next morning and went to the hotel. That afternoon we ran through a final signal drill. Junior was the only person not on the squad who saw the secret plays I'd dreamed up to use against Updyke but I wasn't worried, he couldn't talk.

We went back to the hotel and Bert fed Junior in his room and then put him to bed in the crib we'd gotten. I hadn't slept the night before and I crawled into bed at ten. At ten thirty I heard sounds next door. I got up and knocked on the connecting door.

Bert opened up. He said, "Is there a doctor in the house? Junior's got croup. I'll never forgive myself and my wife'll kill me."

He was holding the kid, and the kid was yelling. "Here we are hundreds of miles from home and our pediatrician," Bert said, "and Junior is desperately ill. It's all your fault."

"Take it easy," I said and called the house physician. We'd gotten him out of bed and he was grumpy when he came in. He put Junior over his shoulder and smacked him in the middle of the back. Junior went *burp* and stopped crying. The physician looked at us as though we were eggheads and put Junior back in the crib.

I WAS groggy but I was too wrought up to sleep. I went downstairs for coffee and saw a blonde at the desk. She had blue eyes with lightning in them and a build to make a strong man's knees turn to water.

"I want to get in touch with Bert Tuller," she said to the room clerk.

"No, you don't, sister," I said. "You can see Bert after the game and get his autograph. Nothing doing now."

I took her by the elbows and walked her out of the hotel. "And don't try and come back," I said, "or I'll sick the house dick on you."

It was no way to treat a lady but I had had enough trouble with girls who went gaga over football stars.

I stood in the lobby feeling virtuous and then she came in again. She had a cop with her and she pointed to me, and the cop came over and said, "What's the idea, wise guy?"

I told him what the situation was. "She can see him after the game," I said.

"That's what you think, wise guy," he said. "She's his wife, ain't she? A wife can see her husband any time she wants, can't she?"

I heard the blonde say, "Where is the lift?" and I dashed over to her. "I can explain everything, Mrs. Tuller," I said.

The cop said, "I don't think the lady wants to talk to you, brother," and held me back. He grinned at me. "She's mad," he said. "She'll give him fits, won't she? He'll probably be lousy tomorrow, won't he?"

I stared at him. "You have a bet on the game," I said. "You big ugly flatfoot with your brains in your shoes, you bet on Updyke."

"Tch, tch," he said. "Such language for a molder of youth!". . .

I went up to bed finally and was just drifting off when I heard a yell next door.

"Get me Hoover," Bert was shouting at the top of his lungs. "Hoover, I said. No, dammit, not Herbert Hoover. The other one. The head of the F.B.I. My baby's been snatched, kidnaped, and I'll shoot the dirty dogs—"

I pounded on the connecting door.

AFTER a minute it opened and Bert was wild-eyed. He took a swing at me that would have separated my head and neck if it had landed.

"It's your fault," he shouted. "I had a premonition. Something woke me up. I had a feeling something was wrong. I looked in the crib and it was empty."

"It's all right," I said.

"What do you mean, all right?" he shouted. "The kid can't even walk. You think he rang the elevator bell and went downstairs for a slug of milk? You big flat-headed stupid—"

"Your wife took the baby," I said. "She had a key to your room. I thought she'd wake you up. I guess she just walked out with the baby instead."

He took a deep breath and then sat down and put his head in his hands. "She heard about me and flew back, I bet," he said. "She'll tie a can to me. She's probably on her way to Kensington—"

"I bet you dollars to doughnuts," I said, "she's in the hotel. I'll find out."

I went downstairs to the room clerk and asked him. He looked down his nose at me and said, "We have no Mrs. Tuller registered."

"She was the blonde I ejected before," I said. "She must be here!"

The clerk yawned and said, "I'm afraid I can't help you."

He was grinning a little. I said, "Haven't I seen you before? Weren't you an end at Updyke once?"

"I graduated in 1940," he said. "The last year you beat us."

"And you have a bet on the game."

I went back up to see Bert. "I'll never see her again," he said. "I'll never see Junior again."

"You'll be the big gun this afternoon," I told him. "You'll win the game for Spooner, and your picture will be in all the papers. You'll be a hero and your wife will come back. With Junior."

"I'm not going to play in the game."

There was only one thing to do, find his wife and plead with her. I stayed in the lobby the rest of the night looking for a clue. At seven thirty a waiter came out of the dining room with what looked as though it might be baby food. I got into the elevator with him, walked behind him down the floor and when he stopped and knocked on a door I yanked the tray out of his hands.

"Room service," I said.

"You!" Mrs. Tuller said as I went in.

"Mrs. Tuller," I said, "I can explain everything."

"No explanations are necessary," she said. She looked as though she had been crying. "It is obvious that my husband thinks more of a silly juvenile game than he does of his wife and child. Everything is perfectly clear."

"Mrs. Tuller," I said, "you have it *all* wrong. You just don't understand how Americans feel about football. The historic rivalry between Spooner and Updyke dates back to 1903."

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"I am not impressed," she said. "Bert persuaded me to go to the first game this year. Someone blew a whistle and the next thing I saw was my dear husband being carried off the field on a stretcher. It was brutal! I have never seen a game since and never intend to. And you Americans call that sport!"

"Well," I admitted, "it is true that Bert got kicked in the head that day. But there was no fracture."

"He woke up in the middle of the night," Mrs. Tuller said. "He jumped out of bed and yelled, 'Block that kick!' whatever that means. I thought his mind was permanently affected."

"My dear Mrs. Tuller," I said, "you have a boy baby. You can't keep a boy from taking risks. If you bring Junior up to be a little Lord Fauntleroy and make him spend his time arranging flowers in vases, you will not be proud of him when he grows up. As it is now, Bert, by playing football, will be a hero to his son later on. Mrs. Tuller, are you going to destroy that precious relationship between father and son?"

She hadn't thought of that angle. She looked thoughtfully at me, her lips tremulous.

"Mrs. Tuller," I said, putting a throb in my voice, "Bert is sitting in his lonely room now. He wants to play in the game more than he can say. But he's not going to play. He's sitting there, lonely, heartbroken—"

She got up suddenly. "You make me sound like a horrible domineering female," she said. "All right. I'll tell him to play."

"Good girl," I said, and we hurried down to the third floor. Bert's door was open and we dashed in and then stopped, and if I had had a gun I would have shot my fullback.

He was standing in the middle of the room with a big grin on his face and his chest puffed out and he was surrounded by coeds and bobby-soxers. They were all looking lovingly up at him; one had her hand tucked through his arm.

"Well," Bert said in a sickening voice, "I do not say I am the best fullback in the country. There are many other fine players."

Mrs. Tuller said sweetly, "Don't be so modest, Bert, dear."

He saw her and his face turned red and then white, and I ran across the room and shooed the females out and finally we were alone.

"I swear it, baby," Bert said, "I never saw those girls before. There was a knock at the door and someone said Western Union. I opened up and they all came in. What could I do?"

"I know, dear," Mrs. Tuller said. "They just can't resist you. You're just a honeypot and they're all little bees."

The honeypot stood there looking like a big jerk. He scuffed one foot over the carpet. "Honest, baby—"

"Bert," I said, "your wife wants you to play this afternoon. Isn't that right?"

"Oh, of course," she said. "I wouldn't dream of interfering. Think of the thousands of pretty girls who would be brokenhearted if he didn't play." And she marched out of the room with Junior.

"She will go back to Kensington, England," Bert said.

"There are no trains out of town until tonight," I said. "You may as well play. After all, the baby is taken care of."

THE stadium was jam-packed, the flags flying, and the Spooner band gave out with Spooner, Brave and True, We'll Cheer for You. The two captains met at mid-field, a coin glittered in the sunlight and we were receiving.

From the start it was a kicking duel. I kept Bert on the bench. We had the line to stop their scat backs but no punch of our own. Then midway in the second quarter a blocked kick gave us the ball on the Updyke thirty. I sent Bert in for the big push.

Rankin ran the team from the T formation and hit left tackle for three yards. Second and seven and he fed the ball to Bert on his favorite play, an off-tackle reverse, breaking wide for the end, then cutting back through the hole.

Bert started out as though he were wading through a sea of molasses, and an end came in and dumped him. The ball squirted into the air and the end reached up and caught it. He had a clear field all the way to the goal line and it was six to nothing, Updyke. They missed the kick, which was small consolation.

I pulled Bert out of there and the half ended with no further scoring. I had no bright remarks to make in the gloom of the locker room and I went down the tunnel under the stands to come out into the sunshine. Mrs. Tuller was there with Junior.

"He's upset," she said. "He won't sleep. I can't do a thing with him."

"Let me try," I said. He stopped crying and reached out and took hold of my nose.

"You see," I said, "he likes me even though I am a football coach."

I LEANED against the concrete exit and Mrs. Tuller stood beside me. Someone came down the tunnel and stopped just inside to light a cigar. It was Kip Hartley the Updyke coach and naturally enough he looked highly pleased with himself. He stood just inside the tunnel. He could see me but not Mrs. Tuller.

"Well, Bucky," he said, "you mean some woman finally got hard up enough to marry you."

For years Hartley had been needling me. He was that kind of a guy.

"You are no beauty," he went on, "but I hardly figured you to have a kid like that. What happened, did he fall in a cement mixer? Haw, haw, haw!"

The baby tweaked my nose and I still couldn't say anything.

"Of course," Hartley said, "he may improve. How do you like the game? That Tuller is a lemon when the chips are down. Highly overrated."

He strolled back and I handed the baby over to Mrs. Tuller before I had my nose stretched a foot. Her cheeks were pink and the front of her dress was going up and down.

"I'll tell Bert," she said. "Bert will thrash him within an inch of his life. Who is he?"

"The coach of Updyke," I said. "And Bert is the only man who could do anything about it. Because Bert can beat Updyke. No one else can do it."

I could see her letting that sink in, examining it. Then she said, "I want to see Bert. I want my husband."

I took her down the runway, and the boys were starting for the field. Bert came out listlessly and Mrs. Tuller grabbed him.

I don't know what she said to him, I went down with the boys and when Bert showed up I kept him on the bench. He slid up and down and gnashed his teeth.

"A fine thing," I said, when the game was under way. "Making crude remarks about an innocent little baby who can't fight back. The coward!"

Bert opened and closed his fists. "Put me in," he said.

"Asking did the baby fall in a cement mixer," I said. "For shame!"

Bert gnashed his teeth again. "Put me in."

I let him sit there and steam. He was mad but hotheaded, I wanted him to stay mad but I wanted him cold mad. And finally in the fourth quarter we had the ball on our twenty.

I sent him in. They gave him the ball and he exploded through the line. The secondary finally brought him down but the halfback who had been so rash as to run up against those plunging knees took a minute or two to recover.

There was a lot of noise in the stands,

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but one shrill feminine voice stood out above the general clamor.

"*Bravo,*" it yelled. "Bravo! Oh, very well played!"

Mrs. Tuller was in a front-row box, jumping up and down, with Junior hanging under one arm upside down.

The boys didn't bother with deception. They just gave Bert the ball. The fourth time the boys blocked beautifully and Bert really got up a head of steam. He knocked one halfback spinning and there was only the safety man left.

The safety waited for Bert to shift left or right. But Bert didn't shift. He simply ran over him like a steam roller going over a peanut. There was a head-on crash and then Bert was legging it for pay dirt. He put the ball down as gently as though it were an egg.

I closed my eyes and opened them when Rankin kicked the precious seventh point.

The game ended three minutes later with Updyke frantically throwing passes.

There was considerable excitement for a while. There was to be a dance that night at Updyke, and our winning the game made me feel like going and even dancing with some coed if the band ever got around to playing a waltz.

About ten that night I was admiring myself in my hotel-room mirror when someone knocked at the door and Bert and his wife came in.

"Oh, Mr. Kane," his wife said. "Bert and I are going to the dance. Wasn't he wonderful? I'm so proud of him. But the problem is, you know, that we have to get a sitter. And you're the only person Bert and I really trust. Would you mind staying with him? If he wakes up crying, just give him a bottle. The bottle warmer is in the bathroom. Fill it halfway with water and plug it in."

They went out arm in arm. Sitting in their room I could hear the music drifting across the square. I sat there and looked at the crib, and at twelve o'clock Junior opened one eye.

"Cheerio, old boy," I said, and he flapped his right arm at me.

I could be wrong, and only time will tell, but I think the kid's going to make a forward passer.

THE END

GERMANY'S UNDERGROUND WANTS WAR

Continued from page 11

the Nazis that we got into the habit of distrusting the papers and the big radio stations. We searched for clandestine sources of information. Confidence in the available papers, in the official broadcasting stations has not returned." But to judge by the faces of his friends, that was not the truth.

"Why should we believe what is printed in papers, what is said over the radio as long as foreigners decide what can be told to the German people?" growled the wealthy grain dealer.

Then the banker added, "We have our own means of information, our own news network. That tells us more than the papers do."

In the Throes of War Hysteria

Out of the men's pockets and women's bags came notes and letters and mimeographed slips. These were read aloud to the party. They were all about troop movements and war material. For one who had watched war hysteria sweep over Germany in Nazi days, this seemed like a nightmare. Most of the news items were mere hearsay, gathered on streetcars, on trains from anonymous sources, from insurance offices.

"Don't you realize that if these anonymous scraps of news should prove true, they would mean war?" I asked.

"Why, certainly," the host replied calmly, "and the quicker it comes, the better it will be." The banker and his wife hastened to assure me that the thought did not really please them: "But one must be realistic about such things."

Did they realize what atomic warfare meant? Yes, they did, but, said one of the guests complacently, "Germany won't be the next battlefield. The war will be fought in the Near East. Others will do the fighting. We'll provide volunteers, and our factories will produce weapons, as the so-called neutrals did in World War II." Naturally since an American was present, they said that all volunteers and war potential would go to the Western powers, in the war that "must" come.

The party then proceeded to list alleged Russian positions in Germany, from which, they said, the Russians were ready to fire new, deadlier rockets, developed by German scientists, at England and probably at the United States.

"Americans don't like the idea of war," said the banker somewhat scornfully; "they won't have to take the initiative because the Russians will start the war." He and his friends knew the date of the attack. It would start "after the potatoes have been harvested." All summer long, other warmongers had been predicting similar dates.

The cry for war is loudest in Berlin, but it can be heard in all other parts of Germany. It is swelled by many of the 12,800,000 refugees in Germany who were expelled from the former eastern provinces and from the countries that the Hitler hordes invaded with the help of German minorities.

Some Allied officers and soldiers repeat the slogan of German fanatics, "War is unavoidable." Usually they have quite an array of German friends, who have worked overtime to influence them and then to see that their views get ample circulation. Consequently, when you travel through Germany you can collect the wildest rumors based on an initial statement by an American, Russian, British or French national. These rumors, of course, horrify those Americans, Russians, Britons or Frenchmen who realize that there is no short cut to peace, that it must be built up bit by bit, and who are working to build it.

International labor joins in the fray. Communist agents travel through all zones of Germany cleverly exploiting the hardships of the population to win sympathy for the Moscow cause.

Pronouncements by the vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, Matthew Woll, play an important role in the "get ready for war" campaign. Hundreds of thousands of organized workers in the Ruhr and in western Germany have been flooded with photostatic copies of Woll's editorials in the International Free Trade News. (Photostatic copies are expensive. Who paid for them?) The Germans take Woll's statements to mean that "Germany must rearm for the coming war against Communism." Why bother with peace problems if the big brother from America says that war is coming?

At least three varieties of warmongers are at work in the dynamite keg that is the Germany of today:

1.) The disappointed German patriots who rub their hands in glee at the thought of a possible clash between the former Allies. They are the least dangerous.

2.) Camouflaged Nazis and militarists who seek to regain the power they lost, by helping to precipitate the war between the East and the West. They know that this time they have lost their hold on the German people because of the decisive military defeat they suffered. They also know that for a long time to come, their finest talk about new deadly weapons won't drive the Germans into a war.

The fanatic old-timers also know that it is not enough again to convince Westerners that Germany is the bulwark against Communism, and Easterners that she is the first line of defense against capitalism. This time they have teams of German military scientists in both the Russian and Anglo-American camps, helping to devise and manufacture new deadlier weapons. When the war they want breaks out, the German team on the winning side expects to enjoy the gratitude of the winner for himself and for his special clique in Germany.

The "Deutsche Friedens Gesellschaft," or Peace Society, was the first to denounce the activities of German militarists after the first World War and to reveal their sinister role in Russia. Its members who survived the Hitler massacres met in Frankfurt last summer.

Again some of them warn: "It seems inconceivable that after what happened in the past twenty years, German militarists and merchants of death could manage to make this or that Russian, this or that Anglo-Saxon, believe that German co-operation would ensure victory for them and that it could be worth while to gamble with war.

"Yet we know that even before the end of World War II, some of the most fanatic Nazi militarists were at work to smuggle models of German weapons (that the Nazis did not have time to produce in big numbers) over to the Russians. There was the leader of the SS, Kammler, who tried desperately, in the last days of battle, to get a whole train loaded with new-type V-weapons headed in the direction of the advancing Russians. He failed because American bombs hit the train in Halle and destroyed it.

"The names of German scientists and military experts who went voluntarily to the Russian side are known. They are expected to work with more fanaticism than the men the Russians forced to work for them, or those who went to America merely to carry on their scientific work."

3.) The third group which feels that war must come consists of people who see a war as the only possibility of putting an end to Communism. Pointing to totalitarian rule in Russia, to the acts of terrorism of the NKVD and others in Russian-controlled territories and to the activities of Communist cells throughout the world, it finds Communism as evil and as dangerous as Nazism was. Therefore, it holds, the Western world must go to war against Communism.

But did the greatest military victory of all times finish Nazism? Would World War III destroy Communism any more than World War II destroyed Nazism?

One thing is clear in Germany: Our victory swept away the Nazi chieftains; it did not finish Nazism.

Marching to Horst Wessel Song

The little group of Germans I saw marching into Berlin early in August were singing the Horst Wessel song. They looked somewhat apprehensive when they saw the American jeep parked near by, with a soldier at the wheel. The soldier did not move. They sang louder.

I went over to the soldier and asked him, "Do you recognize the Nazi anthem?"

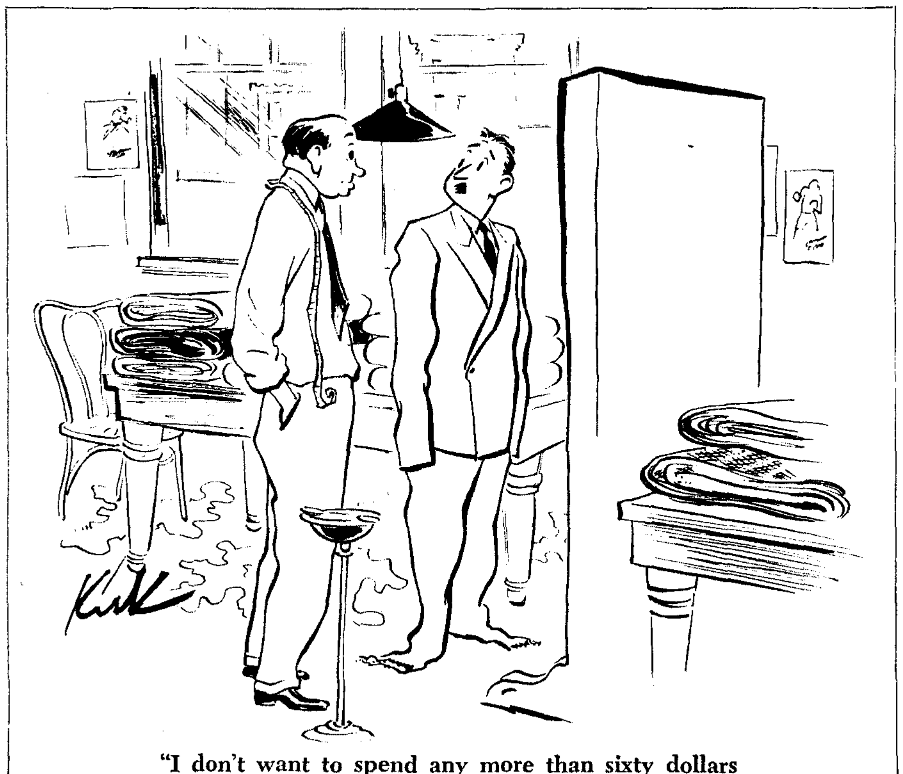
"Gee whizz!" said the young man. "Is that really the Nazi anthem? I'm not on duty . . ." He drove away.

On August 25th, the workers of Anhalter Railroad Station held a meeting to protest against "Nazi provocations," such as Germans marching in military formation through the streets of the Kreuzberg district of Berlin, singing Nazi tunes, including the Horst Wessel song.

In many German cities, tablets and monuments erected to honor the memory of the victims of Nazism are being torn down or painted over. In Munich, the police did nothing when signs on the square named for the "Victims of Fascism" were replaced by signs reading "To the Victims of Democracy." They acted only after a Munich paper front-paged the story.

Whereas two years ago, everybody was eager to disclaim any connection with the Nazis, today the former followers of Hitler who have not been arrested as criminals fare much better than non-Nazis. They have a good deal of money left from the days when they could profiteer to their hearts' content all over Europe, and they can afford to be generous to less lucky comrades. Consequently you will find people who suddenly claim membership in the Nazi party to get preferential treatment.

The story of the lawyer from Baden illustrates the new trend. He had never



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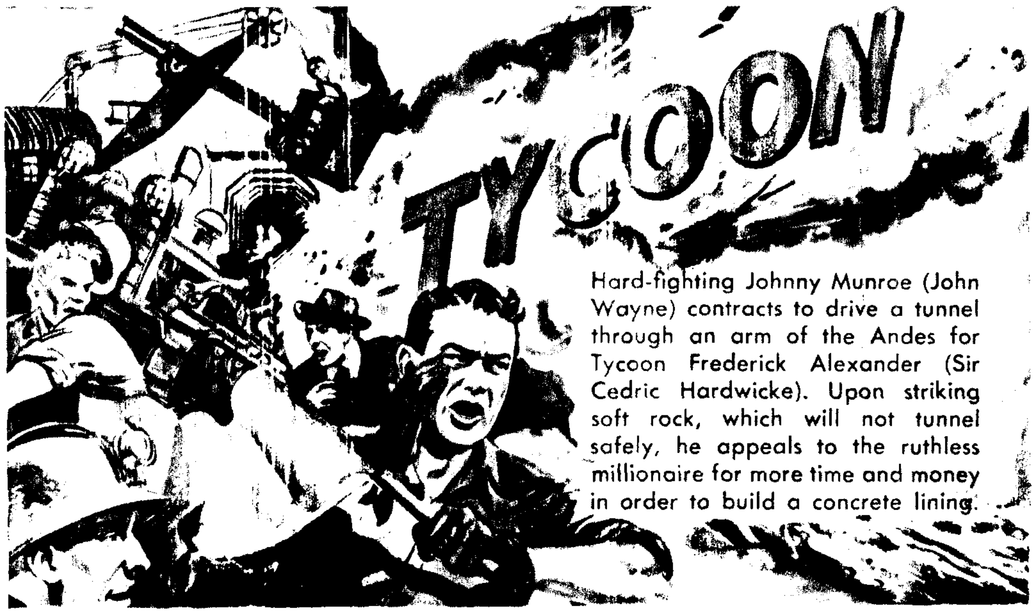

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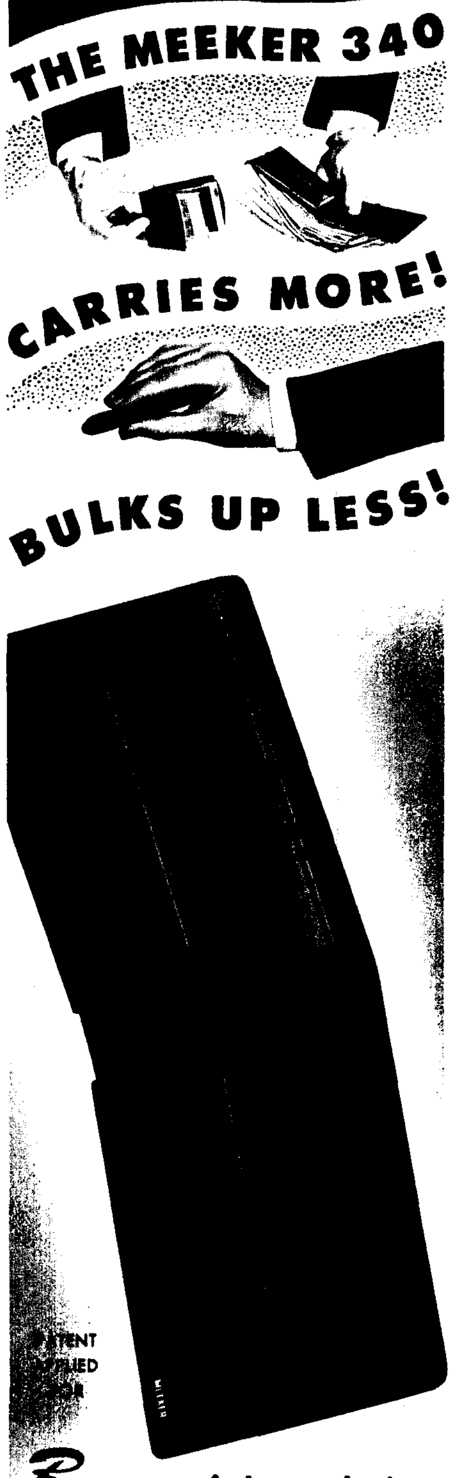
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been a Nazi, but somebody denounced him to the American authorities, claiming that he had failed to report his membership in the Nazi party. Instead of producing the evidence that would have cleared him in court, he put up a lukewarm defense. When the court suspended him from office for six months, he was delighted. "From now on, I shall have rich clients," he told an American friend. "As long as they believed that I was not a Nazi, the big businessmen kept away from me. Now they think I belonged to their brown fraternity. They consult me unofficially, and since this is a private transaction, they send me presents which are worth infinitely more than the official legal fee I could charge."

Still Dangerous to Be Anti-Nazi

The murderous Nazi underground is back at work: In Munich, a Sudeten German by the name of Enders, who had been anti-Nazi and in a concentration camp, met one of his former Gestapo jailers on the street and tried to have him arrested. Two days later, Enders was dead—stabbed in the back.

Another anti-Fascist, Hugo Menner, was to testify in a Munich denazification court against a Nazi official. Shortly before the trial he was strangled to death. These cases were somewhat hushed up; nevertheless, rumors fly and the number of people willing to testify against Nazis dwindles.

The intimidation is so thorough that anti-Nazis who have been beaten up don't dare speak about it. A doctor told me of treating a genuine democrat after he'd been attacked by Nazis. He feared the man would never recover fully. When I went to see the democrat he assured me that nobody had beaten him—that he had fallen down some steps.

The "Werewolf," which Goebbels created shortly before Germany's collapse, was mostly a red herring to distract attention from better organized units. Yet it has a number of nests, especially in the Walchensee area in Bavaria, where the new Bavarian police has its training centers and where it keeps up the Nazi spirit of the young Werewolves—and vice versa.

More important is the "Edelweiss" association, which is firmly organized along military lines and has about 200,000 members. So far, it has been impossible to find out who the leaders are and how they operate. It is known, though, that part of their communications are carried by Nazi ladies whom we allowed to retain their comfortable establishments.

It is relatively easy for the Nazis to finance all these groups. When the Nazis from north Germany, fearing the Russians, moved into the western and the southern provinces, they brought along vast sums of money, just as their friends the militarists and the *Junkers* did. They found their friends and relatives in the west and south equally well-heeled, thanks to the millions distributed by defeated German regiments before they surrendered. Our failure to enforce a currency reform allowed them to bolster their financial positions.

While decent Germans were recovering from the shock of war and defeat, the troublemakers rushed to work to hoard all the supplies they could find. The result is that today the ex-Nazis and their friends control most German goods and they can put over deals with as much ease as the owners of big estates, as farmers or as black-market princes. They can bribe where it does the most good, and they do. They can—and do—flatter foreign visitors with lavish entertainment in their castles or country homes.

Most people who enjoyed the special confidence of the Nazis land on their feet in the Germany of today. There were the officers whom the Reichsbank entrusted with the task of hiding its gold in the mountains of Bavaria shortly before the end of the war. We found the gold and we found a good part of the officers who hid it. After we released them they hotfooted it to their reactionary friends in Munich. A few months later quite a number of them had big jobs in the Bavarian police, others were in the homes of forestry officials awaiting their appointments to higher posts in the forestry service.

If friends of the Nazis can get jobs in the new German police, is there any reason to surmise that Nazism is dead?

In the general tension and distrust that always cripple a defeated country in the first years after a war, the Nazis and their friends have succeeded in preventing constructive forces that exist in Germany from doing active work. Most of the newly formed state governments have failed to gain the support of the people, partly through their own inability, partly because troublemakers sabotage their work.

The mental poison of mutual distrust and hatred, that is part of the Nazi disease, has become so deeply ingrained in many Germans that they see treachery behind every man, sinister implications behind every statement, and double dealing behind every action.

Their doubts are the more understandable because nearly everyone in Germany hides behind a Christian, a democratic or a Marxist cloak—depending on the preferences of the local occupation forces. To add to the confusion, there are millions of Nazis who have spent the past two years cooking up alibis, destroying, stealing and forging documents, either to prove that they never were Nazis, or to cover up their loot. We and our fellow victors increase the muddle by protecting this or that Nazi who happens to enjoy our sympathy. We act somewhat like Goering, who said during the first anti-Semitic campaign, "I decide who is a Jew."

This confusion is especially compounded in the strongholds of reactionary chauvinism—notably Bavaria—by royalists and *Junkers,* ex-Nazis, black-market power-holders, industrialists, wily churchmen and Communists from northern Germany, all of whom are at work with the same fanaticism that marked them after the first World War.

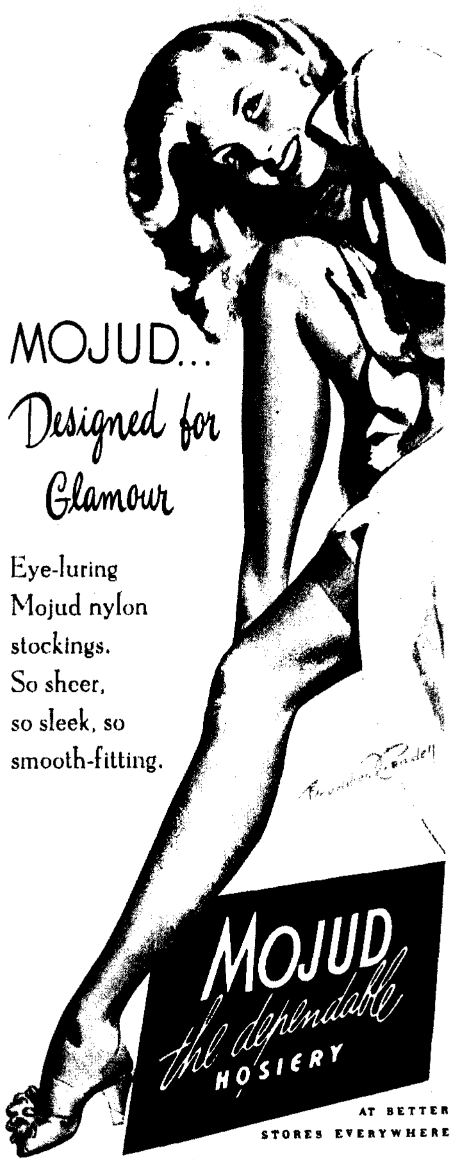
A Variety of Royal Families

The royalists are the most colorful group, whether they be of the Royal House of Braunschweig, that enjoys English protection, or the Hohenzollerns, who appeal to some hyphenated Americans, or the Dukes of Hessen, who entertain charmingly near American headquarters in Frankfurt, or the Wittelsbachs and Hapsburgs, who share the active support of the Catholic church in Bavaria and Austria.

Most Germans who have political judgment feel that the various royal houses have little chance of restoring their thrones. Yet they are alarmed by the impertinence with which royalists stage meetings that are supposedly banned by American authorities.

There is, for instance the Bavarian "Koenigs Partei." We prohibited it early in the days of our occupation because of its intrigues. We even arrested some of the men who tried to ignore our ban. Nevertheless, on June 20th one of them, a banker, whom we had released from prison, summoned his friends to a meeting in Munich. He boasted, "Before I left the jail I went to the American major on duty and told him, 'I shall remain true to the king, and we shall again have a king in Bavaria before I die.' The American asked whether ours would be a constitutional monarchy, like that of England. I said we would accept no such farce; ours would be a king who *knew* how to issue orders and be obeyed."

To understand why genuine democrats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in Germany are deeply alarmed, one must take a look at the hundreds of democrats, socialists, centrists, Bavarian People partymen and Bavarian Peasant Association officials, whose past stupidity, spinelessness or chauvinism enabled Hitler to undermine the Weimar Republic and to become master of Germany. Today they are in influential posts in Germany, though records show that most of them moved at top speed in 1933 to pass enabling acts that gave totalitarian power to Hitler. They are older than they were then, but most of them are no wiser.

The bickerings and jockeying for power of these old-time parliamentarian hagglers in the Bizonal Council in Frankfurt (which we created with the British to return Germany to work) were as petty and as shameless as their political bartering had been in the days of the Weimar Republic. Their performance has compromised the name of democracy in the eyes of the German masses.

It was in the morass of German reaction in Bavaria that Hitler and Nazism developed. Many an American who now holds power in Germany, and who has not the foggiest notion of the intricacies of German politics, continues to protect some of the most reactionary of these men.

Because some of our officials like the zeal with which Dr. Alois Hundhammer goes to church, we tolerate him as Minister of Education. The Minister of Education should direct the democratization of Bavarian youth. Hundhammer works overtime to prevent it. In his youth, Hundhammer was the aide to the Bavarian Peasant leader, Dr. Klaus Heim, a leading anti-republican. He worked with Heim at a time when Heim protected the political assassin, Tillessen, who murdered the republican leader Matthias Erzberger.

Hundhammer concocted an education program that is a farce as far as democratization is concerned. He sees to it that Munich and Erlangen universities remain hotbeds of reaction and that the few semiliberals and liberals who managed to get jobs as professors or officials in the early days after the Nazi defeat are stymied in all their efforts. Hundhammer's aides threatened Protestant teachers with removal from their posts if they failed to convert to Catholicism. After Americans saw some of these threatening letters, Hundhammer hurriedly rapped his assistants' fingers. But jobs in his ministry are still kept open for months for Nazis, pending their denazification trials.

Bavaria's Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Joseph Baumgaertner, has assured General Clay that he never said, "The worse things get in Bavarian agriculture, the better it will be, because the Americans will have to send us more help and they will give up trying to tell me how to run my ministry and whom to employ." This last refers to the fact that we would like to see a few more democrats in his outfit.

Despite Baumgaertner's assurances of loyalty, German democrats charge that in his ministry, American directives are twisted to make them seem ridiculous to the farmer; the American program for the settlement of refugees has been boycotted; Bavarian land reform has been butchered; Bavarian farms are suffering from a shortage of 78,000 farm hands at a time when the country is overcrowded with refugees who have nothing to do, and officials with Nazi leanings get the best jobs in the ministry.

The system is the same as it was in the days of the German republic: We issue directives, as did the Weimar Republic, and we leave the implementation of these directives to German officials. This would be okay if the orders of these officials were checked with the utmost care before they are sent out over American signatures, since the officials are masters in the art of emasculating directives.

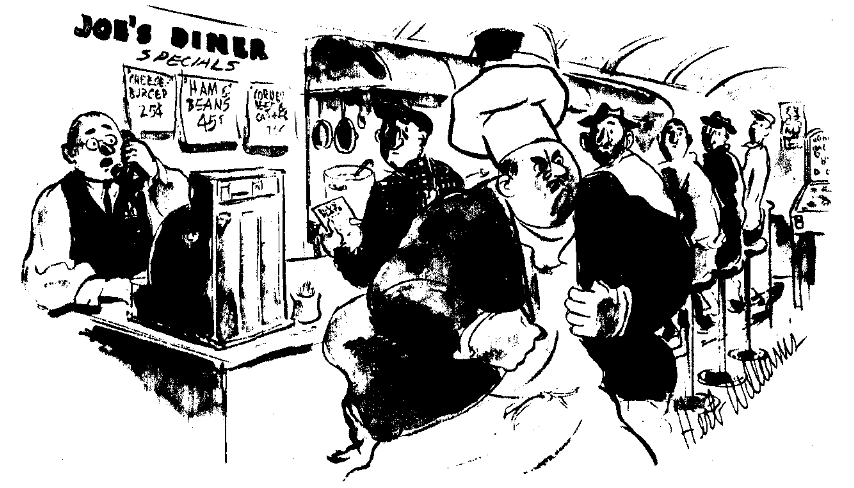
Old Disease Infects Germans

Some of our officials like to say that we can do nothing about sabotaging German state ministers because: "The Germans must learn to govern themselves." This is sheer self-deception. The Germans still suffer from the Nazi disease, which induces the patient to feel it his duty to please the highest man in power. Hundhammer and his ilk circulate the news that they and their wives enjoy the friendship of the chief American representative, General Mueller, and his wife. The claim may not be true, but the old-timer who was too stupid to recognize the Hitler menace in 1933 is not going to risk voting against a man who shows all evidence of enjoying the special friendship of the big American boss.

Thus it is safe to forecast that, for quite a while to come, the reactionaries and their well-camouflaged friends will be able to make their weight felt in Bavaria at the expense of democrats. They find the climate less pleasing in American-controlled Hessen and other parts of Germany, but since they form a special clique of their own, they will fare relatively well as long as any of their friends remain in power.

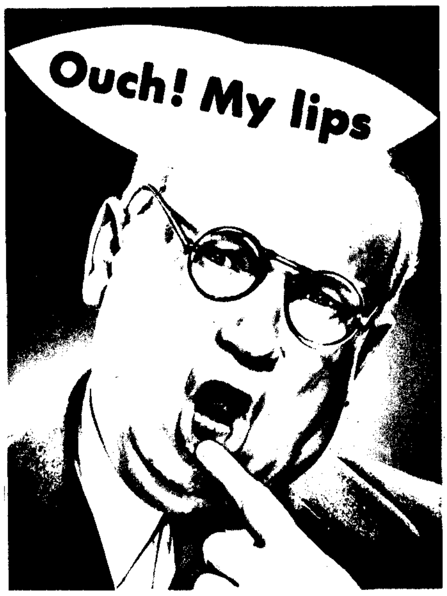
All these sundry groups, the warmongers, the reactionaries, the camouflaged Nazis, have one common goal: They want to torpedo whatever sound modern government or economy we try to create. They figure that if our efforts to pacify Europe succeed, the Germans and other Europeans will learn to appreciate real democracy and they would lose their chance to regain control of Germany and possibly Europe.

(This is the first of two articles by Miss Schultz on the realities of the Allies' occupation of Germany. The second will appear next week.)



"Would you mind if I brought some people home to dinner, dear?"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS



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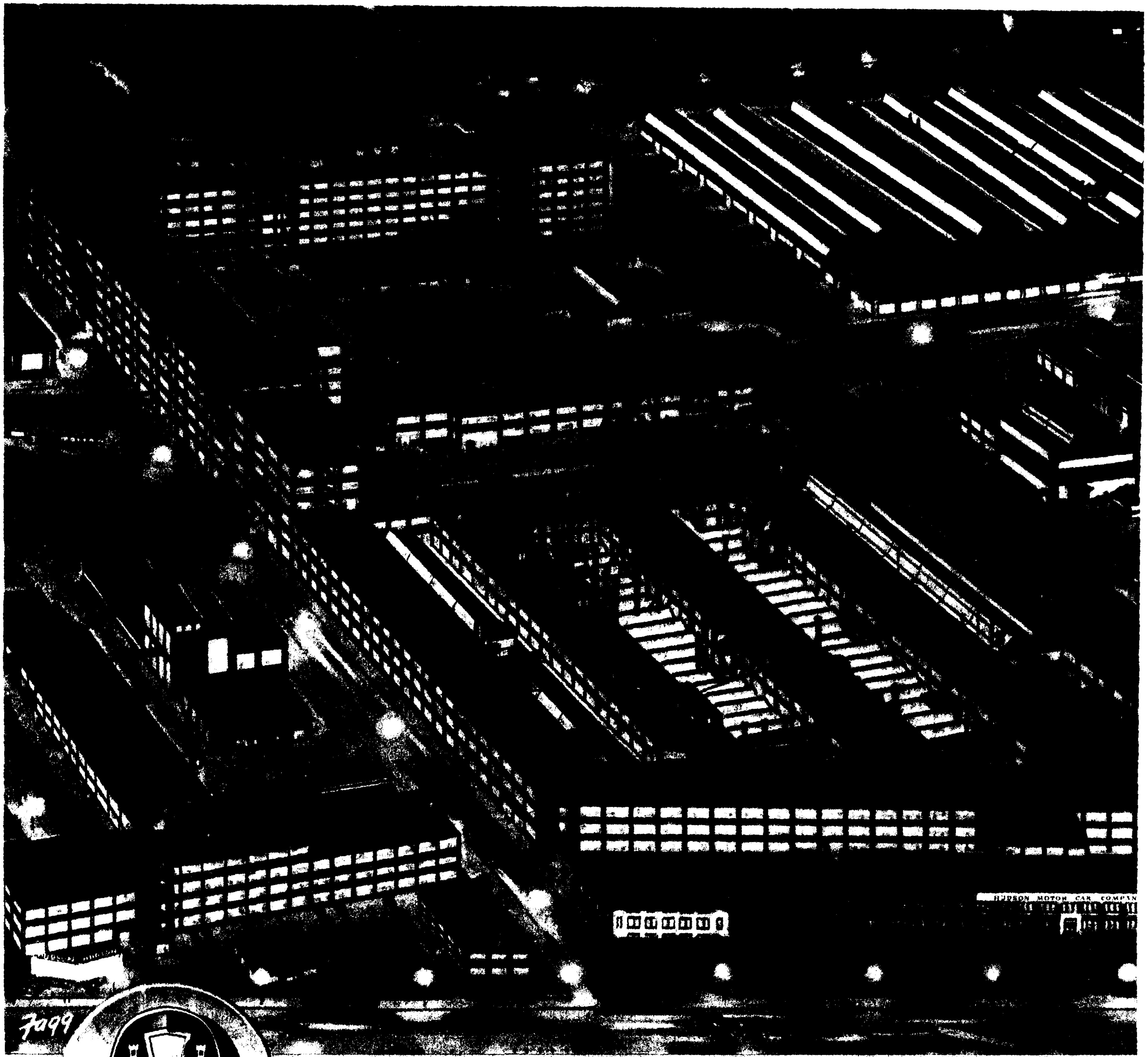


HUDSON

The above composite picture—painted from aerial photographs—shows Hudson plants where the motor car of tomorrow is being built now:

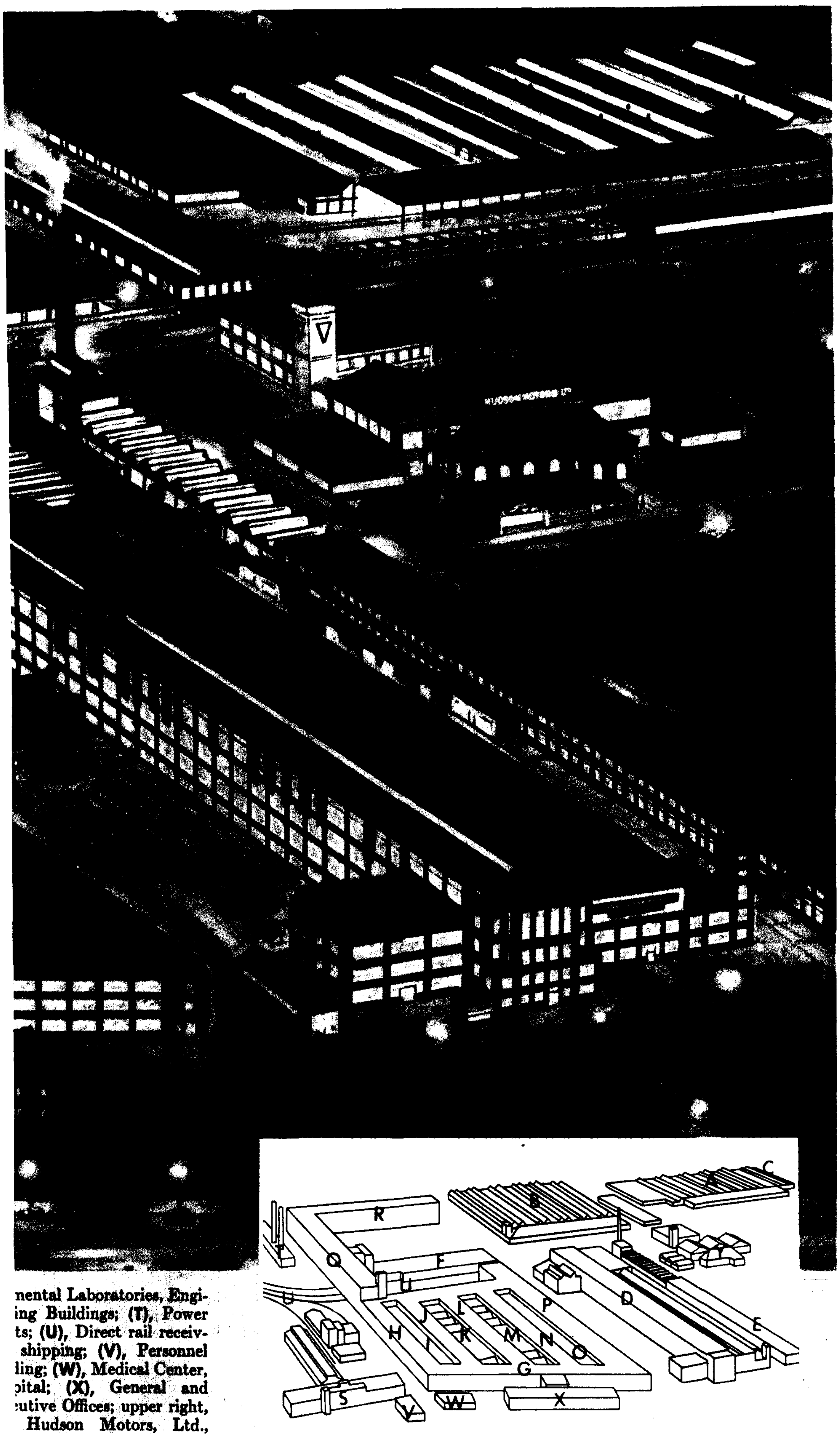
Upper right, building **(A)**, Gear, axle manufacturing, assembly; **(B)**, Service parts assembly, boxing, shipping, export shipping; **(C)**, Metal heat treating.

Lower right, building **(D)**, Monobilt body-and-frame, fenders and sheet metal manufacturing, finishing, painting; **(E)**, Medical center.

Center group, building **(F)**, Assembly and production line for rear axle, springs, shock absorbers, stabilizer bar, propeller shafts, gas tank, muffler, brake lines; **(G)**, Super-Six and Super-Eight engine manufacturing, assembly, testing; **(H through P)**, Machine shops, metal heat treating; **(J, L, N)**, Cushion, upholstery

fabrication; **(P**—first and
ond floors), Manufacturi
assembly of clutches, tra
missions; **(Q)**, Production
for front end, including whe
tires, engine, radiator c
grille, hood; **(R)**, Final insp
tion, tune up, material stor
Lower left, **(S)**, Research,

motor car is coming from!



nental Laboratories, Engi-
ing Buildings; (T), Power
ts; (U), Direct rail receiv-
shipping; (V), Personnel
ling; (W), Medical Center,
pital; (X), General and
utive Offices; upper right,
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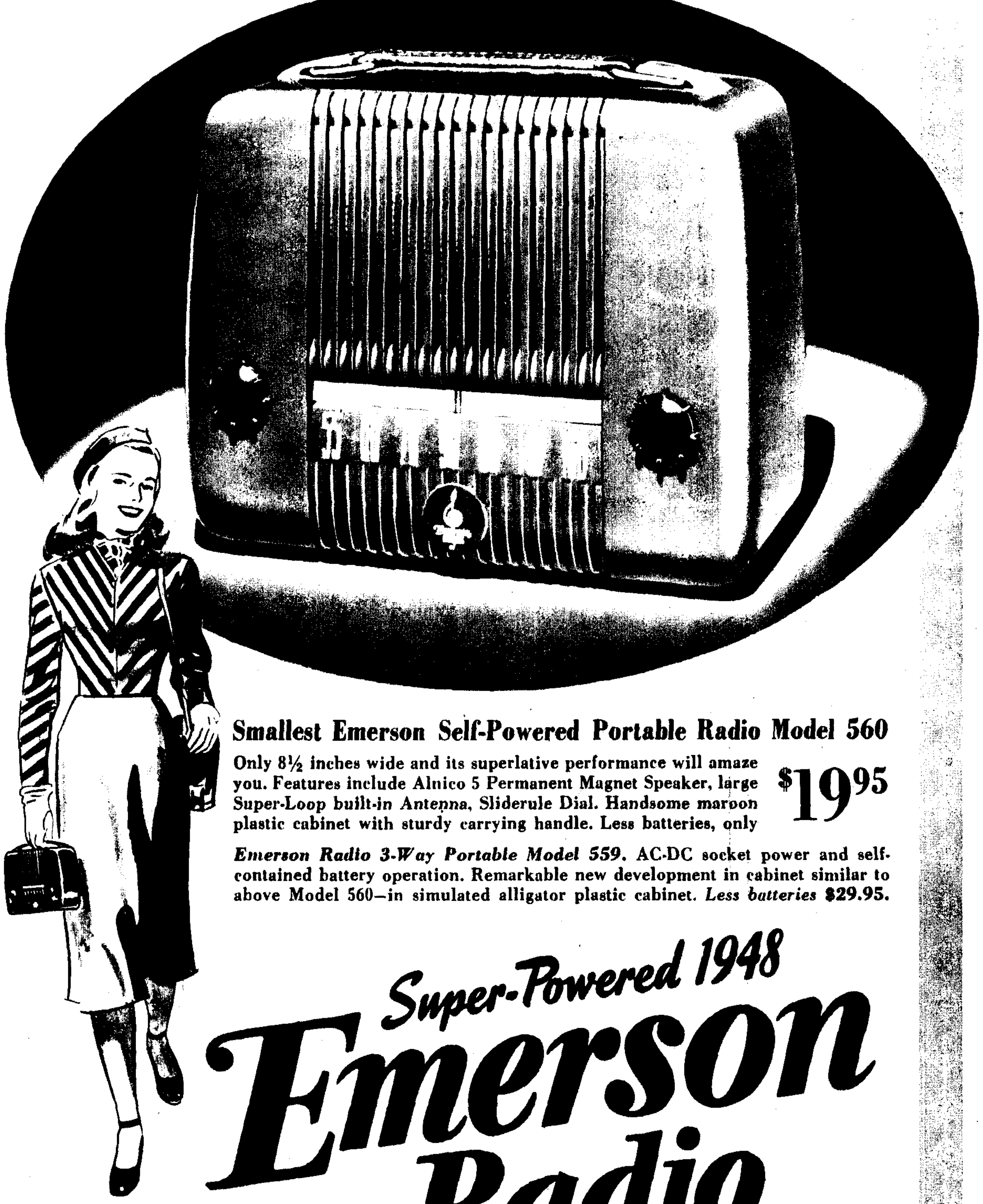

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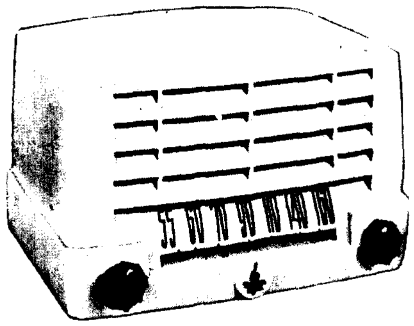

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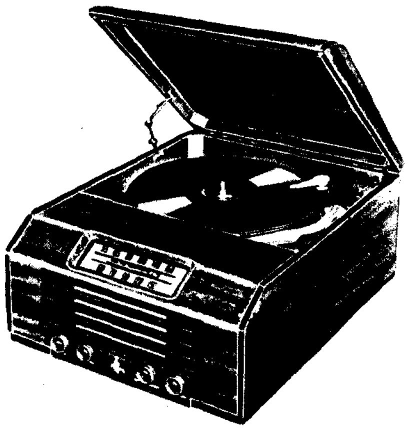

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BALLADS TO ORDER

BY DEAN JENNINGS

With the help of an alias, a portable organ and large quantities of peanuts, Sterling Sherwin has made extensive revisions in traditional notions regarding folk songs

ONE tense week early in the war, when only lunkheads asked foolish questions and even your mother-in-law was a potential spy, a nervous, eager young man hovered mysteriously around the southern California aircraft plants.

He was seen in the local pubs with his ears out like a wind sock. He scraped up friendships with pilots, war-plant workers and air-line hostesses. He scribbled notes as planes took off on test flights, and he wheedled aircraft photographs from company press agents. Finally, when he was seen fumbling with a strange apparatus in his car at the Burbank field, someone yelled for the gendarmes.

The suspected gadget turned out to be only a portable organ, and the mysterious young man was revealed as Sterling Sherwin, the California composer who can write a successful folk song about anything—and does.

The crude material gathered on that expedition emerged as the first group of original songs ever written for the men and women of aviation. Indeed, the result so impressed Captain Eddie Rickenbacker that he wrote a glowing foreword for the collection and called it a "treasure chest of the air fraternity." Considering that Sherwin had never been in a plane and can't tell an aileron from a harpsichord, this is a rich tribute.

Sherwin is a remarkable young man who believes there's folk music locked up in the souls of longshoremen, carpenters, plumbers and others—even bill collectors—and all you have to do is pry it loose. In the prying process, Sherwin has probably written more ballads than any other man in the world—600 melodies, sung, recorded, played and whistled everywhere.

He composes sea chanties, but he's never been to sea. He's an authority on mining songs, but he's never been in a mine. He wrote an album on bandit songs, but he never knew any bandits except a few Hollywood song writers. Sherwin is also probably the world's most prolific composer of original cowboy songs—but he never rode a horse.

His left hand, for example, pecks out Bible songs and knoweth not that his right hand is sinning with love lyrics from the Barbary Coast era. In the morning he is apt to be composing genuine Australian folk songs, though he's never been there, while in the evening he labors with the music of the Rio Grande, also by remote control.

"I am a glutton for punishment," he says. "But then all song writers are nuts, especially if they rhyme moon and June. I don't. I eat peanuts instead. I am very fond of peanuts, which can't be rhymed with anything but some other kind of nuts."

Sherwin only talks like this when he's in a whimsical mood on his remote private mountaintop, some fifteen miles from San Francisco where, as Earl Ennis of the San Francisco Chronicle once reported, "nobody lives but squirrels, and they don't need highways." One reason Sherwin is a mountain hermit is because he once lived on Broadway.

"It was quite noisy," he says. "I decided if I ever got home to the West again I would live on a mountain where it was not so noisy."

He made it, but the route was circuitous and rough.

Sherwin was not always Sherwin. He was born John M. Hagen, the son of Sanford and Clara Hagen of Omaha. His father was a real-estate man and amateur singer who brought his family to Santa Monica before the first World War. As a youngster, the lad's obvious talents were encouraged, and Hagen acquired a sound musical education through university and private teaching. He received his degree from Stanford in 1921. He went to New York for a Western music publisher, who soon suffered internal discordance and left him stranded. For the next eight years his life was a sonata in blue, and to keep himself in food he wrote theatrical articles, songs, blurbs for music publishers, and songs and publicity for band leaders. But no hit tunes.

Inspired by Green Pepper

At one time his sources of inspiration were reduced to cheese and tea for breakfast, and sliced green pepper and crackers toasted over an alcohol lamp for dinner, commodities that are now forever banished from his house. However, during one green-pepper jag, Hagen was galvanized by a magic melody that popped into his brain. He rushed for the piano, set it down note by note. He revised and polished it, gave it a shampoo and wave. Then he took it to a publisher for an audition.

"Yes," said the Simon Legree, "it's a wonderful tune."

"You really like it?" Hagen's knees were knocking like a metronome.

"Like it? Why, I was nuts about it when Irving Berlin wrote it five years ago. Now beat it, bum."

Stunned by this duplicity on the part of his subconscious, Hagen returned to California. Sitting glumly on the beach at Santa Monica, one day, he made up a new name for himself—Sterling, a sound as dependable as the Bank of England; and Sherwin, which to him somehow suggested adventure and a do-or-die spirit. But while Sterling Sherwin took over crescendo fortissimo, John M. Hagen lingers on.

As Hagen, dilettante poet and musician, he occasionally hangs around the San Francisco Press Club, for instance, and talks about Sherwin the composer. More than once, to friends unaware of his dual identity, he has spoken caustically of Sherwin's music. There are newspaper columnists who still don't know that their friend, modest John H. Hagen, is the same spectacular Sterling Sherwin they're plugging in tomorrow's column.

Quite often Sherwin feels remorse for Hagen's second-fiddling and injects the latter's name into his albums. Hagen sometimes appears as a lyricist, sometimes as composer, but is always overshadowed by Sherwin the dominant personality. When Sherwin gets fed up with his other self, and vice versa, the monotony is relieved by crediting songs, lyrics or both to other imaginary composers whose names are made up from the phone book. Sometimes Sherwin also works with collaborators. All of this, folk-song collectors are likely to find confusing, to say nothing of the ASCAP bookkeepers.

Under any name, however, Sherwin has a Gargantuan talent and his songs multiply like termites.

Mrs. Sherwin, whom he calls "Beppo," is available for musical midwifery at all hours. She says her husband has inexhaustible reserves of melody and tricky lyrics on tap and can turn out a song in a matter of minutes.

Actually, Sherwin once wrote words and music for a brisk little breakfast-food carol in 18 minutes and was paid $2,000 for his trouble. Sherwin subsequently established another record for the profession when two New York publishers accepted 40 of his songs in one day.

Admittedly these are freak performances, but they do not detract from Sherwin's contribution to the treasury of immortal folk music.

Folk songs, in a broad sense, represent the efforts of untraveled and untutored people to express themselves. They are songs, generally without age or known authorship, that are constantly being reborn. Experts hold that these songs are different from others in that they are not created to a musical plan by trained composers.

A few years ago, for example, he loaded his car with notebooks, road maps and a portable four-octave organ operated with foot pedals. He drove up into the mountains and spent weeks in the ghost towns of the fabulous Mother Lode, listening, jotting down snatches of melody. He went to the village dances and school festivals. He sat in the taverns and restaurants, and went into the homes of the people.

At night he locked himself in his hotel room and pumped the organ, capturing the basic threads of the music he had heard. Then he returned home and wrote a batch of original ditties which were subsequently published as Songs of the Gold Miners (Carl Fischer, N. Y.). Old-timers in the gold country depose that Sherwin's mining songs are indistinguishable in flavor and spirit from Camptown Races, Wait for the Wagon, Sweet Betsy from Pike, and other classics.

In effect, Sherwin starts out as a collector searching for old and sometimes familiar songs. But once having absorbed the fundamental themes, he puts them aside and composes his own folk music. He has an uncanny knack for projecting himself into the atmosphere of his subject and echoing it in songs that are new and yet old.

To cite a case in point, Sherwin knows little about the deep South and had only a humming acquaintance with spirituals, plantations and Negro laments. But when he and Robert Newell decided to compile their own book of spirituals, no less an authority than the late Irvin S. Cobb hailed their work with a glowing introduction.

Sherwin achieved the same sort of musical legerdemain with his volume of railroad songs.

He had never worked on or near a railroad, but he set up camp near the switch yards, the freight sheds, the roundhouses. He called on his old friend, Harry McClintock, a former railroader, and together they prowled the thundering labyrinth of railroad lore. The completed volume, Railroad Songs of Yesterday and Today (Shapiro-Bernstein, New York), was greeted with delight.

His journeys into these unexplored

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domains are actually mere side trips. For at heart Sherwin's a buckaroo, with a passionate devotion to cowboy ballads and he'll perforate yuh, podner, if yuh don't agree they are musical documentaries that will outlive all of today's jump, jive and jargon.

Several years ago when his friend Zo Elliott, composer of There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding, visited cattle ranches in New Mexico, he heard the cowboys singing songs that sounded strangely familiar. Pressed for the source of the ballads, one cowhand produced a dog-eared copy of a Sherwin album from the bunkhouse.

"They're plumb purty songs," he said. "The fellow that writes 'em is an old cowhand."

The old cowhand at that moment was riding his gas-fed bronc up the old squirrel trail to his mountain hideout, with a couple of pints of canned moo for the evening meal and a new seat for his organ.

Nevertheless, Sherwin has filled many fat volumes with lilting cowboy ballads of such remarkable fidelity that they bring tears to the toughest hombres and make the buffalo roam clear out of sight.

British Go for His Cowboy Songs

One of these albums, published during the war by Britain's largest music house, quickly sold 100,000 copies in England and Australia before the paper supply ran out. Now London has commissioned him to compose a new book of illustrated original cowboy songs entitled Sherwin's Saddle Songs. Sherwin also broke a United States songbook publishing record when a volume, *Singin' in the Saddle*, sold 12,000 copies in its first three months on the music racks.

"Nowadays the cowboys don't write their own songs," he says. "Instead they listen to the radio and look to us for the new songs people expect them to sing. That being the case, we are obligated to give them songs that are as genuine as any they might compose themselves."

Evidently Sherwin has mastered the idiom, both in verse and music, for his best customers are those same lonely riders of the plains. In Hollywood his songs have furnished the musical background for more than one big-budget horse opera. Sherwin is also proud of the fact that the music department of his alma mater, Stanford University, bought copies of his cowboy volumes for study.

Occasionally, as a reminder that there's love in the subway, too, Sherwin turns out a popular number or a catchy novelty. His contributions to the moon-June school include Courtin' on a Cable Car, Fifty Years from Now, The Moon and You, Tulips Will Bloom Again in Holland, Melancholy Mamma, Let's Live on Love, So Sweet, Love is Like a Roundup, and It's Reliably Reported in Certain Quarters (That I'm in Love with You).

At home, on the aforementioned mountain, Sherwin's unorthodox habits are a sore puzzle to the natives. There are no beds in the house, a hang-over from his New York interlude, and he and his wife sleep outdoors. Sherwin becomes conscious about 9 A.M. (earlier if there are gnawing squirrels about) and breakfasts on tea and peanuts or chestnuts. Then, trailed by his horse-faced Airedale, whose pen name is Up Beat, he walks briskly round and round the mountain, gnawing a corncob pipe and munching more peanuts, which he buys 25 pounds at a time in San Francisco's Chinatown.

Sherwin spends his afternoons walking, swinging an ax, working on his musical play, or writing new poems for a collection entitled Worse 'n' Verse.

He does most of his composing between 6 P.M. and 2 A.M., before or after feeding on pretzels, cocoa, potato chips, pine nuts, cheese or anything else that can be popped into his esophagus with a minimum of interruption.

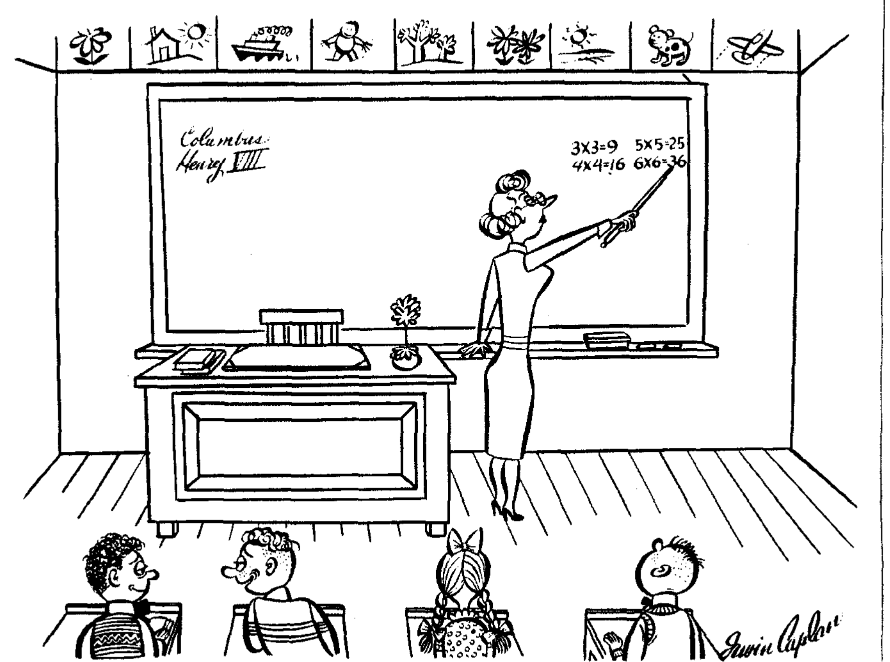
Right now, in between new songs, Sherwin is sizzling with his own theory of the music of the future. He deplores the one-dimensional limitations of today's music and says the only true music is that which will appeal to three senses—the nose and eye, as well as the ear. He is one of those who propose, for instance, that some mechanical device be installed in theaters and auditoriums which would waft appropriate odors to the audience. At the same time, changing colors would interpret the music on a screen.

"Imagine the scope of such music!" he says. "Someone could write a masterpiece such as Pink Polonaise in E Flat Gardenia, or Chypre Violin Concerto in Purple Sage. There are limits, of course. We would not want the pyrotechnic modernists, such as Henry Cowell, or George Antheil, or even Stravinski, to get their hands on this new medium. I am fearful they would do Afternoon of a Glue Worker, or Claustrophobia in a Sardine Can."

Sherwin will also put a hotfoot under the swing craze at the drop of a clef.

"Some call it madness," he says. "Maybe even something good will come out of it, either from the rhythm or original instrumentation. Never fear, it will leave its mark on music. You might even call it a scar."

THE END



COLLIER'S "June, July, August; those were the good old days" IRWIN CAPLAN

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

The fact is that the Daily News does not own the Clarion-Ledger, neither does the Clarion-Ledger own the Daily News.

The two papers are owned by the Mississippi Publishers Corporation, a Delaware corporation. They are separately operated, both in business management and editorial policy, and occupy separate plants.

FREDERICK SULLENS, Jackson, Miss.

SHADES OF THE ZZYDD CORP.!

DEAR EDITOR: Having chronicled the doings of Bob Nelson in Ghosts for Sale (Oct. 4th), perhaps Jule Mannix would like to know about the House-Haunting division of my Aabcco Co., which provides all necessities for a happy séance, from Boxing Gloves for striking a Happy Medium to Microphones for Broadcasting on a Ghost to Ghost Hookup.

We offer Recorded Wails by a retired New Bedford Wailing Captain; Enchanted Waters dipped from the Eerie Canal; Mysterious Melodies written in Sheet Music and arranged in a Skelton Key.

Also in stock are several types of Ghosts, including Happy Ghosts who are always in Good Spirits; Polite Ghosts who Spooke only when Spooken too; Worried Ghosts who have that Haunted Look. Incidentally, we have just opened a new branch office in Spookane.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS, Aaastoria, L. I.

LOW PITCH

DEAR EDITOR: I read the story of Eddie Condon (Brother Jazz, Aug. 23d-Sept. 6th) with interest because I know Eddie and always did want to know how much gin he could consume. Other than the statistics on alcoholic intake, the series seems to be of little value to those of us who love and respect American jazz.

Notice, for example, the difference in feeling between Brother Jazz and Dorothy Baker's Young Man With a Horn. Miss Baker gave jazz a soul. Mr. Condon and Mr. Sugrue give it ulcers.

SALLY HOLLADAY, Jackson Heights, L. I.

LONGIES

TO THE EDITOR: Ruth Carson's Fashion At Your Price (Sept. 27th) may have brought joy into some hearts, but in my case, it just reminded me of the new long skirts, and that in turn reminded me of my new long face, when I'm hit by a barrage of bills for my spouse's new wardrobe.

It would be different if I liked the darned things, but they completely baffle me. The shorter the skirt looks, the longer the man looks; the lower the skirt, the higher the price.

With the lower waist and hemlines, a thin girl looks as though she's been pulled through a knothole, and a hefty girl looks like she ought to be.

The knee, most noble of all joints, has disappeared behind yards and yards of cloth. Woe to us men if next summer the stylists decide that bathing suits, too, should feature the new low hemline!

All along, I've felt there was something missing, in the long skirt. I've just taken another look at a group of models wearing them, and at last I know what is missing—the flying broomstick!

Your calf-eyed chum,
ARTHUR GODFREY, New York

STIFF NECK

DEAR SIR: Re It All Comes Out in the Wash by Lowell Brentano (Sept. 13th): If he had ever been in Utah he wouldn't have made the statement: "Today, the laundry does not starch a man's shirt or collar unless especially instructed."

My shirts are as stiff as a 10″ × 10″ timber—despite a note not to use starch.

RAYMOND PFEIFER, Ogden, Utah

. . . Despite Mr. Brentano whitewashing the laundries, I am still annoyed, if only because they do such a poor job on my Kleenex. I'd like to see someone design shorts with a new low hemline to allow for shrinkage. Instead of using starch in collars, I'd suggest pancake flour, so they can turn themselves. As for those disappearing buttons why not make them out of lead? If the atom bomb can't hurt lead, they ought to be reasonably safe in a laundry . . .

THOMAS REYNOLDS, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

O, MARRY ME!

DEAR WALTER DAVENPORT: I disagree emphatically with your editorial Looking for a Wife? (Oct. 4th). Don't you know that marrying ambitious and demanding women is exactly what creates the nice, big crop of widows in the U.S.?

Which shows the higher intelligence, the type of wife you advise men to marry or one who, with greater vision and wisdom, can show her husband the contentment and riches in the simple life—in the intangibles; can teach him that too much strain to achieve so-called success is solely a manifestation of asinine masculine pride; show him his health and comfort are paramount; permit their children a true father with time to pal with them, not just a provider? The type you suggest has been the chief contributing cause to the exceptionally high mortality of middle-aged businessmen.

Next question: What more does any man need than a wife who is NOT demanding, three square meals a day, a pipe and a copy of COLLIER'S?

E. G. ROBERTSON, Portland, Maine

NEVER LET THE LEFT KNOW WHAT—

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Mr. Porter writes that General Zervas' resistance movement has "the smell of Nazi collaboration." (Wanted: A Miracle in Greece, Sept. 20.)

Having since 1941 been a leading member of General Zervas' organization and an officer of EDES Greek National Guerrilla units, I would like to protest most strongly against this unjustified and libelous insinuation of Mr. Porter's.

If Mr. Porter has visited Epirus his car's wheels have certainly rolled over the bones of German and Italian soldiers killed by the forces General Zervas organized and commanded during his 935-day resistance. The highways are full of the signs of hard battles.

It is obvious that Mr. Porter never tried to find out to whose activity and strong determination Greece owes the fact that she did not follow the fate of Yugoslavia and today be ruled by another Tito.

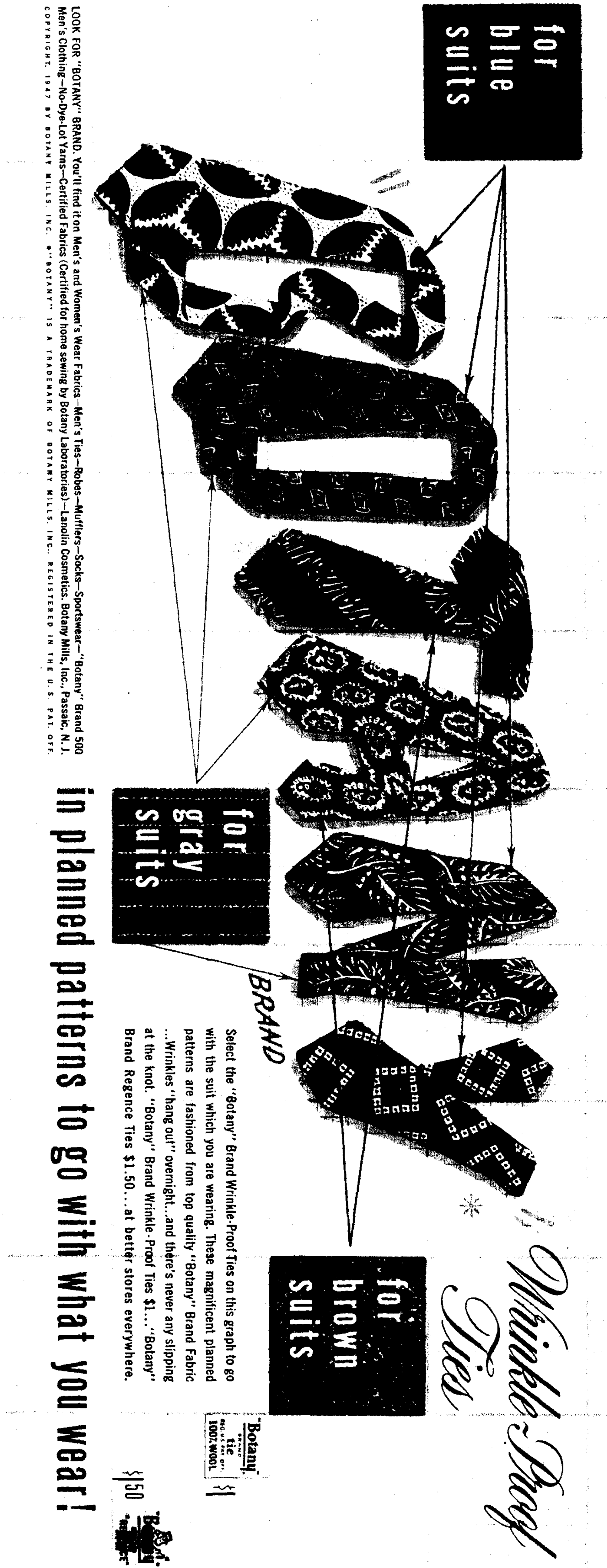
MICHAEL MIRIDAKIS, Amaroussion, Athens

. . . The Regular Greek troops evidently have rifles with left-hand bolts which would sure slow down any of the guerrillas who may be able to capture one.

Can it be that the Greek troops are all left-handed? Then again it might be that the illustration is a reversed print, used to confuse the foreign powers.

HAROLD D. RING, Toronto, Ont.

The Greek army tends toward the right. We'll flip the picture and prove it.



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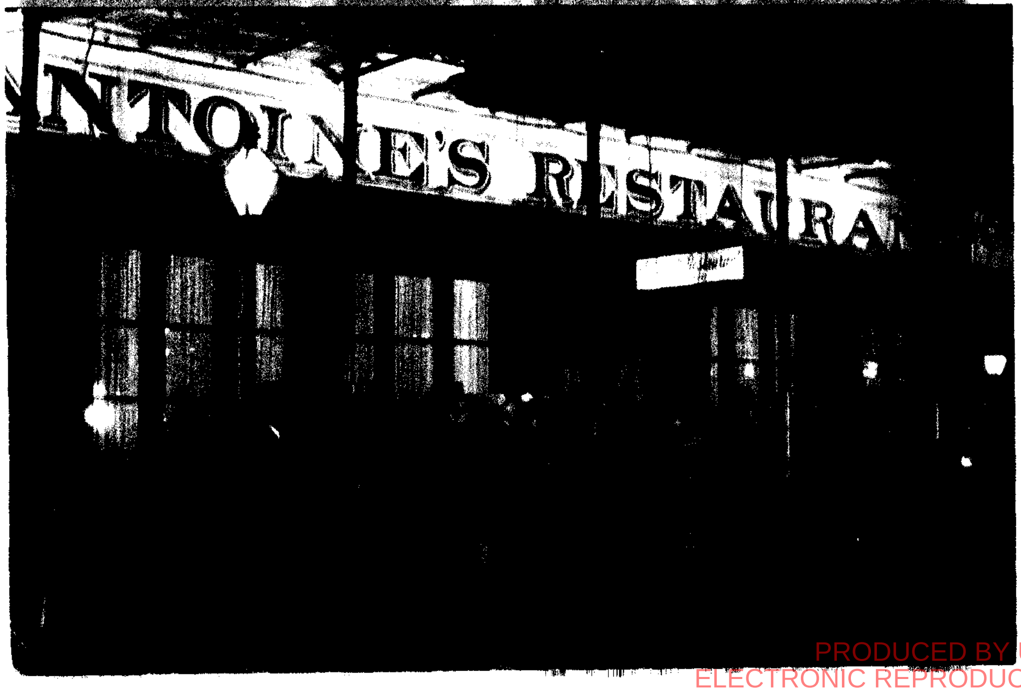
Present proprietor, Roy Alciatore (right), is the grandson of the original Antoine. Like his predecessors, he often helps prepare dishes personally

For over 50 years Dorothy Dix, first lady of New Orleans and popular adviser to the lovelorn, has dined at Antoine's. She's had the same waiter for 25 years

GOURMET'S PARADISE

BY MILTON LEHMAN

Antoine's refuses to rush its cooks, waiters or diners. The waiting line may extend for a block in the Vieux Carré, but service remains unhurried



Connoisseurs of fine food consider Antoine's famous restaurant in New Orleans the nation's shrine to the stomach, but it is no place to order a ham sandwich

ONCE a week during the late war, Antoine's Restaurant of New Orleans reserved a linen-covered table for two G.I.s. Winners of a weekly contest sponsored by the New Orleans USO, the lucky soldiers would come to the dark, shuttered door in the dingy alley of the Old French Quarter.

In passing from the depths of the chow line to the heights of Antoine's, the pilgrims had reached the nation's shrine to the stomach. At the door they waited until Cassou, the black-mustached headwaiter, escorted them to their table and whispered the treasures of the house. Sometimes Roy Alciatore himself appeared at their table—Roy, the son of Jules, the grandson of Antoine—and toasted them in Napoleon brandy.

When the feast was over, Antoine's had turned out two more customers, to be forever unsatisfied with the cooking of mess sergeants, mothers and wives. Like others who went before them, from privates to Presidents, they vowed to return. This no longer surprises the management. After 107 years of hysterical praise, Antoine's knows that it's good.

Antoine's firmly believes that it's the best restaurant in the nation. Throughout the restaurant, from floor to ceiling, are posted the tributes of its guests. While cynics say that the Alciatore family has solicited these testimonials, it's still a fact that few restaurants in history have been praised so much.

There are words of praise from big men, accustomed to much food. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, comedian of the silent screen, scrawled his tribute in 1900 and Eugene Pallette, portly star of the talkies, did so in 1940. Primo Carnera, sitting at a table propped up with bricks, celebrated his short-lived heavyweight championship at Antoine's gorging himself on two succulent roasted chickens and a pot of Spaghetti Milanaise.

Five Presidents ate there, from William Howard Taft to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Epicures of the world have united at its tables.

Antoine's occupies a great barn of a building, scarcely improved in eighty years. Its menu today is the same as it was twenty years ago and, with a few additions, not much different from what it was in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The staff has changed as little as the restaurant. Cassou, the present headwaiter, has been there forty years. Bus boys at Antoine's must still serve ten years' apprenticeship before being graduated to waiter.

Roy Louis Alciatore is the third-generation descendant of the somber chef who founded Antoine's more than a century ago. Born in New Orleans, reared in the restaurant, Alciatore seems no less aristocratic than the dignitaries he serves.

For Americans accustomed to the Great American Diet of bacon and eggs, sausage and wheat cakes, steaks, boiled coffee and apple pie, the fare

Mayor de Lesseps Morrison of New Orleans helps Mrs. Morrison to the table. Walls are filled with autographed pictures and testimonials of famous guests

Film starlets Martha Hyer and Virginia Owen. The food? It's Langouste Thermidor, with Salade Antoine and Pommes de Terre Soufflées. All top-secret

at Antoine's seems strange and exotic. What goes into the dishes was once revealed by Roy's father, Jules. But he declined to give their proportions or tell how they were mixed.

Oysters Rockefeller (*Huîtres en Coquille à la Rockefeller*), created by Jules Alciatore, is probably Antoine's most famous dish. For this dish, the first ingredient is select Louisiana oysters. Split open and lying docile on their half shells, the oysters are placed in a pan on a bed of crushed rock salt. The ambrosial sauce, the essence of Oysters Rockefeller, is made from the tail ends of shallots (small green onions), celery, chervil (a pungent cousin of parsley), crumbs of stale bread, tabasco sauce and the best butter. Pounded up in a mortar, forced through a sieve, the sauce is parceled out one spoonful to each oyster.

On their bed of rock salt, the oysters are then committed to a violently hot oven. Set in Antoine's oven, even the salt turns color and the sauce emerges with the strange green cast of ocean plant life.

The second most famous dish at Antoine's is *Pompano en Papillote*, which means pompano, the tenderest of fish, in a paper bag. The dish was created by Jules to honor a Brazilian balloonist. Recalling how Antoine, his father, had once cooked filets of fish in an oiled-paper bag to seal in the juices, Jules fashioned a paper bag to look like a dirigible. Then he set to work on the fish.

Selecting choice pompano, he baked it with shallots and butter, mixed with salted white wine. For the sauce, he mixed the best butter and the finest flour, poured in oyster water and the juice of the pompano. He added fresh mushrooms, small lake shrimp and a touch of chervil, chopping, mixing and blending. Then he slipped the pompano into the bag, poured in the sauce and baked it until the oiled paper turned a delicate golden brown. The result was *Pompano en Papillote.*

Pommes de Terre Soufflées, or blown-up potatoes, are also celebrated at Antoine's. The secret of *Pommes de Terre Soufflées* he learned from Collinet, chef of Citizen-King Louis Philippe, who discovered them purely by accident. King Louis had always liked French fried potates. One evening Louis was late for dinner and Collinet removed the potatoes, almost done, from the boiling pot of lard. When the king finally arrived, Collinet dumped his potatoes back in the lard and was astounded when they all puffed into crisp and hollow balloons. These he served to His Majesty, who was overwhelmed, and these Antoine presented to the people of America.

How Recipes Are Safeguarded

Roy Alciatore is always on the alert for spies and enemy agents who would make off with his cooks or steal his secrets. Although all recipes are passed on by word of mouth, never written, Roy is still cautious. Guests are not permitted to enter his kitchens.

Many a proposition has been turned down by Camille Averna, the portly, double-chinned chef at Antoine's. Maurice and Abraham, waiters, have each been offered a king's ransom to leave Antoine's for other employment. Both have remained loyal.

The most celebrated larceny in Roy's era at the restaurant happened several years ago, when a sinister-looking gentleman arrived at Antoine's alone, took a table in a remote corner and ordered Oysters Rockefeller. The waiter and Roy saw the guest take a small Cellophane envelope from his vest pocket, hurriedly scrape the algaelike Rockefeller sauce into it, stuff it back in his pocket and go on with his dinner. The mysterious guest appeared every night for a week and furtively put away more sauce. Once the waiter was about to seize him, but Alciatore wiggled his fingers. "Let him go," said the grandson of Antoine. "He is a fool."

Three months after the furtive stranger was gone, a new Oyster Rockefeller sauce appeared in the epicure shops of New York City. A friend of Roy's promptly sent him a sample. Roy ordered the counterfeit heated, had it brought to his table and tasted it. "Faugh!" he exclaimed. "Not even close."

Sometimes, in an expansive mood, Roy declares that there are three cities in America where you can get good food—New York, San Francisco and New Orleans. Some years ago, however, he was greatly irritated by a statement of Mr. J. George Frederick, president of the Gourmet Society, who said New York was best for food. At that point, Roy loudly dismissed both New York and San Francisco from his list. . . .

"Who," he scoffed, "ever went to New York to eat? Only this so-called Gourmet Society. And what did they eat? Aspic of sea food; essence of okra, Mexicaine; celery and olives; overbreast of guinea hen, Rector; New York coffee! Who," demanded Roy, raising his eyebrows, "calls that food?"

Antoine's Restaurant was founded in 1840 by young Antoine Alciatore, an *émigré* from France. As a small fry, Antoine served his apprenticeship under the great chefs of France. When he was twelve, he got his great chance in the kitchen of the Hotel de Noailles, in Marseilles. The statesman Talleyrand, who liked his beef rare, came to dine and Antoine prepared the beef. Talleyrand was delighted with the meat and asked Antoine what he called it. Studying the rare meat and remembering his father's account of Robespierre's execution, Antoine replied: *"Filet de Boeuf Robespierre, mon Prince!"*

Antoine was promptly apprenticed to Talleyrand's kitchen. Soon after, he emigrated to the United States and got a job in a New York hotel, but he was revolted by American hotel cooking. Hearing that New Orleans had a French colony where people ate well and knew good food, he left for Louisiana. Investing all his savings, Antoine opened his own restaurant in the French Quarter.

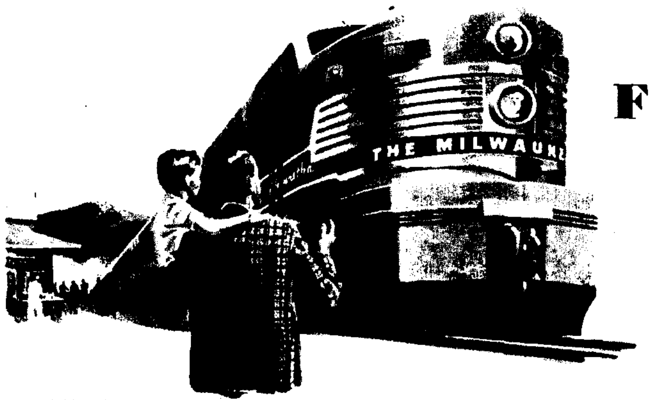
From the beginning, Antoine was successful. He married an upholsterer's daughter and had six sons, among them Jules, who succeeded to the headship of the restaurant after Antoine's death.

As maestro of the restaurant, Jules Alciatore took up where his father left off. He invented Oysters Rockefeller and *Pompano en Papillote* and *Café Brûlot Diabolique*, a black New Orleans coffee, burned with cognac and flavored with spices. He discovered new sauces for steak and turkey and squab, and he married Althea Roy, the much-serenaded daughter of a wealthy planter.

When Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress, played New Orleans in 1900, Jules each night brought her a small tureen of soup from Antoine's. Twenty years later, when Bernhardt, old and crippled, made her farewell return, Jules, then nearly seventy, again came to her dressing room with his tribute of broth.

Before Jules died in 1931, Roy Alciatore was already groomed to take

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



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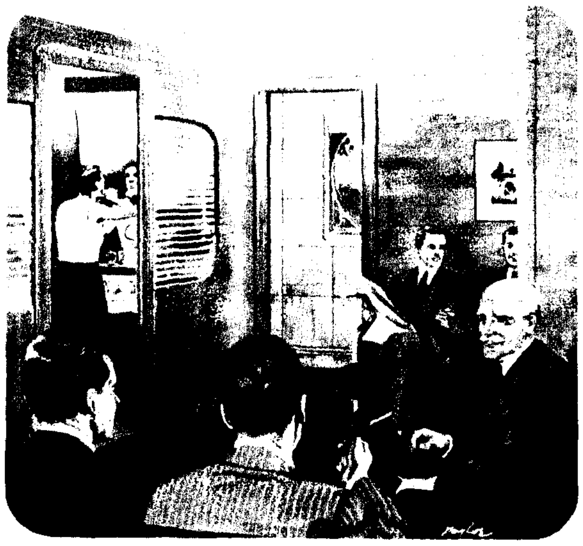
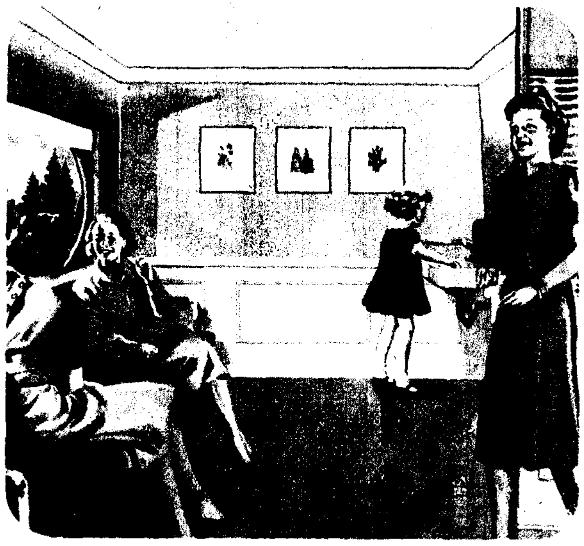
Reclining Chair Coaches have adjustable seats padded with foam rubber: footrests help you relax. Luggage racks are exceptionally large and the fluorescent lighting is amply bright without glare.



The Men's Lounges in coaches are unusually roomy with *separate* lavatory and smoking compartments. Slanted mirror is well-lighted and there is an outlet for electric razors. Ample lounging room.



Dainty and complete, the women's lounge in green and ivory is as charming as any boudoir. Colorful prints are a part of the gleaming plastic walls, and there is a wide, comfortable sofa.

The Tip Top Grill Car with its snack section and smart cocktail room is a rendezvous for *all.* Here, as in other cars, the public address system provides route information, music, entertainment.

Strikingly beautiful, the dining car of the OLYMPIAN HIAWATHA is open to all. Unusual angle seating gives extra elbow and serving room. Famous Milwaukee Road meals at moderate prices.

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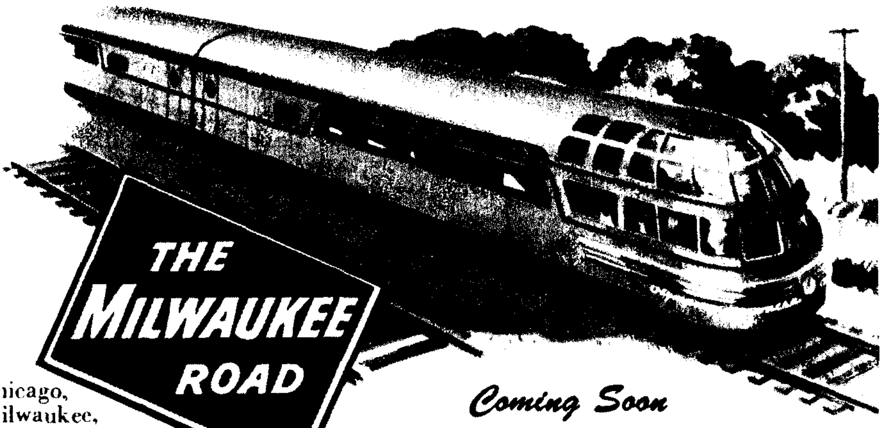

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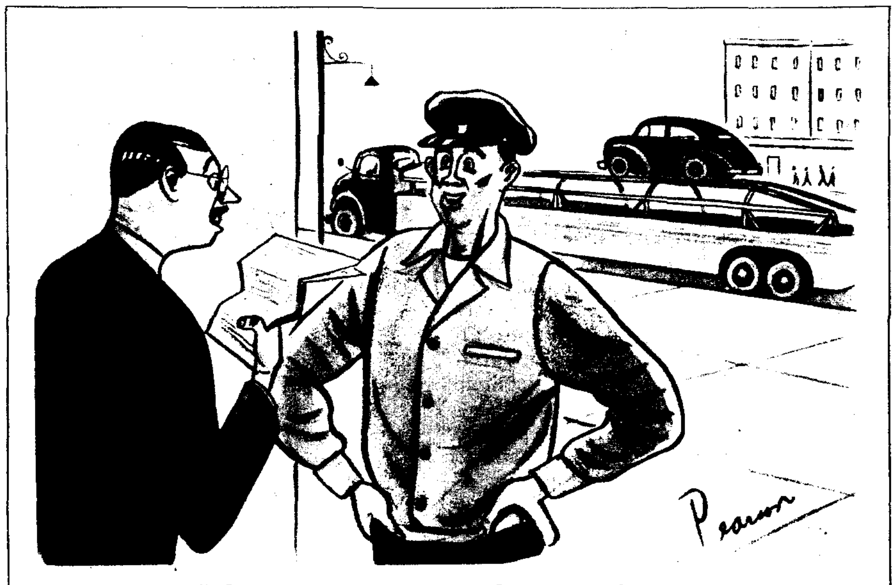


COLLIER'S "I know you were supposed to get eight cars but I had a lot of good offers along the way" CHARLES PEARSON

over. At first, Antoine's grandson was indifferent to cooking. He was going to be a wireless operator, but there was a slight matter of $50 for radio equipment. He'd have to work for it, Jules informed him, and gave him a job washing dishes. After six months of dishwashing, Roy willingly turned to the kitchen.

As head of Antoine's, Roy has added few dishes to its menu, although after one scouting expedition to the kitchens of Europe he did return with *Pigeonneaux Paradis*. A true Alciatore, however, Roy's seasoned palate can detect the slightest variation in any Antoine dish. He often sits down suddenly, stops a waiter bearing *Bisque d'Ecrevisses* (crawfish soup) or *Terrapine à la St. Antoine* (terrapin) and tastes it to be sure no cook strayed from his recipes.

Probably his greatest contribution was to bring Antoine's successfully through the war, which cut off the supply of snails from Burgundy, *pâté de foie gras* from France and olive oil from Spain. There were ration points to consider. Roy encouraged his guests to eat fish. The draft relieved the restaurant of August Le Blanc, its second cook, who found his way to a delighted general's mess. Le Blanc is now back at Antoine's.

Thinks Men the Best Cooks

Roy contends that men are much better cooks than women and that few women like to go into the kitchen at all. "For 90 per cent of them," he says, "it's a chore, because they have to do it every day and they don't really like food."

Few homes and few housewives, he goes on, are equipped to turn out dishes like Antoine's. For one thing, his dishes take an interminable time to prepare. *Bisque d'Ecrevisse Cardinale*, for example, requires six hours and *Tripe à la Mode de Caen* must sit for nine hours on a slow fire in a hermetically sealed casserole. The home, Roy says, also lacks the proper utensils to produce a really soul-shaking dish. For the proper braising of meat, you need a pot that fits the exact size of the meat; if you use a pan for omelets, you must not use it for anything else.

To housewives who are still undismayed, Roy reveals the following truths:

(1) All good cuisine begins with good butter and lots of it. Second only to butter are shallots, or small green onions. These are indispensable.

(2) No good cook can do without the stock pot to furnish a rich broth for concocting sauces. The invaluable stock pot is filled with the carcasses of turkeys, chickens, scraps of beef, veal and pork, plus vegetables of every imaginable kind.

(3) A good cook must be willing to dirty half a dozen pots to achieve a perfect sauce.

(4) Each dish must be served as soon as it is created. Food prepared long in advance loses 50 per cent of its flavor.

Roy Alciatore winds up his culinary lesson with two warnings: First, you have to love good food to be a good cook, and, second, perfect cooking requires infinite patience. And for those who flee from the kitchen to the restaurant, the New Orleans epicure has laid down three don'ts for polite dining:

(1) Don't brand yourself a rank plebeian by seasoning your food before you taste it.

(2) Don't order a good meal and then expect to enjoy it with water as a beverage. A rich meal without wine is like an expensive automobile with hard rubber tires.

(3) Don't make a wry face if your waiter suggests snails or sting ray—the *Escargots Bourguignon* and the *Rai au Beurre Noir* are poems in food. In selecting food, one should be guided by taste, not by prejudice.

Once, after preparing a specially tantalizing banquet in honor of a visiting ambassador, the staff was shocked when the honored guest pushed his fork at his *Pompano en Papillote* and said nonchalantly, "If you don't mind, I'd rather have sliced ham and cheese."

And once in history, the proprietor of Antoine's was truly worried by the arrival of a guest. That was back in 1925, when Calvin Coolidge, son of a Vermont farmer, was scheduled to arrive in New Orleans on an official visit. Monsieur Jules telegraphed the White House to find out what kind of food the President liked.

"President Coolidge's special weakness is custard pie," the reply read. "Other dishes that appear on White House menu are hot cakes, sausage, bran muffins, steak."

Considering this, Jules grew almost apoplectic. "Hot cakes and sausage!" he fumed. "Custard pie! *C'est blague!*"

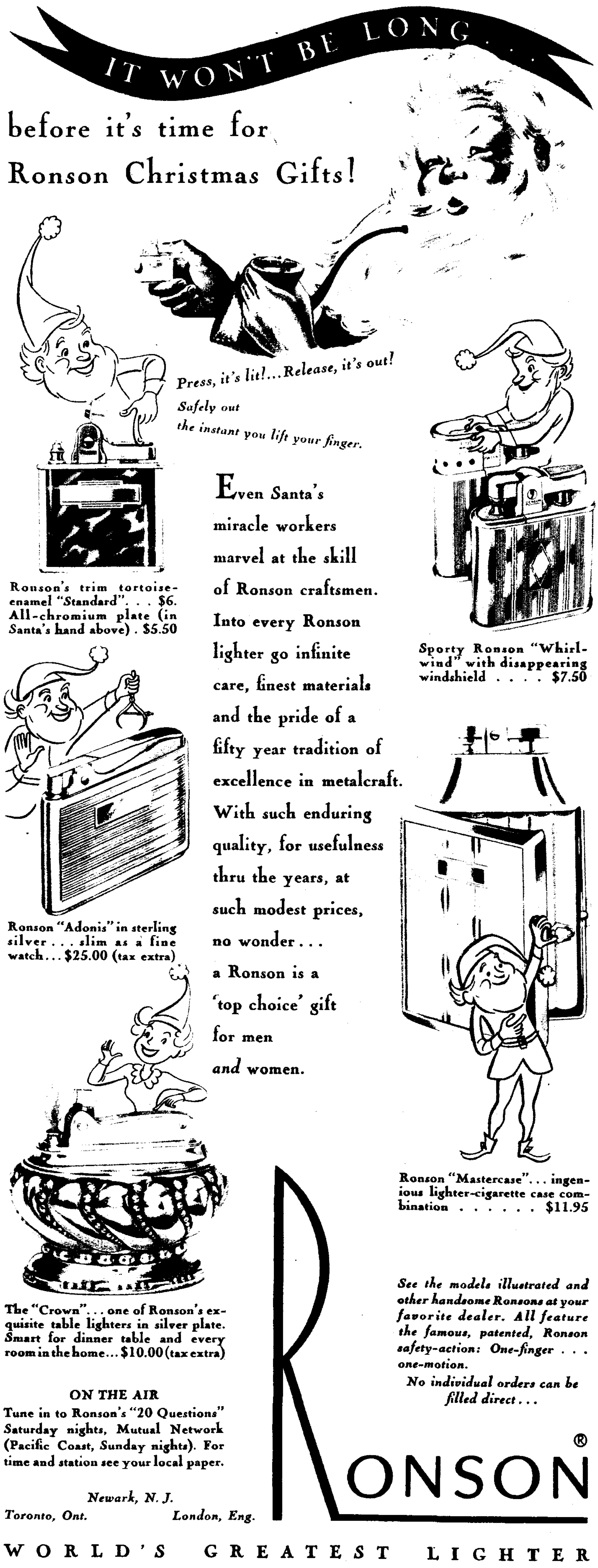
Nevertheless, President Coolidge ate at Antoine's, his frosty smile scarcely broadening as he dined on *Oysters Rockefeller, Bisque d'Ecrevisses, Pompano en Papillote, Perdreaux à la Broche* and half a dozen other masterpieces. It was the most crucial moment in the life of the restaurant. Finally the President finished and wiped his chin.

Jules was first to reach the President's table. Politely, he asked if Mr. Coolidge had enjoyed his dinner and would he like to sign a menu and take his place on the wall beside Taft, Harding and Theodore Roosevelt. Jules watched breathlessly as "Honest Cal" thought a moment, then wrote quickly on the menu.

"With appreciation. Calvin Coolidge."

For Antoine's, even today, that testimonial is still its highest praise.

THE END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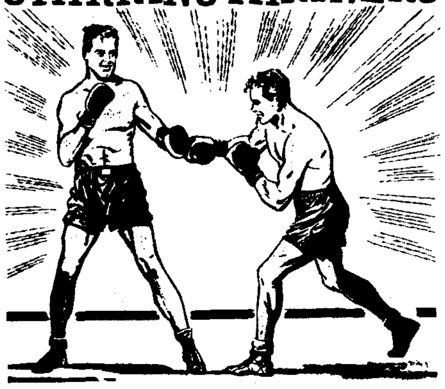

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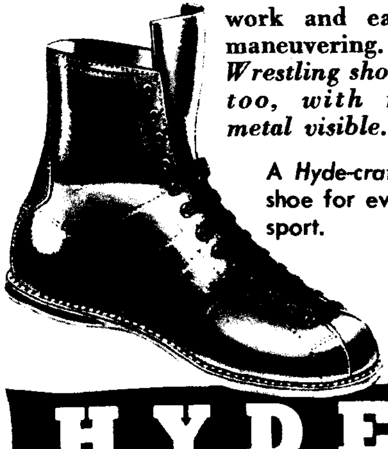


HYDE
ATHLETIC SHOE CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

GOLD-PLATED CORN

Continued from page 25

of their pictures everywhere except to England—a branch-office gold mine—but other countries, notably France and Spain, now are snapping up all the old A. & C. films they can get. Last summer, The Time Of Their Lives was the only American picture making money in Madrid.

Off stage, Abbott and Costello are the reversals of the roles they portray. Costello, always cast as the patsy, is an aggressive, thirty-nine-year-old party who does most of the team's talking and table thumping. He can be pretty stubborn and sullen when he suspects he is getting a short count on finances or selection of material. Abbott literally has been in show business since he was born forty-nine years ago and seems to regard his current tax problems as a pleasant, practical joke that can't possibly last. He calls everyone "neighbor"—an easy substitute for remembering names—and sounds as though he means it.

Accidents Start Two Romances

They have only one thing in common: Both met their wives under rather violent circumstances. Abbott dived into the Potomac River 29 years ago to rescue a chorus girl who had fallen overboard during a party on a chartered boat. He was married that same night—to the saved girl's friend. Costello knocked his wife cold the first time she saw him. She was watching his burlesque act from the wings in 1934, waiting to go on with the chorus line, when she was felled by a heavy hall tree he toppled while making his exit.

The contrite Costello took her out for a sandwich after the show and married her four months later.

Beneath the clowning they stage in public for the benefit of the gaping peasants, there is an unmistakable undertone of antagonism. Both have large, elaborate homes that are standard equipment for Hollywood nobles, but Costello's is a little larger and more elaborate. His swimming pool is a foot longer and wider than Abbott's; he has a projection room and the largest private film library in the country; he has a fleet of five cars and he recently bought an 85-foot sub-chaser from the Navy and converted it into a luxurious yacht. Abbott is more careful with a dollar. His only extravagance is a weekly poker game in which he manages regularly to lose several hundred dollars to itinerant burlesque troupers playing Los Angeles.

Costello seems to be driven by a compulsion to top his colleague at every turn. When Abbott bought a bar and grill, Costello bought a night club that cost $500 more. They play gin rummy for five dollars a hand and Costello, always inventing new house rules, invariably wins. "If Abbott catches on, I change the game," he says blandly.

This rivalry has been mounting since they hooked up eleven years ago and is rooted in that ageless handmaiden of show business—professional jealousy. Each firmly believes he is the indispensable member of the team. The general public casts a landslide vote for Costello, the zany who cracks the jokes and gets the laughs, but veterans of the theater insist Abbott, the straight man who feeds the lines that build up to yuks, is the Number One boy.

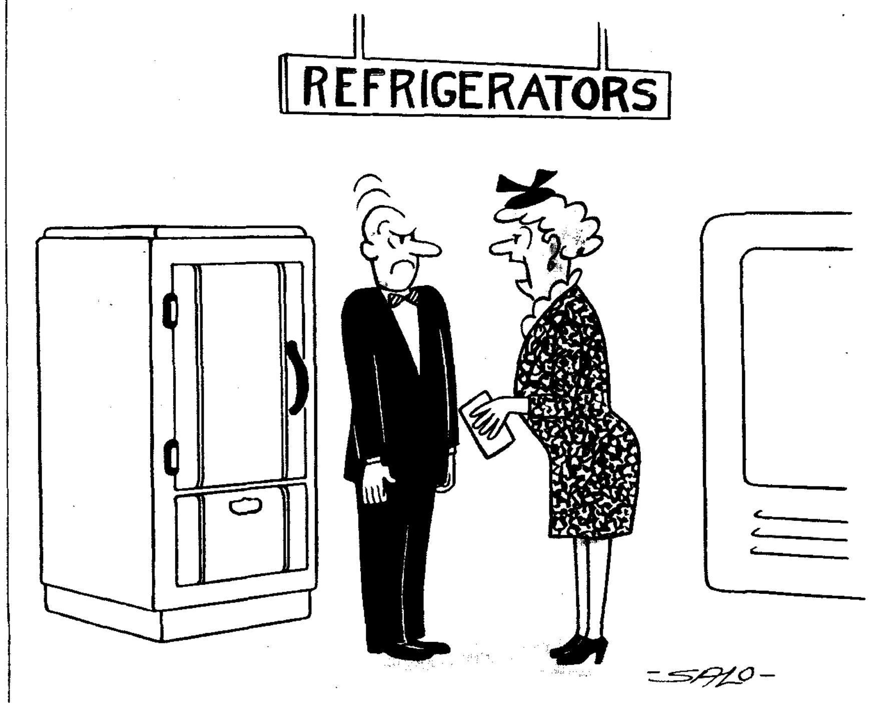
The informed minority points out that the straight man always got top billing and two thirds of the salary in the old days of burlesque because he controlled the timing, the essential quality that makes any act click. Since A. & C.'s meal ticket is pure, unabashed burlesque material used by hundreds of other comedy combinations, the argument continues, it must be obvious that Abbott's consummate sense of pace put the team where it is today.

When the subject is broached to each individually, both shill for themselves without too much subtlety.

"I hit that dumb kisser and I get more laughs than by opening my mouth," Costello says smugly, implying contempt for the spoken gag.

"Every comic needs a straight man, a 'lecturer,'" Abbott says. "There are only seven original jokes in the world. It's the way you sell and deliver 'em that gets the laughs. One of the funniest men in the business could be that Shemp Howard, who was with the Three Stooges, but he's making lousy shorts. Why? No lecturer."

The truth lies, as always, somewhere between these extreme viewpoints. Neither was going anywhere until they joined talents. Abbott, a star when burlesque was family entertainment, was playing in the 1930s to yawning audiences that merely suffered comedians as interludes between strip-teasers. Costello



COLLIER'S "Two hundred twenty-seven dollars? Why, I can get it for nothing on a quiz program!" SALO ROTH

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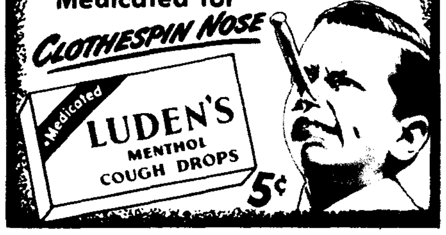

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was just another unknown who wore baggy pants and yelped, "Station house!" when he was hit with a rubber bladder.

Although they should have known better, both announced in the summer of 1945 that they were separating. The immediate cause of the rift was an argument over their agent, but the basic trouble was a mutual conviction that each was the works of the team. Hundreds of petitions poured in from fans imploring them to say it wasn't so, but they exchanged nothing but harsh words off stage for three months.

Sentiment finally prevailed where logic had failed. There was a great reconciliation when Abbott, sharing the cost of a community center for underprivileged children in Los Angeles, suggested that the project be named in memory of Costello's year-old son, who drowned in the family swimming pool in 1943. The Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation was opened on May 3, 1947, in the Hollenbeck district, the worst slum area in the city, and four months later more than 10,000 kids from 21 national groups were using the $350,000 plant. Abbott and Costello set aside all income from guest radio shots and personal appearances to maintain the foundation, which costs about $80,000 a year.

Since that time, there has been no further nonsense about breaking up the act, although lingering traces of the old antagonism remain. They realize their blood streams run together despite their different backgrounds.

MODERNISTIC

Be it ever so chrome
There's no place like home.

—Frank Morris Midkiff

Abbott was earmarked for show business the moment he drew breath in Asbury Park, New Jersey. His mother was a bareback rider with the Barnum and Bailey Circus, his father was an advance man for the troupe, and an uncle, Al Golden, was the most celebrated straight man of his time. Between short hitches in school—ending in the fourth grade—Abbott worked as a shill for carnival concessions and was a candy butcher. His folks tried to make an honest youth of him by apprenticing him to a sign painter, but he wanted no part of it and finally, at sixteen, landed in the Casino Theatre in Brooklyn as treasurer.

An Involuntary Sea Voyage

In that capacity he paid off such future stars as W. C. Fields, Bert Lahr, Fannie Brice, Clark and McCullough, Jack Pearl and Sophie Tucker. He also studied their technique with an eye toward becoming a performer himself, but his projected career suffered a slight interruption. He wandered into a waterfront dive and woke up on the foul ship Christinafjord. Shanghaied. Upon returning from Norway three months later, he borrowed $1,500 from Martin E. Smith, another uncle who was a burleycue impresario, and organized his own road show.

The vast stock of situation gags Abbott knows was accumulated during the three years he spent at the National Theatre in Detroit, where he produced a new show every week and worked with every comic in the business. His reputation as a straight man was such that Billy Minsky paid him an unprecedented $250 a week and starred him for five continuous years at the Republic Theatre on Times Square, but the handclapping within the walls clearly was for statuesque young ladies with a predilection for taking off their clothes in public.

Costello (nee Cristello) spent his formative years in Paterson, New Jersey, trying to decide whether he would be a fighter, a professional basketball player or a bum. He was a fair hand at all three endeavors, but an early childhood experience reared its inevitable head. He had won first prize for his Charlie Chaplin masquerade at a Halloween party and he felt a sudden affinity for the theater when he was nineteen. Borrowing a modest stake from his father, an insurance salesman, Costello and a friend, Gene Coogan, traveled to California by thumb and freight car.

Hollywood Wanted None of Them

Their arrival in Hollywood aroused only pangs of hunger. The kids slept in parked cars and ate when they worked, which was infrequently. Costello got spasmodic employment as a laborer and stunt man at the M-G-M studios, but 18 months of missed meals turned him homeward. At Topeka, Kansas, he went to the local burlesque looking for a handout and was told that a house in St. Joseph, Missouri, needed a Dutch comic. Although he never had been on the stage, he got the job at $16 a week. By slow degrees he worked his way to New York and his salary up to $40, some weeks.

One shudders to think what might have happened to American culture if Abbott had not caught Costello doing "Who's on First?"—their most famous skit—with Jimmy Francis, an old-timer, at the Eltinge Theatre in New York one night in 1936. Abbott saw interesting possibilities in the kid and teamed up with him in Life Begins at Minsky's, a road show that went on tour for a year. Once they perfected their style, things began to pop all over the place. They were hired for one guest appearance on Kate Smith's radio program and remained two and a half years. They went into The Streets of Paris, a Broadway revue, and stopped the show every night.

What appeared to be their big break presently looked like a blind alley. Universal Pictures signed them in 1940 for a bit in One Night in the Tropics, which was a great mistake for all concerned, especially audiences, largely because Abbott and Costello's best scenes wound up on the floor of the cutting room.

On the way to the airport for the trip home, Costello dropped into the studio to say goodby to Manny Fox, a vice-president at Universal. Fox asked what his plans were and Costello, just for the hell of it, said he and Abbott were considering an offer from Warners. They had been given an offer like you've been invited to high tea with the queen mother, but Fox fell for the bait.

Professing nothing but friendship, of course, Fox casually inquired what sort of picture Warners had lined up for them. Talking off the top of his head, Costello outlined the plot of Buck Privates and, for good measure, threw in a rough draft of Hold That Ghost. Fox called an emergency meeting of studio executives, had Costello repeat the performance and signed him on the spot.

From there they began to roll and their momentum has not slackened yet. They have tapped less than a tenth of the 2,000 gags stored in the filing cabinets they use for heads. An incident as nebulous as a passing cloud is the only inspiration they need to make a fast fortune.

Costello was driving away from the "story" conference on The Noose Hangs High when he saw a dog chasing an alley cat down the street. He swung to the curb and began to wave his arms.

"Hey, how about making a jungle picture called Bring 'Em Back Dead, with Frank Buck? Have we got animal jokes! Did you ever hear the one about the monkey and the giraffe. . . ."

THE END

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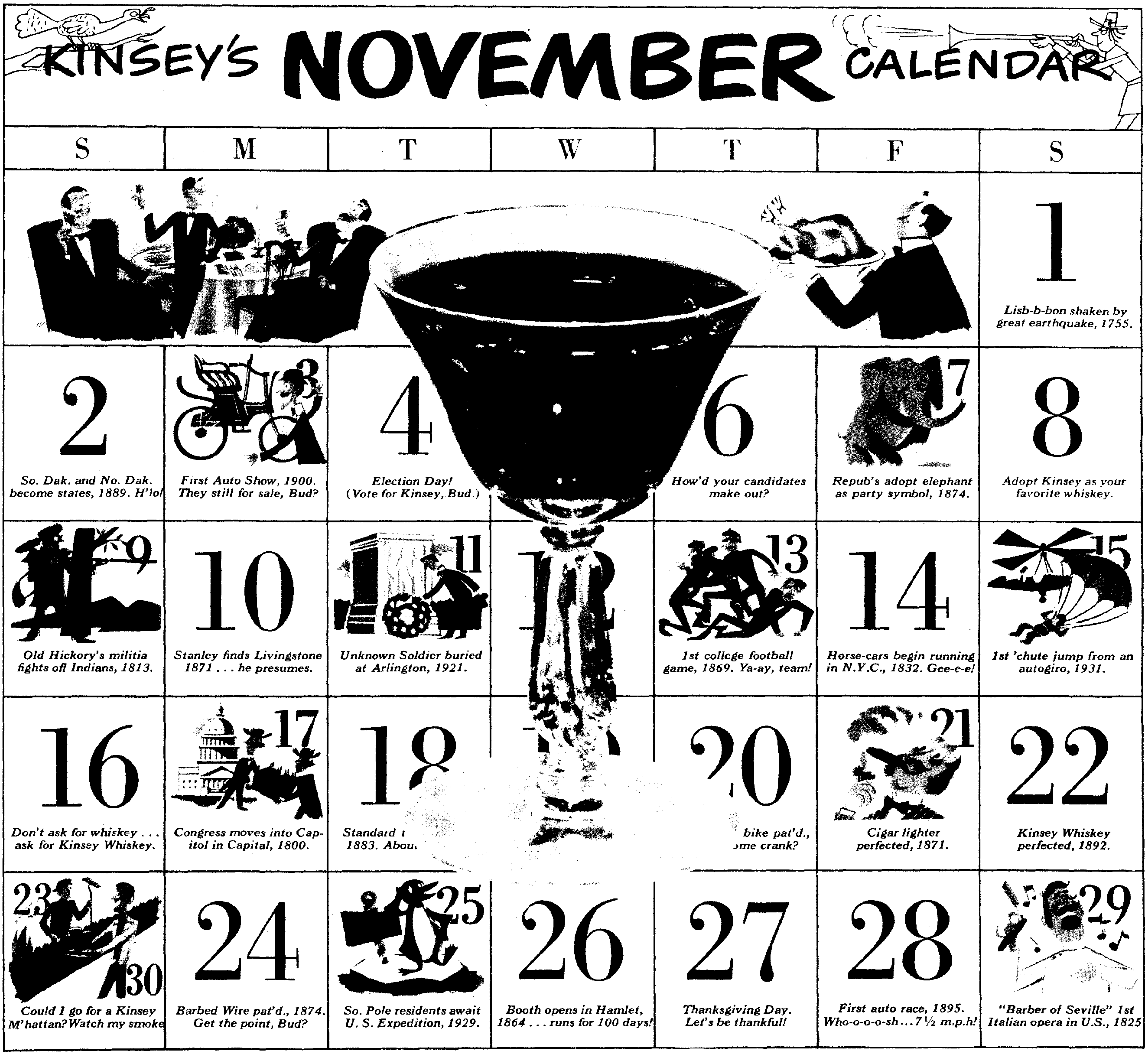

KINSEY'S NOVEMBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 Lisb-b-bon shaken by great earthquake, 1755.
2 So. Dak. and No. Dak. become states, 1889. H'lo	3 First Auto Show, 1900. They still for sale, Bud?	4 Election Day! (Vote for Kinsey, Bud.)		6 How'd your candidates make out?	7 Repub's adopt elephant as party symbol, 1874.	8 Adopt Kinsey as your favorite whiskey.
9 Old Hickory's militia fights off Indians, 1813.	10 Stanley finds Livingstone 1871 . . . he presumes.	11 Unknown Soldier buried at Arlington, 1921.		13 1st college football game, 1869. Ya-ay, team!	14 Horse-cars begin running in N.Y.C., 1832. Gee-e-e!	15 1st 'chute jump from an autogiro, 1931.
16 Don't ask for whiskey . . . ask for Kinsey Whiskey.	17 Congress moves into Capitol in Capital, 1800.	18 Standard 1883. Abou		20 bike pat'd., me crank?	21 Cigar lighter perfected, 1871.	22 Kinsey Whiskey perfected, 1892.
23 30 Could I go for a Kinsey M'hattan? Watch my smoke	24 Barbed Wire pat'd., 1874. Get the point, Bud?	25 So. Pole residents await U. S. Expedition, 1929.	26 Booth opens in Hamlet, 1864 . . . runs for 100 days!	27 Thanksgiving Day. Let's be thankful!	28 First auto race, 1895. Who-o-o-o-sh . . . 7½ m.p.h!	29 "Barber of Seville" 1st Italian opera in U.S., 1825

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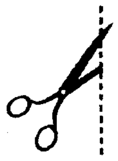

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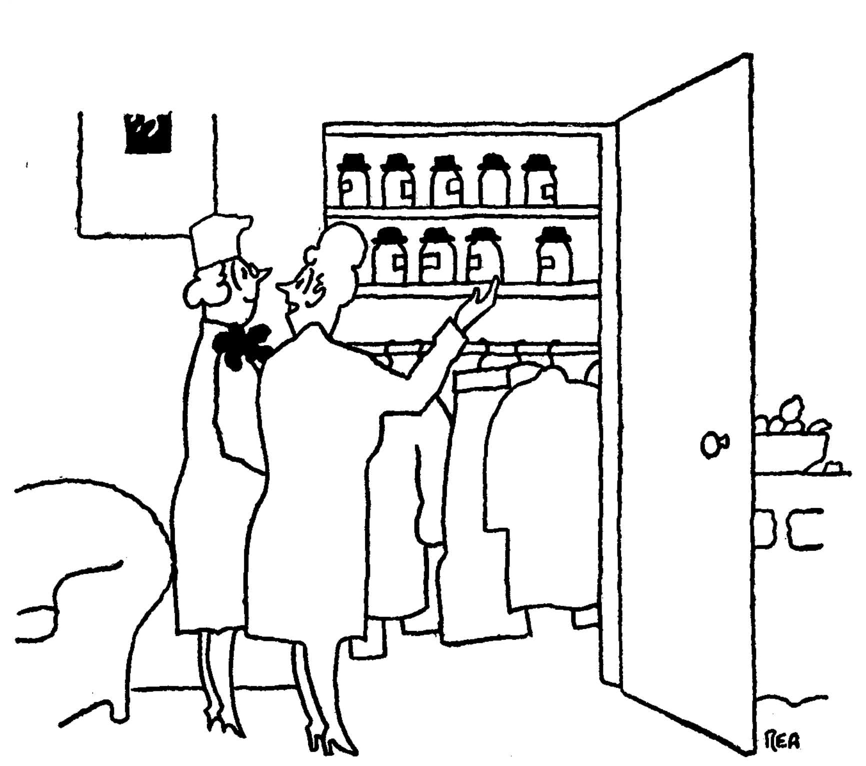

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COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

THE HOME-COMING OF HENRY

Continued from page 17

Margaret looked at her curiously. "I didn't think you'd take it like this," she said. "I had no idea—" She paused, but only for a moment. Margaret was one of the blunt ones. "So you did really care about him, after all."

Agnes began to weep in earnest now, half out of sorrow, half out of a sudden fury at Margaret. "Who ever heard of talking like that?—the day of his funeral—the very day . . . You don't have to come with me if you think—if you had such contempt—"

"Oh, nonsense," Margaret broke in briskly. "You're getting yourself all overwrought. I liked Henry—no one could dislike him. Come along now."

Agnes dried her eyes and bathed them a little with witch hazel. *Women my age have no right to cry like that,* she thought. *I look hideous. Whatever got into me?*

"I wonder if there will be a large crowd," she said to Margaret in the car.

"Of course there will be, Ag. You have so many friends."

She had always had that capacity for making friends. Everybody would come up from the city, of course, and in addition there would be all the new people she had gathered in these past three years in Fairmount.

IT WAS a good community, Fairmount. She had hated having to move to the country when the doctor said it would be best for Henry, but it had all turned out very well. Some of the best people lived here, and she had found a perfect house, not too large but imposing, just before good houses became impossible to find except at ridiculous prices.

Henry had been funny about the house. He had liked the idea of living in the country, and she thought he would be delighted that she had found something so quickly. She hadn't told him where they were going, just driven up to Fairmount and stopped at the entrance to the drive and said, "Surprise! Here's our house."

Henry said nothing at all. He got out of the car and stood looking up the drive to the gray stone house. There was an iron fence around it with a beautiful, heavy wrought-iron gate, and after a little while he went and pushed open the gate and then shut it again.

"When I was a kid," he said, "we used to have a white wooden gate that I'd swing on. If I think of myself back then, it's always swinging on that gate—first my father holding me, and later with books over my shoulder, and all the way up to when I was almost grown." He turned and smiled at her a little. "I always think of a white gate as home."

She hadn't known what to make of this at all. He rarely said so much at one time, yet not a word of it had been about the house.

"Don't you like the house?" she asked him.

"Why sure, Agnes. It's a nice house." But he wasn't looking at it; he was pushing at the iron gate again. "I don't suppose, now," he said, "that we could change this to a white wood gate."

Once or twice, when they were first married, he had offered suggestions about the decorations or the furnishings. Each time she had pretended to consider his ideas seriously, and then explained very reasonably and carefully why she thought something else would be better. She had always avoided hurting his feelings, never said anything about bad taste; and she thought he had learned from her. At any rate is was years since he had made one of his impossible suggestions.

"I don't think a white gate would go with a house like this, do you, Henry?" she said gently. "That's more for a farm, or perhaps a little colonial cottage. It would look out of place here, and rather conspicuous, don't you think? All the houses have iron gates here." She went to stand beside him and traced the graceful iron curves with her fingers. "This is a very beautiful one, isn't it? Important looking."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, of course."

He never mentioned this notion again, but once she came upon him standing on the iron gate, evidently trying to swing on it. He looked absurd, a little middle-aged man with thinning hair, pushing vainly away with one foot on the ground, his face red from the effort. When he saw her he got redder still.

"Too heavy," he said, and gave her a sheepish smile and got down.

For some reason, she thought of this now as she rode with Margaret to the church. She could not imagine why such a thing should occur to her at a time like this—one of Henry's silliest notions, one of his most ludicrous moments, when she wanted to remember him with pride and dignity.

"Fairmount is a lovely place to be buried," Margaret was saying, evidently trying to make up for her previous tactlessness. "It's so peaceful, so serene—"

BUT Henry had never seemed at home in Fairmount, in the house that everyone thought so charming. For that matter, he had never seemed at home anywhere. He had always behaved like a guest who was a little out of his element, not quite sure what to talk about or which fork to use . . . *I wonder if he feels at home now,* Agnes thought, and then was amazed that such an idea should have come into her head. She had never believed in that sort of thing. She was a practical woman, a realist. . . .

Margaret was still talking, though Agnes had missed part of what she was saying. Something about Agnes' having nothing with which to reproach herself.

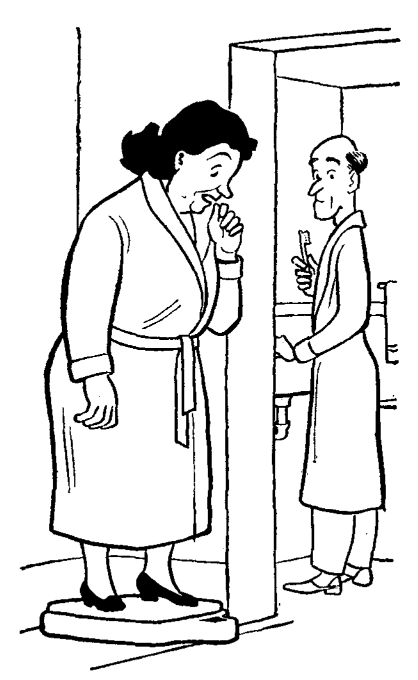
"That must be a great comfort to you anyway, Agnes. You did everything to make him happy—gave him so much, such fine associations, such a gracious life. Just being married to anyone like you must have been a wonderful experience for him."

Agnes adjusted her black veil and patted her hair a little. "Well—" she said. "I was happy too, you know. Henry was a good man."

Was, she thought. Henry *was.* All at once she felt miserable again. How could Margaret understand what it was like to have a man around for twenty-three years, and then to be suddenly alone? Margaret thought that because it was only Henry. . . .

But in the little anteroom, before the service began, she was somewhat consoled by all the friends who came in to speak to her. Everyone was there, everyone from the city, everyone from Fairmount. Most of them did not know Henry very well; they had come because of her. People had always been drawn to her, always gathered around her wherever she was. It made a very nice showing for Henry, as though he had been quite a personage.

"Agnes," Margaret said in her ear,



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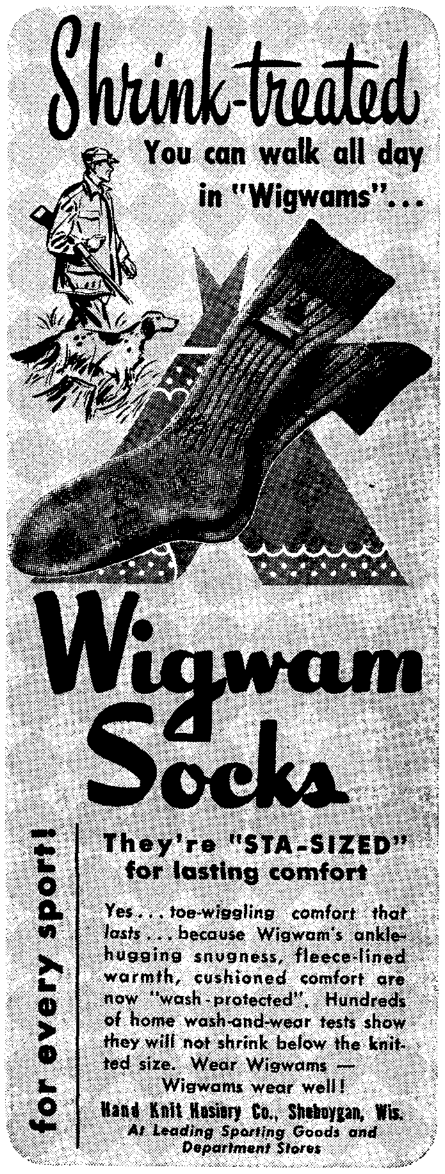
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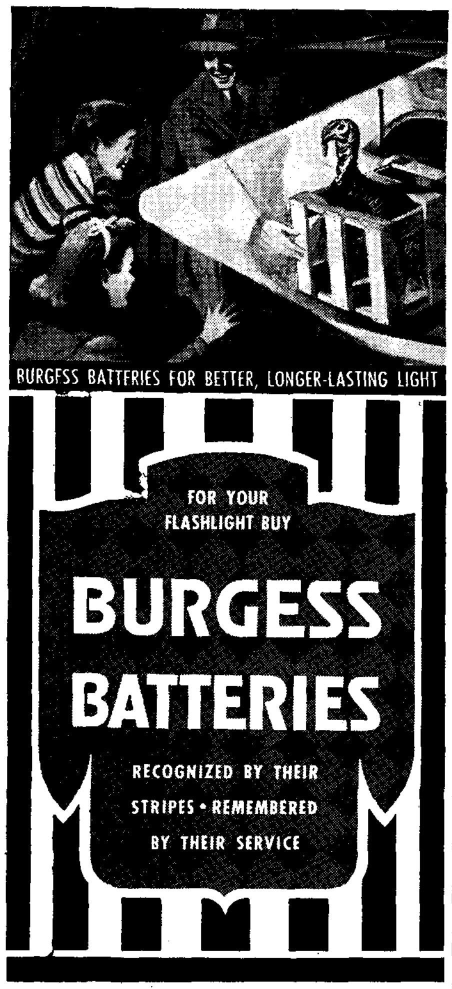
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"there's a crowd of strangers inside—people I've never seen before. Curiosity-seekers, I suppose. Shall I see someone about getting them out?"

Agnes said she should, but in a few minutes Margaret was back again, looking bewildered—an expression that sat oddly on Margaret's firm, somewhat horsy features.

"They say they're—friends of Henry's," she whispered.

"Well? Is it strange that Henry should have had friends of his own?"

BUT Agnes herself thought it was strange. Henry had no one she knew of, no family or anyone. He had always spent all his evenings at home and, since he had been ill and they had moved to Fairmount, all his days too. He had never asked anyone to the house, never gone anywhere without her. Whatever friends he had were friends of her choosing, her friends. Who could these people be?

"Ask some of them to come in here," she said to Margaret.

"Who?"

"Henry's friends, of course. I want to greet them."

In a few minutes three people came into the anteroom, two men and a girl. The girl was young, rather pretty in a pallid way, and she had been crying. One of the men was youngish, smooth and natty, the other was gray-haired, well-dressed, with an authoritative air. It was this man who talked first.

"Mrs. Murray? I'm James Sprague." He murmured condolences, and Agnes thought: Sprague—Sprague—I know that name from somewhere. "Such a great pity," he was saying. "There are few enough human beings like Henry Murray. We've never been able to replace him at the store—we kept hoping he'd come back sometime—"

The store. That was it, of course. James T. Sprague and Sons. Agnes had not thought of the name in years—there had been no occasion to think of it. Henry had always spoken of it simply as "the store," and no one else had spoken of it at all, except in the vaguest terms.

The other two took her hands now, and the pallid, pretty girl said, "Oh, Mrs. Murray, he was like a father to me. It's so—it must be so dreadful for you, but at least—you had the privilege—you must have so many wonderful memories, Mrs. Murray—"

"Grace," the younger man said gently, "Grace, don't talk so much." He bent toward Agnes and said in a low voice, "She's been almost hysterical with grief. She's Grace Sciotti, you know—you remember, of course, what he did for her; she's always idolized him. He was a great guy, Mrs. Murray, a really great guy."

Mr. Sprague heard this last and pressed forward again, nodding his head. "That's right," he said. "He really was. A fine organizer, too—splendid. His department was a model for the rest of the store."

A fine organizer, Agnes thought. Grace Sciotti. A great guy. She had never heard of Grace Sciotti; she did not know what Henry had done for her; she did not know what any of them were talking about.

"Who—who are the others out there?" she asked.

"All Henry's friends," Mr. Sprague said. "Employees of the store. I never knew a man to make friends the way he did. We had to close up today, because everybody was coming to the funeral."

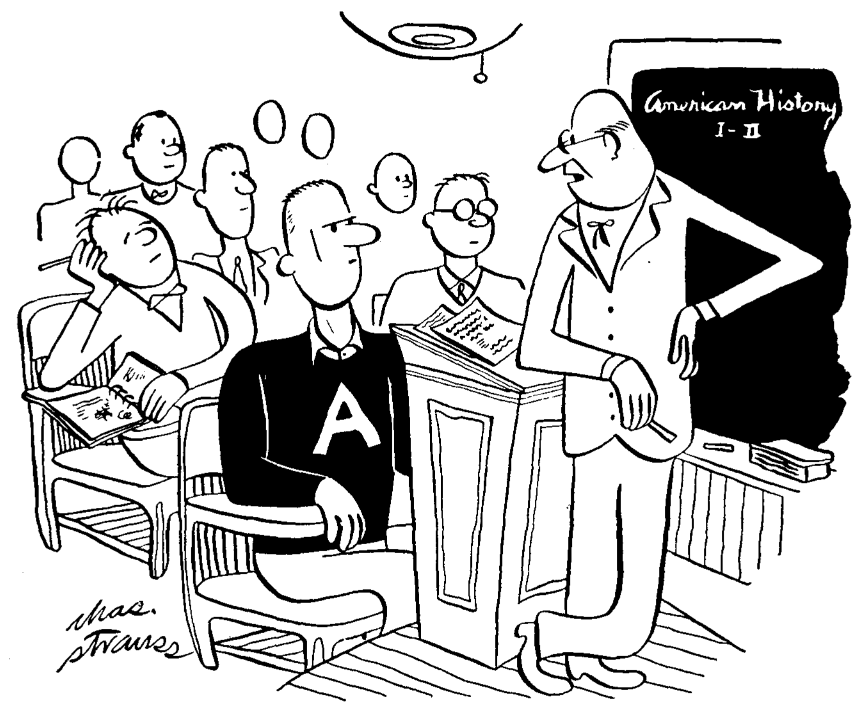
Afterward, standing at the front of the church, Agnes tried to keep her mind on the minister's eulogy, but she found it very difficult. The minister had scarcely known Henry at all, and what he was saying could have been about anybody—any nice, ordinary man. She kept thinking instead of the things those friends of Henry's had said to her. . . .

And then she began to cry again, but very quietly, almost inside herself, and she was not crying for the loss of Henry now, because she knew she had just found him. She was crying because it was too late, and there was no way to let him know, no way to make it up to him.

SHE was a very practical woman, a realist. She explained to herself that the white wooden gate really did look very nice there in the center of the iron fence. It was a cheerful, relieving note. What other reason could she have had for putting it up? Surely not for Henry, who was beyond all knowing.

She stood in the darkness and watched it swaying gently back and forth, back and forth, as though someone were swinging on it, and she understood that of course it was only the wind that did it. She knew it could not be Henry. She was too sensible for that. She knew it could not be Henry coming home.

THE END



"Let's put it this way, Larsen. It's going into the last quarter; Lee has run up a good score but is low on reserves; Lincoln pulls out Sheridan and substitutes Grant who runs in some tough interference to score a few goals. Does that make it any clearer for you?"

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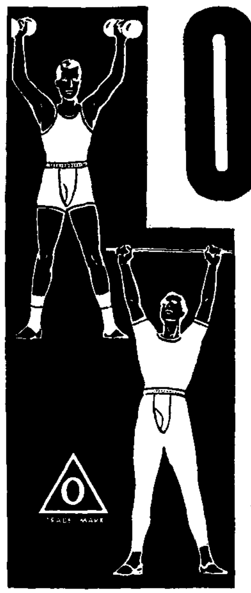
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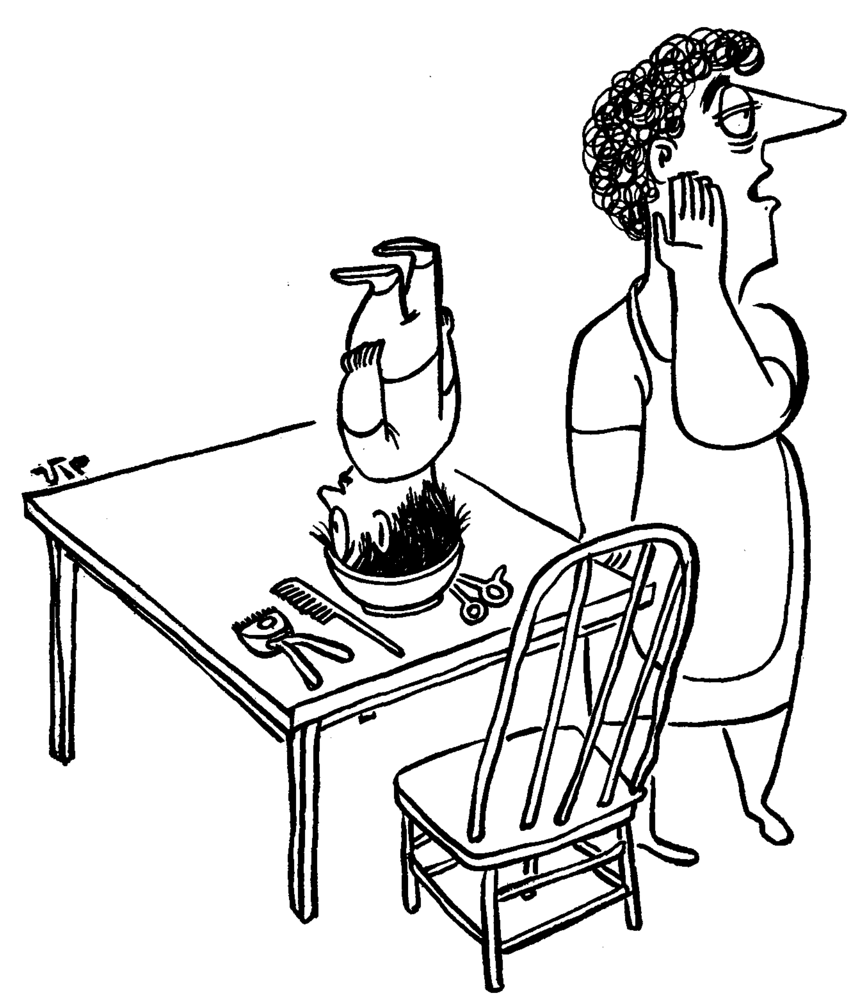


COLLIER'S "All set, Sam" VIRGIL PARTCH

FOOTBALL IS PASSING

Continued from page 19

Los Angeles. Marshall Goldberg was playing safety for us, and we figure "Biggie" is about as fine a safety man as there is in the league.

Benton swooped down on Biggie. (Bear in mind, a pro safety plays only 12 yards back.) Benton stopped short, raised his hands as if he were receivable, and then dropped them to his sides, acting as though a decoy.

Biggie got cagey and figured both gestures as pure fakes. He steamed in to intercept the pass he "knew" was to come. That was what Benton had been waiting for and he broke straight down the field into the end zone.

Benton waved to Biggie as they criss-crossed going in opposite directions, but fortunately for us, Waterfield overthrew to him in the end zone.

What Makes a Great Receiver?

The successful receiver must have a great pair of hands. And, of course, there's no substitute for height. It's a must. When you throw to a pro end, he should catch it—barring mayhem.

He must concentrate and not allow himself to be thrown off by the presence of approaching tacklers or even mere hecklers.

In the 1946 game at Detroit, Dewell raced down to about the five-yard line, two defenders tagging along with him. Under normal conditions, that's a good time to throw the ball away. Any time the ball travels 40 yards with men shadowing the receiver, there's a good chance for interception and small chance for completion. But with a fair lead (a safe lead in pro football is considered 29 points) I decided an interception down on the five wouldn't hurt much and if we did complete it we should score.

I threw a little short. Both defensive gents stood with their arms open, waiting for the ball to come down. So Dewell, with his 6 foot 5 inch height, reached over their shoulders from behind, tapped the ball up in the air with his right hand, and caught it with his left hand for a touchdown.

A disgruntled tackle who nailed me to the ground looked up, saw the deal and yipped, "Cripes, I've seen everything."

Dewell is my roommate on the road and we try to work out a lot of our passing problems off the field. For instance, when we played the Rams, we thought they would cover Billy with two men, so we doped out a fooler for them.

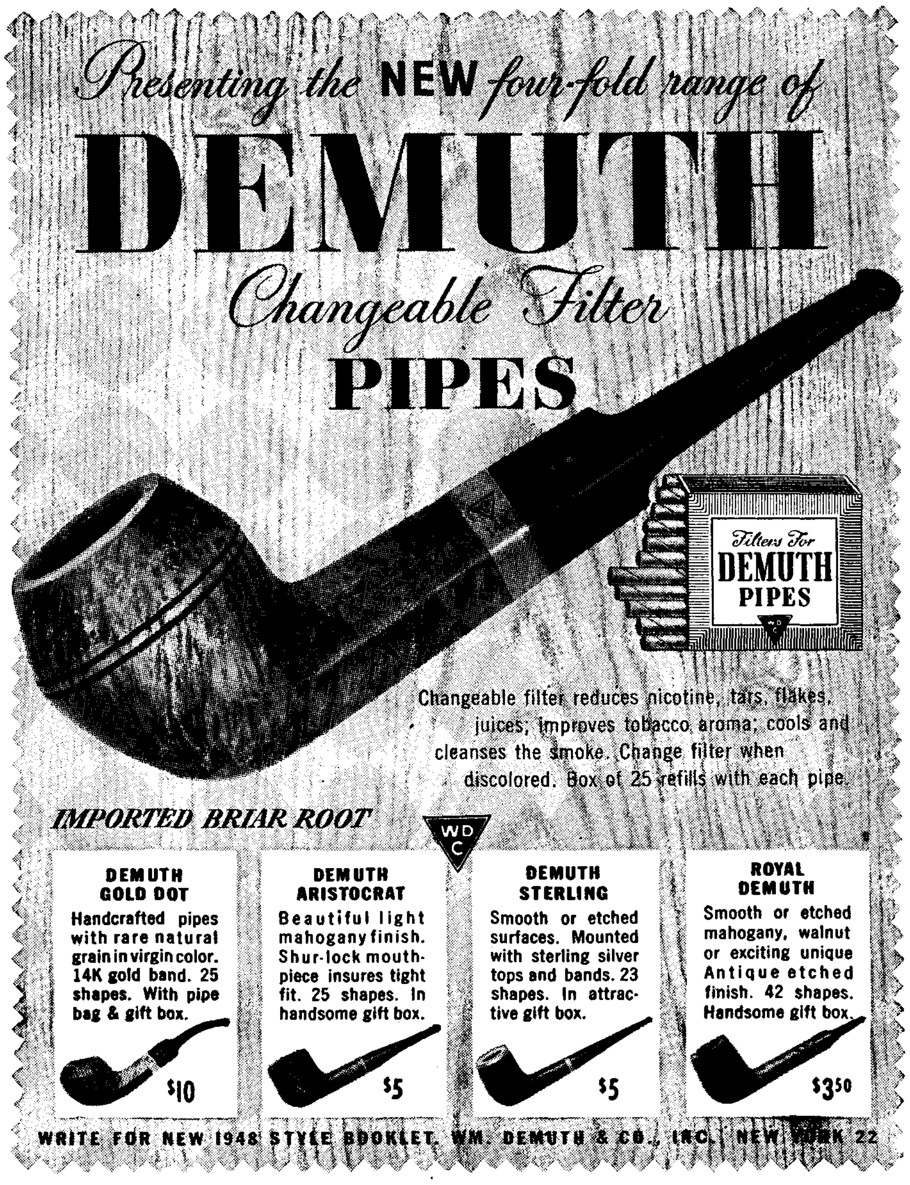
The first time they escorted him deep down the field, one on the outside and one on the inside, Billy just stopped and hooked back up the middle. The two defenders were so surprised at this maneuver at such a distance that he eluded them both for a touchdown.

While most of these intricacies of receiving are best illustrated in professional football, one of the best stories is told about the Texas Christian eleven which annually comes up with one of the trickiest pass patterns built around fancy individual faking.

This particular TCU eleven was entangled with Carnegie Tech in the Sugar Bowl. Up in the stands the screaming patrons were extolling little Dave O'Brien, who was completing one pass after another. However, down on the field the Skibos were growing more frantic by the minute at the chicanery of the receivers.

Finally, one Carnegie halfback eventually caught up with a TCU receiver 20 yards too late, and blurted, "I can always find O'Brien, but I wish to hell you'd make up your mind which way *you're* going!"

THE END



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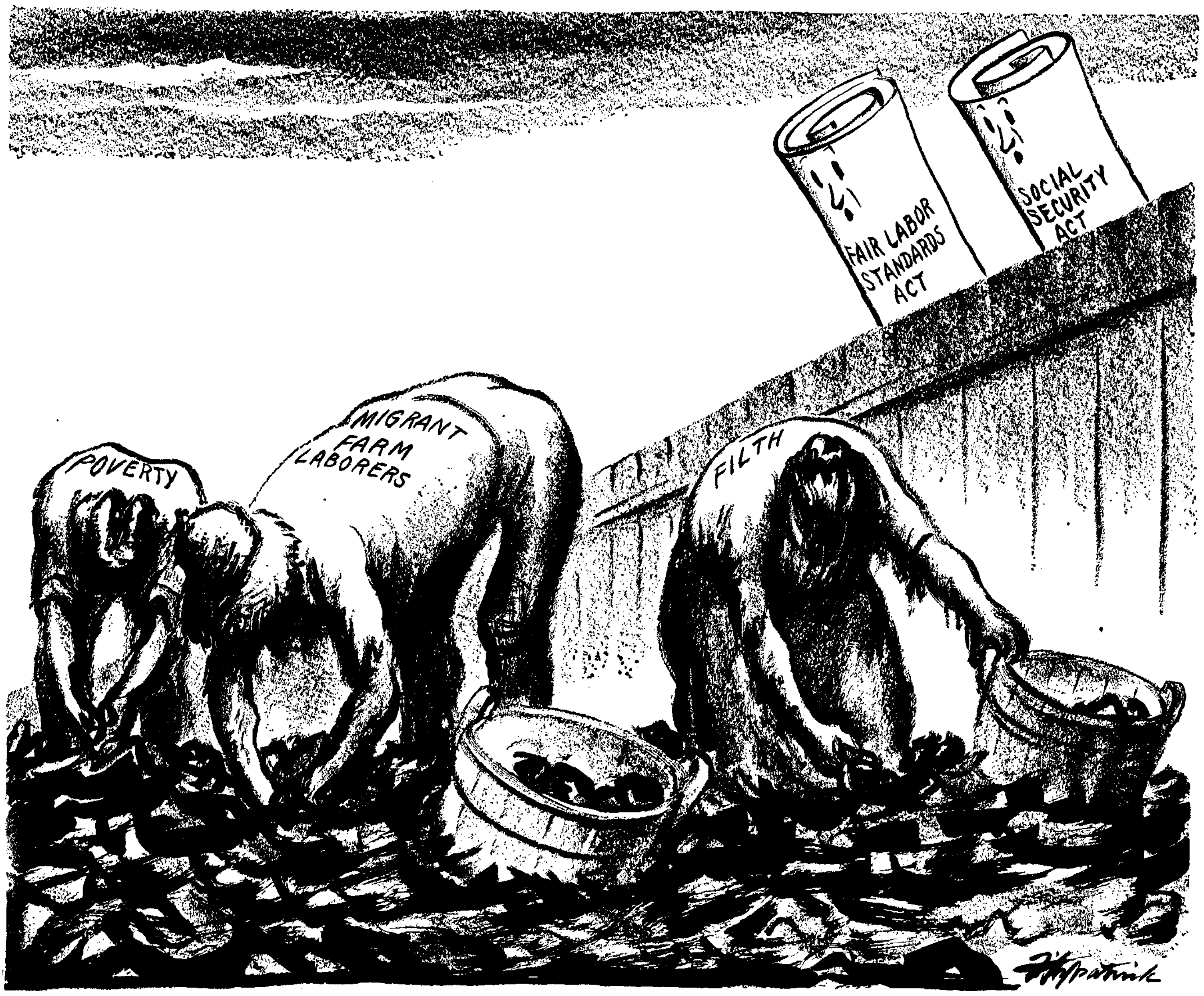

OKIES—NEW STYLE

THE Okies—poverty-stricken refugees from Oklahoma and Arkansas dust bowls—were a tragic phenomenon of the 1930s. As Howard Whitman recently reported in his grisly pair of Collier's articles, Heartless Harvest, we now have a new crop of people comparable to the original Okies.

These are the migrant laborers who follow the crops and help harvest them, and who live, by and large, under appalling conditions of filth, overcrowding, poverty and exploitation.

As Whitman said, the number of the present-day Okies is estimated at anywhere from 600,000 to 4,000,000, with the correct figure most likely in the vicinity of 2,500,000. That is enough people in any event to make a first-class boil on the body politic.

They are not all robbed and oppressed. Some farmers are smart enough to understand that you get good work out of decently treated workers. But far too many of these wandering laborers—mostly Negroes, "Texicans" and southern California whites churned out of jobs by West Coast war-plant shutdowns—are victims of greed and their own ignorance of their American rights. Something, as the saying goes, ought to be done about it.

Something can be done about it. That something would consist in bringing these people, along with all other hired farm help, under the protection of the Fair Labor Standards and Social Security acts.

They do not enjoy such protection now, the chief reason being that Congress when it enacted these laws feared the farm vote. By the same token, Congress "exempted" domestic servants from the Social Security Act because it feared the housewife vote.

The farmers by this time must have realized that Social Security is not wrecking the nation. Most housewives, we should think, are aware by now that one cause of the much bemoaned shortage of cooks and bottle washers in the home is this "exemption" of such workers from SSA unemployment and old-age pension benefits.

These extensions of Social Security and Fair Labor Standards safeguards are long overdue. Why wait for them any longer than until the next session of Congress?

UJA—$170,000,000

UJA stands for United Jewish Appeal, and $170,000,000 is the sum this organization hopes to raise in its current campaign for funds for relief, rehabilitation and resettlement of some 1,500,000 Jewish war victims still in Europe. We recommend contributions unreservedly—either to your local UJA office, or to United Jewish Appeal, 342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

OPERATION 88,888

OPERATION 88,888 is the name given by th
War Department to its current drive to enlis
at least 88,888 men in the National Guard betwee
September 16th and November 16th.

We earnestly recommend Guard enlistment t
the consideration of every able-bodied America
male, age 17-35 inclusive, and of war veterans u
to age 55.

The patriotic character of National Guard servic
is obvious. Its material advantages are many—
association with some of the best men in your com
munity; Regular Army pay for all actual service
training in assorted technical skills.

Further, we are living in a jittery world. The Na
tional Guard is an essential component of th
national defense establishment—and one, incident
ally, which has rolled up superb records in all ou
wars.

If you think you can qualify, how about droppin
around to the National Guard headquarters and dis
cussing enlistment at your earliest convenience.

U.S. AID ON U.S. TERMS

FOR better or for worse, it looks as if th
Marshall Plan for heavy U.S. help towar
Europe's economic revival will be adopted in som
form by Congress.

If so, there is one proposition on which we thin
Americans ought to agree at the outset and sta
agreed to the end, namely, that this help is going t
be extended on American terms.

You would think that called for no argument.
banker grants loans on his terms, not on the bo
rower's. Yet it is being solemnly preached in som
quarters that we shouldn't call the Marshall Pla
tunes.

One argument is that most of our prospectiv
clients are going Socialist if not Communist, an
that we mustn't interfere with their "evolution.
In plain English, that means we should finance thes
nations' development of economic systems hosti
to the American system which is to provide th
money and the goods.

Another plea is that it would be most unkind
us to ask these countries to help themselves to t
best of their ability—to ask British coal miner
for example, to produce more coal, and Italian stee
workers to drop those Communist-needled strik
for a while, and so on.

All this is nonsense; and it adds up to a bras
demand that the United States establish a worl
wide WPA and maintain it indefinitely.

If we fall for these arguments, we shall defeat t
primary purpose of the Marshall Plan, and buy ou
selves more envy, hatred and malice than we no
enjoy.

Let's keep our own self-respect and a piece of t
national shirt, and earn some respect from t
Marshall Plan beneficiaries, by saying from start
finish, "Boys, you can take it on our terms, or y
can leave it. Which is it going to be?"

The reindeer didn't stampede...but !

① **"I'd seen the herd** from a distance and was edging up for a closer look, when suddenly I realized they were milling all around me," writes a friend of Canadian Club from northern Sweden. "I had unpleasant visions of being impaled on their sharp 'hatrack' antlers or trampled under their hoofs. I decided to make tracks out of there *fast*, through an opening in the herd.

"I was halfway up a hill when the owner of the herd, a friendly Lapp, caught up to me. Smiling, e assured me his reindeer were tame as cattle and ouldn't harm a fly. But I'd seen those antlers at close ange—*too* close for comfort!

"I helped the Lapp milk one of the reindeer. He told me that, in addition to drinking the milk, Lapps make fine cheese from it. The Lapps are a sturdy race whose origin is unknown. They inhabit northern Sweden, Norway and Finland, living almost entirely off their reindeer herds.

"The Lapp marked the reindeer's ear. This is done to all the animals in a herd so that they can be returned in case they stray. When strays can't be returned, they are butchered and sold, and the money sent to the owner.

"Tired out from my hiking, I was very grateful when another hiker joined us—doubly grateful when he took a cherished bottle of Canadian Club from his pack and invited us to have a drink with him. Even the Lapp admitted that this beat any other drink hands down. In every land I've visited, *all* tastes seem to agree on the *good* taste of Canadian Club."

"It 'belongs'—anywhere and everywhere," write travelers who tell of finding Canadian Club in 87 lands, all around the globe. It is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening, in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest selling imported whisky in the United States.

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"Those were the days," says Ned, "when I smoked whatever brand I could get. Naturally, I compared the different brands I smoked. I found by experience that no other cigarette suits my 'T-Zone' like a Camel!"

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